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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

PAGE 2
PISTOLS ULTIMATUM
Support us or we quit

The Homecoming Of JOE COCKER

PAGE 5

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

ROD STEWART receives a Platinum Disc for sales of over £1 million, in the United Kingdom alone, of his album "A Night On The Town" — Britain's third best-selling LP of 1976, topped only by "Abba Greatest Hits" and "Wings At The Speed Of Sound". Pictured at the presentation with Rod are Gaff Management executives (left to right) BILLY GAFF, JOHN JARVIS, MIKE GILL and BILLY PEAK.

Pistols: 'We may break contract'

JANUARY 12 is the crunch date in the career of the Sex Pistols. This is the date set for a do-or-die meeting between the group's representatives and executives of the EMI Organisation to determine the Pistols' recording future. Manager Malcolm McLaren is seeking a guarantee of support from EMI, failing which he is prepared to break the band's contract with the company.

EMI have no plans, at present, to release any more Pistols material in Britain. And they have blocked the outfit's recordings from being issued in Europe. McLaren insists that this situation cannot persist, and that EMI "must have the courage of their convictions and state categorically whether or not they are going to get behind us."

McLaren had arranged a meeting between his lawyers and EMI last weekend, but it proved to be only of an exploratory nature, as most EMI executives were unavailable during the New Year holiday. He is now with the Pistols in Holland, where they are playing a series of gigs, and the final decision meeting has been set for two days after his return — on January 12.

Prior to leaving for Holland, McLaren told NME that so far EMI have "given no word of intention to support" the Pistols. To date, all that has been forthcoming officially from EMI — since their controversial TV interview with Bill Grundy — was contained in a statement by chairman Sir John Read, who told shareholders:

"Sex Pistols have acquired a reputation for aggressive behaviour which they have certainly demonstrated in public. There is no excuse for this . . . Whether EMI does, in fact, release any more of their records will have to be very carefully considered." (See also Thrills, page 9).

Commented McLaren: "They can't go on indefinitely like this. If we are to remain with the label, they must give a declaration of intent to support us. If they are not prepared to do this, they cannot hold us to our contract, and we shall break it. I can assure you that other record labels have expressed interest in signing us."

There is no doubt that, in the crucial January 12 meeting, EMI will seek a guarantee that the Pistols are prepared to tone down the image they have established.

Whether or not they will give such a guarantee is something on which McLaren would not comment.

In McLaren's absence on Tuesday, a Pistols spokesman said: "You can say that, for the present, we are still with EMI. But I stress, for the present."

Freddie King is dead

FREDDIE KING, the supreme exponent of modern blues guitar, is dead. He was taken ill after a gig in Dallas on Christmas Day and, as he still felt unwell, his wife took him to hospital on December 27 — and he died there the following day, apparently from heart failure, at the age of 42.

His last appearance in Britain was on July 31 in the Garden Party bill at Crystal Palace Bowl, topped by Eric Clapton. In view of his success at the event, negotiations were under way for him to return to this country in the spring.

King first started recording as far back as 1956 for the El-Bec label, and he was leading his own band in Chicago by 1960, when King Records signed him — and during the next six years, he cut no less than 77 titles. He subsequently moved to Atlantic under producer King Curtis, and thence to Leon Russell's Shelter Records. In 1974 he was signed by the RSO label, for whom Mike Vernon produced two albums.

He was a prolific recording artist, widely respected throughout the music business, and possibly his best-known composition was the much recorded "Going Down".

Among other artists who have recorded his songs are Eric Clapton, John Mayall, Maggie Bell and Chicken Shack.

● A tribute to the late Freddie King will appear in next week's NME.

Mac, Bread: April visits

FLEETWOOD MAC are to headline a full British concert tour in April. It will be their first in this country for several years, and the first to feature their current line-up of Mick Fleetwood (drums), John McVie (bass), Christine McVie (keyboards, synthesiser and vocals), Stevie Nicks (vocals) and Lindsey Buckingham (guitar and vocals). Meanwhile, the band's new album "Rumours" is released by WEA on January 28 — it comprises 11 tracks including "Gold Dust Woman", "Never Going Back Again" and "Second Hand News". Their recent LP "Fleetwood Mac" has now achieved triple platinum status, mainly on the strength of U.S. sales.

BREAD will also be playing British dates in April, their first since their recent re-formation, announced by NME in November. Their visit will be part of a full European tour which is currently being set up. The band's comeback album is rushed out by Elektra this weekend, titled "Lost Without Your Love" — the same name as their single which came out in December. David Gates produced and arranged the LP, as well as writing six of the songs. Remaining five tracks were penned by other members of the band.

BLUEJAYS GOING SEPARATE WAYS

JUSTIN HAYWARD and JOHN LODGE, who last year recorded and performed together as the highly successful Bluejays duo, open 1977 by announcing separate solo plans of their own. Each has a solo album coming out in the next few weeks, and Hayward is also setting up a solo concert tour with his own group in the spring. This is not only means the end of the brief career of the Bluejays, but it also makes a Moody Blues reunion even more improbable.

JUSTIN HAYWARD

JOHN LODGE

● Hayward — who was vocalist, lead guitarist and composer for the Moodies over a ten-year span — has his album "Songwriter" issued on February 11. And his single "One Lonely Room" is released simultaneously.

Musicians appearing on the set include Dave Holland (drums), Terry Rowley (keyboards), Mel Galley (rhythm guitar) and Aj Webber (acoustic guitar and backing vocals). These will also form the nucleus of his new group, with whom he will be touring in the spring. Details of his concerts will be announced shortly.

Hayward himself is featured on the LP on vocals, guitar, piano, drums, keyboards, percussion and synthesiser, and he also provided the strings, brass and horn arrangements. Producer was long-standing Moody Blues producer Tony Clarke, who also acted in the same capacity for Lodge's solo album.

● John Lodge's elpee is titled "Natural Avenue", and it precedes the Hayward set by two weeks, with release set for January 28. Both albums are on the Moodies' own Threshold label.

The LP is entirely self-penned and guest musicains include drummer Kenny Jones (ex-Faces), guitarist Chris Spedding, keyboards player Mick Weaver (ex-Joe Cocker and currently with Andy Fairweather-Low), guitarist Steve Simpson (ex-Slim Chance and now fronting Meal Ticket) and arranger-conductor Brian Rogers who has worked with Gallagher & Lyle and Joan Armatrading, among others.

There is as yet no indication that Lodge will be performing any solo dates, although the possibility cannot be ruled out.

NEWS IN BRIEF

● LYNYRD SKYNYRD have interchanged two of the dates in their upcoming British tour itinerary. They now appear at Leeds University on February 12 and at Lancaster University the following day, instead of vice versa. They are also to play a second night at Glasgow Apollo Centre on February 10.

● THE ROXY, the recently-opened club in London Covent Garden (41 Neal Street) where the accent is on new-wave bands, has booked Heartbreakers (January 11), the Vibrators (12), Subway Sect (18), Squeeze (20) and Buzzcocks (25).

● OSIBISA spent the holiday period performing in Africa, including two Christmas Day concerts in Swaziland where they shared billing with Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes, Jimmy Cliff, B.T. Express and Melba Moore. They will shortly be visiting Nigeria to take part in the World Black and African Festival of Arts and Culture.

● MEAL TICKET will not, after all, be appearing in concert at London Rainbow in late January with Jenny Haan's Lion and Carol Grimes & the London Boogie Band. Ronnie Scott Directions say they are "working with a view to a series of concerts of this nature", but so far the project is only in the discussion stage.

● GENERATION X, Squeeze and Zips are featured in a punk-rock concert at London Greenwich Theatre on Sunday, January 16, at 8 pm. Admission is £1.

● SLADE, now temporarily back in Britain, have spent the Christmas period recording a new single for release shortly. They are currently working on an album, but there are as yet no plans for British dates. Noddy Holder's wife Leeandra gave birth to a daughter, named Charisse, on Boxing Day.

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● The new **Nazareth** single "Somebody To Roll" is taken from their current album "Play'n' The Game". And "Don Dorango" by **Ginger Baker & Friends** comes from his LP "Eleven Sides Of Baker". Both are issued this weekend on the Mountain label.

● Fred Granger, landlord of London Islington Hope & Anchor, has formed a small company called Hope Records. Profits will go directly towards the upkeep of the venue. First release is "C.I.A. Angel" by the **Upper Street Music Company.** Priced 65p including postage, it is available from the venue at 207 Upper Street, London N.1. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Fred Granger.

● Welsh band **Alkatraz,** who open their own headlining tour this weekend, spent Christmas recording a new album for United Artists at Rockfield Studios. Meanwhile, the live tapes of their recent London Roundhouse concert with Man are expected to produce an EP, for release in the near future.

● The new **Neil Young** album "Chrome Dreams" is now set for worldwide release by Reprise on February 4. As a result, his triple compilation album "Decade" has been delayed and will be re-scheduled for the late summer.

● **Little Feat** and **Van Morrison** are both working in Los Angeles, where they are putting the finishing touches to their new albums, titled "Time Loves A Hero" and "Same Thing But Different" respectively. Both are planned for mid-February release by WEA.

● The previously-reported **Emmylou Harris** album "Luxury Liner" is now officially set for January 14 release by WEA. The ten-track set includes a guest appearance by Dolly Parton.

● **Manhattan Transfer,** who play three British concerts in late February, have a new single coming out in mid-January. Titled "Chanson D'Amour", it is already at No. 1 in France. A new album will follow later in the year.

● The **Vibrators'** follow-up to their debut single "We Vibrate" will be a revival of "Jumpin' Jack Flash". They record it later this month, after returning from dates in Europe, for release in early February.

● **Harry Nilsson's** new single, for release by RCA tomorrow (Friday), is "Me And My Arrow". It is taken from his album "The Point", the stage version of which opens at London Mermaid Theatre this weekend.

● **Absolute Elsewhere,** whose debut album project "In Search Of Ancient Gods" was issued by WEA last year, start recording a second LP this month for spring release. The outfit have now been joined by former King Crimson and Greenslade percussionist Andrew McCulloch, who replaces Bill Bruford. Also in the line-up are Jon Astrop, Philip Saatchi and Paul Fishman. The group are also planning selected live dates, possibly with an expanded personnel, to tie in with the release of the new album.

AND ERROLL GARNER DIES

ERROLL GARNER, one of the greatest of contemporary jazz pianists, died in Los Angles on Sunday. He was suffering from a lung condition, but died from a heart attack on the way to hospital.

His best-known compositions were probably "Misty" and "Solitaire" but, since 1945, he had recorded hundreds of tracks — both under his own name, and in groups fronted by such jazz stalwarts as Charlie Parker, George Auld, Don Byas and Slam Stewart. Garner was 53.

News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

MAJOR DATES SET FOR FOX

FOX are going on tour, starting at the end of next month. And their itinerary includes a major London appearance at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on Monday, February 28. A spokesman for promoter Derek Block told NME: "They are preparing a special show for London, featuring various guest artists, and there is a distinct possibility that it may be televised."

The group's provincial gigs are being promoted by Neil Warnock, who has so far confirmed Guildford Surrey University (February 25), Bradford University (26), Loughborough University (March 2), Blackpool Queen's Hotel (3), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (4), Sheffield University (5) and Bangor University (12).

Several other dates are still being finalised, and details will be announced in a week or two. Fox will have a new album and single released to coincide with their tour.

Ferry names backing band

ROXY REUNION DOUBTS

BRYAN FERRY has assembled an impressive line-up of guest musicians and singers to accompany him on his British tour, opening on February 1 and occupying the whole of that month. They will also join him on an extensive European tour, running through the first three weeks of March. But Ferry's solo activities, coupled with those of his fellow Roxy Music members, now casts further considerable doubt on whether Roxy will ever re-unite.

Joining Ferry on tour will be Chris Spedding (guitar), John Wetton (bass), Paul Thompson (drums), Mel Collins (horns) and Annie Odell (strings), plus three of the Kokomo singers — Frankie Collins, Paddy McHugh and Dyan Birch.

Ferry's latest solo album will be released in the first week of February, to coincide with the tour, but a title has not yet been announced.

Commenting on the possibility of a Roxy Music reunion later this year, a spokesman for E. G. Management told NME: "All the band's members are deeply engrossed in individual activities right now. When they've completed their immediate commitments, they will then consider whether or not they will re-unite as Roxy to record another album.

"It's as simple as that. It's impossible to say if Roxy Music will ever get together again — they may and they may not. It is nothing to do with us — it's entirely up to them, and they haven't decided yet."

BIG TOUR FOR GIBBONS BAND

STEVE GIBBONS BAND will be featured as special guest stars on the 27-date Be-Bop Deluxe concert tour, opening in Sheffield on January 20 and including two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on February 18 and 19.

To tie in with the tour, the band have their second album "Rollin' On" released by Polydor on February 7 — it consists of 12 tracks, all of which are Steve Gibbons compositions, except for Chuck Berry's "Tulane" and Jimmy Reed's "Tupelo Mississippi Flash". After their British dates, the outfit begin a 12-week U.S. tour in mid-March, playing concerts with the Outlaws and Nils Lofgren.

Prior to the Be-Bop tour, the Gibbons Band have gigs in their own right at Scarborough Penthouse (tomorrow, Friday), Northampton County Ground (Saturday), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (January 15), London Marquee Club (18) and Uxbridge Brunel University (28).

HARUM: 20-DATE TOUR

PROCOL HARUM set out next month on the most extensive British tour they have undertaken for several years. They will be playing over 20 dates, 16 of which have already been confirmed, including a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon. And to tie in with their schedule, their tenth album is released by Chrysalis on February 15, titled "Something Magic".

Dates finalised so far are at Coventry Warwick University (February 10), Edinburgh University (11), Glasgow Strathclyde University (12), Hull City Hall (14), Cardiff University (18), Exeter University (19), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (20), Liverpool University (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (26), Croydon Fairfield Hall (27), Birmingham Town Hall (28), Bristol Colston Hall (March 1), Sheffield University (7), Leeds University (9), Newcastle Mayfair (11) and Aylesbury Friars at Vale Hall (12). At least six more dates are to be announced.

Prior to these British gigs, Harum are spending the whole of January touring Europe — visiting Belgium, France, Switzerland and Germany. Then in mid-March, they leave for a prolonged American tour.

Their new album is noteworthy for the fact that the whole of the second side is devoted to an epic piece called "The Worm And The Tree", a concept work which the band have been preparing for more than two years.

Melanie

MELANIE returns to Britain at the end of this month, and headlines a major concert at London New Victoria Theatre on Friday, January 28 (7.30 pm). Tickets are now on sale priced £4, £3 and £2. Promoter Danny O'Donovan told NME that there is a possibility of Melanie playing one or two additional provincial dates, but a final decision on these extra gigs will not be taken for a week or so.

Streetwalkers to play 14 concerts

STREETWALKERS set out on a major British concert tour next month, including an appearance at London Rainbow Theatre. It is their first full outing since their extensive line-up changes in the summer, bringing in new members Dave Dowle (drums), Mickey Feat (bass) and Brian Johnson (keyboards). And it is preceded by the January 21 release of their new Vertigo album "Vicious But Fair".

Dates are Newcastle City Hall (February 11), Manchester Opera House (13), Sheffield City Hall (14), Bradford St. George's Hall (16), Ipswich Gaumont (18), Oxford New Theatre (19), Cardiff Capitol (20), Brighton Dome (22), Portsmouth Guildhall (23), London Rainbow (25), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (27), Derby King's Hall (March 3) and Birmingham Odeon (5).

Tickets for the Rainbow are priced £2.50, £2 and 1.50, but they vary at other venues.

Roger Chapman — who, as reported last week, spent Christmas on crutches after breaking his foot on stage at London Roundhouse on December 19 — is now on the mend. He expects to have recovered completely in time for the opening of the tour.

Lizzy visit U.S. minus Robertson

THIN LIZZY set out in ten days' time on an extensive American tour, lasting 2½ months — with guitarist Gary Moore replacing Brian Robertson in the line-up.

Moore, a former Lizzy member who is now working with Colosseum II, is going to the States as a temporary stand-in because Robertson is still in poor health.

After severing an artery in his left hand during the autumn, Robertson underwent treatment, but the injury has still not healed sufficiently. He is also suffering from nervous exhaustion, and it was felt that his condition could jeopardise both his health and the band's tour. Lizzy were particularly anxious not to cancel again, as the U.S. tour has already been twice postponed.

It is stressed that Robertson is not leaving Lizzy, and that Moore is simply doing the band a favour. Before leaving for the States, Moore will be completing work on Colosseum II's second album for early spring release. And he will re-join them in time for their eight-week tour of Britain and Europe, starting at the end of March.

Muscles flex for LP, tour

MUSCLES, the Birmingham-based funk band, look set to hit the big time in 1977. Their debut album "Muscles" is released in early February by Big Bear Records, under their new licensing deal with EMI. Recorded at Chipping Norton Studios and produced by Jim Simpson, the LP consists entirely of self-penned material. And as a prelude to its release, the band are touring extensively throughout January. Dates are: **Bristol** Reeves Club (tonight, Thursday), **Exeter** St. Luke's College (Friday), **Retford** Porterhouse (Saturday), **London** Marquee Club (10, 17, 24 and 31), **Birmingham** Elbow Room (12, 19 and 26), **Barton Stacey** Bumpers Club (13). **Winchester** King Alfred College (15), **Rednal** Chalet Club (16), **Chester** Rascals (20), **Stockton** Pharoah's (21), **Saltburn** Philmore (22), **Bracknell** South Hill Park Arts Centre (23), **Norwich** Crockers (27), **Worcester** College of Education (28) and **Newcastle** University (29).

WORLD WAR II IS OFF

THE STAGE version of "All This And World War II", based upon the all-star double album of Beatles songs, has been called off. In fact, as NME pointed out two weeks ago contrary to reports elsewhere, it was never really on in the first place! London Olympia had been booked tentatively for January 17, but it proved impossible to organise the show at such short notice.

A spokesman explained: "Most of the album artists had other commitments, and the only acts we could confirm were Rod Stewart, the Four Seasons and Leo Sayer. So we decided to postpone the show, instead of bringing in a large number of replacements. But the stage plan is definitely going ahead this year, and we are now trying to work out a new date convenient to the majority of the artists."

● Rod Stewart, who cancelled the first of his six shows at Glasgow Appollo because he was still suffering from flu, has been unable to book a replacement gig at the same venue. Instead he will play an extra date at Edinburgh Playhouse next Tuesday (11). Those holding tickets for the cancelled Glasgow gig should go to the Appollo box-office, either to transfer to the Edinburgh date or to obtain a cash refund.

Rod adds gig in Edinburgh

Coverdale solo

DAVE COVERDALE, who was lead singer with the now-disbanded Deep Purple, has now completed work on his debut solo album. Titled "White Snake" and produced by Roger Glover, it is being issued throughout Europe on February 22. British release date has not yet been set by Purple Records, but is expected to be at about the same time.

Jubilee gig at Earls Court

FIRST OF this summer's major celebration concerts, to mark the Silver Jubilee of the Queen, has been officially confirmed for the massive Earl's Court Stadium in London on Saturday, June 4. This is the nearest weekend date to the anniversary of her Coronation. Mel Bush has been appointed promoter of the event, and he told NME this week: "I am not yet in a position to confirm any names for the concert but, as you can imagine, I am planning something really spectacular."

MILES DATES

JOHN MILES, who supports David Essex at Stafford Bingley Hall this Saturday (8), will subsequently headline a nationwide concert tour. And to coincide with his gigs, a new single titled "Manhattan Skyline" — recorded in New York last July — is released by Decca on January 14.

Featuring material from his current album "Stranger In The City", Miles appears at:

Coventry Warwick University (January 13), Aberystwyth University (14), Exeter University (15), Plymouth Fiesta Suite (16), Bath University (17), Birmingham Town Hall (19), Stoke King's Hall (20), Newcastle Mayfair (21), Preston Guidhall (23), York University (26), Bridlington Spa Hall (28), Sheffield University (29), Redcar Coatham Bowl (30), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (February 1), Cardiff Top Rank (2), Guildford Surrey University (3), Cambridge Corn Exchange (4), Bristol University (5), Eastbourne Congress (6), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (8), Liverpool Empire (9), Bradford University (11), Manchester Ardwick ABC (12) and Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (13).

No major London date is included in this itinerary, as Miles played the New Victoria Theatre on Christmas Eve.

FASTBACK MUSIC - BY POST

This week's best-selling songbooks

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending — January 5, 1972

Last Week	This Week		
3	1	I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING	New Seekers (Polydor)
1	2	ERNIE	Benny Hill (Columbia)
7	3	THEME FROM "SHAFT"	Isaac Hayes (Stax)
2	4	SOMETHING TELLS ME	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
5	5	NO MATTER HOW I TRY	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
4	6	JEEPSTER	T Rex (Fly)
6	6	SOFTLY WHISPERING I LOVE YOU	Congregation (Columbia)
9	8	SOLEY, SOLEY	Middle Of The Road (RCA)
13	9	SLEEPY SHORES	Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)
8	10	TOKOLOSHE MAN	John Kongos (Fly)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending — January 7, 1967

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME	Tom Jones (Decca)
2	2	MORNINGTOWN RIDE	Seekers (Columbia)
7	3	SAVE ME	Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
4	4	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Donovan (Pye)
3	5	WHAT WOULD I BE	Val Doonican (Decca)
9	6	HAPPY JACK	The Who (Reaction)
14	7	ANY WAY THAT YOU WANT ME	Troggs (Page One)
8	8	DEAD END STREET	Kinks (Pye)
12	9	IN THE COUNTRY	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5	10	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON	Supremes (Tamla Motown)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending — January 5, 1962

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	STRANGER ON THE SHORE	Acker Bilk (Columbia)
1	2	MOON RIVER	Danny Williams (HMV)
2	3	TOWER OF STRENGTH	Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
6	4	LET THERE BE DRUMS	Sandy Nelson (London)
4	5	JOHNNY WILL	Pat Boone (London)
5	6	MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW	Kenny Ball (Pye)
8	7	HAPPY BIRTHDAY SWEET SIXTEEN	Neil Sedaka (RCA)
9	8	I'D NEVER FIND ANOTHER YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
10	9	MULTIPLICATION	Bobby Darin (London)
11	10	SO LONG BABY	Del Shannon (London)

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

SINGLES

Week ending January 8, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks Charts	Highest Position
1	(1)	WHEN A CHILD IS BORN	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	6	1
2	(2)	UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE	Showaddywaddy (Bell)	8	1
3	(4)	MONEY MONEY MONEY	Abba (Epic)	6	2
4	(13)	DON'T GIVE UP ON US	David Soul (Private Stock)	2	4
5	(6)	PORTSMOUTH	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	5	5
6	(11)	DOCTOR LOVE	Tina Charles (CBS)	4	6
7	(9)	LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE	Smokie (Rak)	4	7
8	(15)	GRANDMA'S PARTY (EP)	Paul Nicholas (RSO)	4	8
9	(3)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen (EMI)	6	2
10	(5)	LIVIN' THING	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	3
11	(17)	THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE	10c.c. (Mercury)	3	11
12	(14)	WILD SIDE OF LIFE	Status Quo (Vertigo)	3	12
13	(8)	LOVE ME	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)	8	4
14	(10)	LEAN ON ME	Mud (Private Stock)	5	9
15	(16)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	2	15
16	(25)	FAIRY TALE	Dana (GTO)	6	16
17	(7)	BIONIC SANTA	Chris Hill (Philips)	4	7
18	(23)	DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA	Julie Covington (MCA)	2	18
19	(22)	HAITIAN DIVORCE	Steely Dan (ABC)	3	19
20	(28)	SIDE SHOW	Barry Biggs (Dynamic)	2	20
21	(—)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce (MCA)	1	21
22	(—)	HERE'S TO LOVE	John Christie (EMI)	1	22
23	(19)	LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW	Kursaal Flyers (CBS)	6	15
24	(18)	GET BACK	Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	10
25	(20)	STOP ME (IF YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE)	Billy Ocean (GTO)	6	9
26	(26)	SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD	Elton John (Rocket)	7	13
27	(—)	YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER	Drifters (Arista)	1	27
28	(—)	DADDY COOL	Boney M. (Atlantic)	1	28
29	(29)	RING OUT SOLSTICE BELLS	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	2	29
30	(12)	IF YOU LEAVE ME NOW	Chicago (CBS)	12	1

ALBUMS

Week ending January 8, 1977

This Week	Last Week			Weeks Charts	Highest Position
1	(1)	ARRIVAL	Abba (Epic)	7	1
2	(3)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder (EMI)	12	1
3	(2)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	Glen Campbell (Capitol)	8	1
4	(14)	SHOWADDYWADDY GREATEST HITS	(Arista)	3	4
5	(6)	A DAY AT THE RACES	Queen (EMI)	3	5
6	(4)	100 GOLDEN GREATS	Max Bygraves (Ronco)	9	4
7	(11)	DISCO ROCKET	(K-Tel)	5	7
8	(7)	ABBA GREATEST HITS	(Epic)	40	1
9	(5)	THE GREATEST HITS	Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons (K-Tel)	8	4
10	(9)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	5	9
11	(10)	DAVID SOUL	(Private Stock)	5	10
12	(19)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles (Asylum)	2	12
13	(8)	22 GOLDEN GREATS	Bert Weedon (Warwick)	9	3
14	(13)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John (Rocket)	10	4
15	(12)	HOT CHOCOLATE GREATEST HITS	(Rak)	7	8
16	(17)	THOUGHTS OF LOVE	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	4	16
17	(15)	THE WHO STORY	(Polydor)	13	1
18	(21)	GREATEST HITS	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)	2	18
19	(24)	SOME MORE OF ME POEMS AND SONGS	Pam Ayres (Galaxy)	2	19
20	(16)	20 ORIGINAL DEAN MARTIN HITS	(Reprise)	7	10
21	(—)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	(EMI)	1	21
22	(22)	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME	Led Zeppelin (Swansong)	10	5
23	(18)	FOREVER AND EVER	Demis Roussos (Philips)	27	2
24	(20)	BEST OF STYLISTICS VOL II	(Avco)	16	3
25	(—)	THIRTY THREE AND ⅓	George Harrison (Dark Horse)	1	25
26	(—)	ATLANTIC CROSSING	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	43	1
27	(—)	SOUNDS OF GLORY	(Arcade)	1	27
28	(26)	44 SUPERSTARS	(K-Tel)	2	26
29	(29)	ATLANTIC BRIDGE	Billy Connolly (Polydor)	2	29
30	(—)	BOXED	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1	30

No Bubbling Under lists this week since the British albums and singles charts are, due to Bank Holiday working arrangements in record shops, based on a lower-than-normal number of chart returns.

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending January 8, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR	Marilyn McCoo & Billy Davis
2	(2)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL LIKE DANCING	Leo Sayer
3	(4)	CAR WASH	Rose Royce
4	(5)	I WISH	Stevie Wonder
5	(6)	AFTER THE LOVIN'	Engelbert Humperdinck
6	(3)	TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT	Rod Stewart
7	(8)	DAZZ	Brick
8	(7)	SORRY SEEMS TO BE THE HARDEST WORD	Elton John
9	(10)	HOT LINE	Sylvers
10	(11)	LOVE ME	Yvonne Elliman
11	(14)	SOMEBODY TO LOVE	Queen
12	(15)	WALK THIS WAY	Aerosmith
13	(12)	LIVIN' THING	ELO
14	(17)	TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS	Mary McGregor
15	(16)	JEANS ON	David Dundas
16	(19)	BLINDED BY THE LIGHT	Manfred Mann
17	(20)	ENJOY YOURSELF	Jacksons
18	(22)	NEW KID IN TOWN	Eagles
19	(21)	I LIKE DREAMING	Kenny Nolan
20	(9)	STAND TALL	Burton Cummings
21	(23)	LOST WITHOUT YOUR LOVE	Bread
22	(13)	RUBBER BAND MAN	Spinners
23	(18)	LOVE IS RIGHT	Bee Gees
24	(26)	WHISPERING/CHERCHEZ LA FEMME/C'EST SI BON	Dr Buzzard's Original Savannah
25	(24)	MUSKRAT LOVE	Captain & Tennille
26	(—)	WEEKEND IN NEW ENGLAND	Barry Manilow
27	(30)	SATURDAY NIGHT	Earth, Wind & Fire
28	(29)	THIS SONG	George Harrison
29	(—)	NIGHT MOVES	Bob Seger
30	(27)	I NEVER CRY	Alice Cooper

Courtesy "Cash Box"

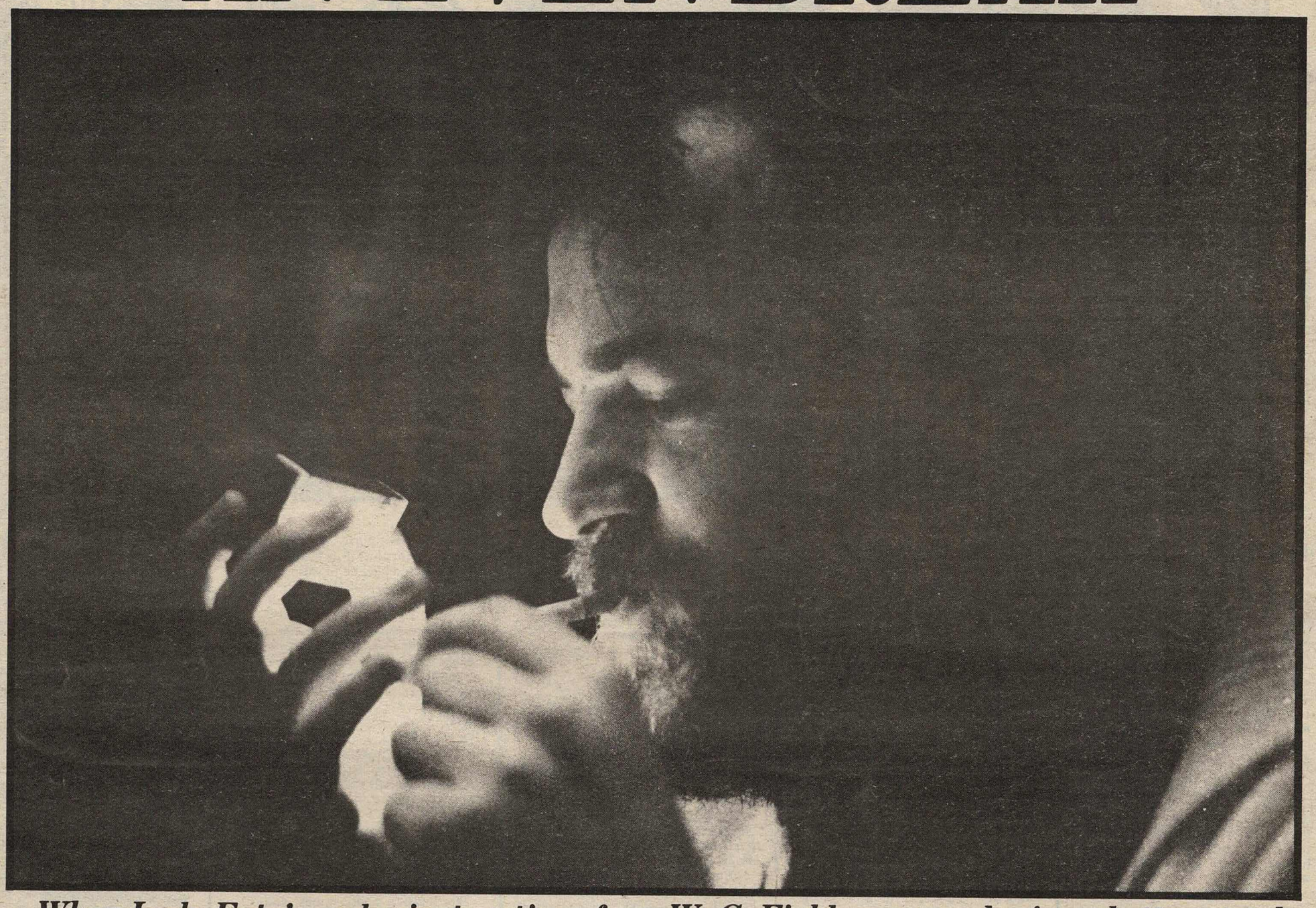
U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending January 8, 1977

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	HOTEL CALIFORNIA	Eagles
2	(1)	SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE	Stevie Wonder
3	(4)	WINGS OVER AMERICA	Wings
4	(3)	FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE	Peter Frampton
5	(5)	BOSTON	
6	(6)	A NIGHT ON THE TOWN	Rod Stewart
7	(7)	BEST OF THE DOOBIES	Doobie Brothers
8	(10)	GREATEST HITS	Linda Ronstadt
9	(8)	THE PRETENDER	Jackson Browne
10	(9)	ROCK AND ROLL OVER	Kiss
11	(11)	FLY LIKE AN EAGLE	Steve Miller Band
12	(13)	HEJIRA	Joni Mitchell
13	(12)	A NEW WORLD RECORD	Electric Light Orchestra
14	(14)	GREATEST HITS	James Taylor
15	(15)	THIRTY THREE AND ⅓	George Harrison
16	(16)	BLUE MOVES	Elton John
17	(19)	THEIR GREATEST HITS	Eagles
18	(18)	CHICAGO X	
19	(20)	SONGS OF JOY	Captain & Tennille
20	(17)	SPIRIT	Earth, Wind & Fire
21	(24)	CAR WASH	Original Soundtrack
22	(21)	THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME	Led Zeppelin
23	(23)	CHILDREN OF THE WORLD	Bee Gees
24	(22)	ONE MORE FROM THE ROAD	Lynyrd Skynyrd
25	(25)	YEAR OF THE CAT	Al Stewart
26	(26)	SILK DEGREES	Boz Scaggs
27	(27)	FLEETWOOD MAC	
28	(28)	DREAMBOAT ANNIE	Heart
29	(30)	THE BEST OF GEORGE HARRISON	
30	(—)	SPIRIT	John Denver

Courtesy "Cash Box"

NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK



When Lady Fate's under instructions from W. C. Fields, eey oop bro' you better watch yo' ass. TONY STEWART was there to meet JOE COCKER on his concert return to the U.K.; PENNIE SMITH took the photographs

THE JOE Cocker "legend" has always been more celebrated than the man himself. Witness the poor attendance for his first official and widely advertised concert in Britain for over four years.

Having seen the publicity Cocker received for his three "informal" gigs with Kokomo at Bristol and Brunel Universities and the Birmingham club, Barbarella's, a promoter optimistically booked Joe for a New Year's Day concert in Birmingham's largest and possibly worst venue, the Bingley Hall.

According to Cocker's biographer Andy McConnell, Joe was offered £4,000 to perform, that fee to be split with Kokomo. But because only a couple of hundred tickets were shifted in advance, the purse was reduced to half by mutual agreement.

To loose two grand on the first day of the year was an inauspicious start. But then Joe Cocker's never been the most fortunate guy — and that, of course, is the substance of his legendary status.

He was the unsuspecting Northerner, a former Sheffield gas fitter and aspiring soul singer, who came to London as a contemporary Dick Whittington and, after initial adversities, was monstrously successful in the late '60s with recordings such as the classic "With A Little Help From My Friends" and concerts with the excellent Grease Band.

But, by the turn of the '70s, his relations with the group were in tatters and it was an exhausted and disillusioned Cocker who took flight to the States via the travelling musical circus, Mad Dogs And Englishmen.

Legend characterises him as a Rock Innocent, crashing down desolation row in a euphoric chemical and alcohol haze, unaware of being bullied and abused by a collection of pantomine nasties.

AT THE END of the Mad Dogs tour, Cocker went into voluntary exile. He seemed to have lost heart, lost purpose.

"It's happened many a time," he now admits. "Even when I was a teenager I used to fold it up for a year, like when Motown was riding the crest and I couldn't find a place in it all. So I just packed up and went walking around fields in Derbyshire and thinking."

Although after nearly two years he was persuaded to stage a return by Chris Stainton, a close friend and his musical director, Joe was still widely regarded as a physical ruin unavoidably destined for artistic collapse.

He was also notorious for his alleged self-indulgences, personal vunerability and professional malleability . . . the amiable sucker who never got an even break.

Surprisingly, however, the morbid curiosity value of Cocker's reputation has had little effect on the Birmingham public.

"I've been panned rather heavily over the last couple of years for singing off-key and stuff like this," Joe observes aloud. "People were saying I did bad shows, and I always put it down to that old Stanley Holloway thing, 'Eee tha does look queer'. If enough people say it t'yer, you can start feeling something *is* wrong wi' yer.

"I've always been very self critical. I know when I'm in bad shape.

"I'm just glad to say that I'm fitter now than I have been in ages.

"I could," he grins, patting his hugely distended stomach affectionately, "be a bit thinner."

JOE COCKER'S AN unassuming man who now sits in the public bar of the Bingley Hall chain-smoking and drinking liberal quantities of pale ale from a plastic cup, alongside the audience. He seems to care little for his reputation or for rock star protocol. Nor, for that matter, whether he is to get column space in this music paper.

In fact, he failed to show for our meeting arranged an hour earlier at the Holiday Inn just down the street, and instead was to be found busily oiling his larynx in the bar. When we're introduced he's affable and feels no need to apologise.

The interuptions are continuous. Kokomo (and former Grease Band) bassist Alan Spenner trying to arrange a running order for Joe's set. Friends and well-wishers stroll through. Fans offer to buy him drinks, which he gladly accepts. He arranges backstage passes himself.

Joe remains casual and relaxed, enjoying the ambience and often sincerely bemused that a journalist should find his career interesting. No, America hasn't affected his homely and friendly Northerness.

Only his conversation reveals that for the last three years he's lived in the States. It's an odd blend of the phraseology of two cultures; his Yorkshire vernacular is ofter juxtaposed with LA street slang so that quite unselfconsciously he can come out with a line like, "Ey oop, let's kick t'ass."

In physical appearance too he remains basically the same. A long, frizzy beard compensates for the hair line which is gradually escaping over the top of his skull. Although his eyes are bleary and he carries a boozer's paunch, he looks relatively healthy.

Most astonishing of all though are his attitudes. He seems unconcerned that the attendance for this concert is so poor, and he expresses only mild bewilderment that his last studio album, "Stingray", sold around 9,000 copies.

He says that he only came to Britain to see his parents over Christmas, and jammed with Kokomo due to his long friendship with Alan Spenner. He eventually agreed to perform a contracted and publicised booking with the band because "I need the money right now."

Nine albums notched on his mike stand, a handful of hit singles of which the last was the US top tenner "You Are So Beautiful" back in 1975, and *again* Joe's broke.

HIS RECORDING career, however, has a consistency that refutes the dramatised legend. Commercially he *should* have more to show than a modest house in LA and some small change in his pocket.

With the exception of his second set, "Joe Cocker", his six studio albums have reflected his developing growth within and affection for black soul and R&B, which led to his association with Stuff. Led by Cornell Dupree and Richard Tee, who worked with Cocker from "I Can Stand A Little Rain" onward, Stuff was the basic studio band for "Stingray". It also included Steve Gadd, Gordon Edwards and Eric Gale.

Last year they toured America with moderate success, and in the winter Stuff were playing a New York Club called Mikell's. Cocker would occasionally find himself there and, as with Kokomo now, make impromptu appearances.

He remembers: "I'd just go and sit in the audience. Then they'd start a number I knew and I'd jump out of the crowd and climb on stage."

Joe claims that he received something like $850 for the two-month Mad Dogs escapade. Aside from a small sum saved from the Chris Stainton All Stars Tour of '72/'73 his only reliable source of income is record royalties.

He says further that without his authority one of his former associates opened a bank account in his name, and in it deposited $200,000 of his (Cocker's) loot. Access to it, Joe alleges, was difficult.

"I've had so many screwed-up management situations," he confides, "that I asked Dylan's old manager, Albert Grossman, for his advice. He said that first of all I'd got to find somebody who really digs me and has my affairs at heart.

"That was the end for me, because I'd tried hard enough to find somebody that showed that sort of concern. And obviously, by saying that, *he* (Grossman) didn't want the job."

Cocker goes on to tell a story about another former manager, then ducks

■ *Continues over page*

From over page

his head into a plastic cup with a grimace.

"Those kind of people," he continues, "stash their nuts for winter. That's the trouble. They're just petrified.

"The idea of having a manager is, I won't say t'cover yer, but he's supposed to protect your interests. But they start messing around. I mean, you want to get down to working with the music and a lot of these guys . . . you know . . . are frustrated rock and roll musicians. They'd *love* to be you up there singing.

"When it came round to people digging to see me screw-up rather than have a good performance it really did something to my head. It turned me off music for quite a while."

Cash-flow problems, however created, meant that Stuff, consisting of respected sessioneers of telemovies and ads, were out of Cocker's price range. Denny Cordell, who produced his albums up to "Something To Say" and has agreed to work on the next set, admires the musicianship of Dupree, Tee and Co, but is reluctant to pay, to quote JC, "the ridiculous money they ask for.

"But he's also suggested that we make a hit record — put it as plainly as that — and then all share a taste of the goodies that come from it. Rather than them wanting this lump sum when I'm in schtuck at the time.

"We get on great musically, but they know I've got no bread to chuck around."

Good though the relationship was, breaking the bond has led to a potentially more exciting musical proposition for Cocker. While he may still engage the expensive services of the American musicians on his next album, he and Cordell intend to revert to the policy they employed on his excellent debut set, "With A Little Help."

"Denny suggested that rather than use a whole band we should just split up the album and get in to play on the particular songs they're suited to.

"That's if they want to know," he chuckles.

More importantly, he'll rid himself of the frustrations he felt trying to write songs with Richard Tee, who not only set time limits on their creative doodling because of the pressure of his session work, but serviced Cocker with set instrumental passages to which he contributed lyrics.

"I don't know if you heard the last record I made," he says shyly, "but there's a song on it that got nicknamed 'Born Thru Indifference', and I must have sung that 40 times trying to think of different words. After doing about 40 to 50 overdubs we ended up using the first take I did."

Now, however, Stainton has said he'll work, produce and possibly play with Cocker again; much to Joe's delight.

At the very least their songwriting partnership has produced such songs as "Sandpaper Cadillac", "Something's Coming On", "Pardon Me Sir" and "Black-Eyed Blues."

Says Cocker, "I just started singing my head off, and he's such a good musician he knew I was gonna go."

Cocker's dissatisfaction with his business affairs isn't only directed at management (a situation he now believes to be resolved). He also feels that in certain respects his record company, A&M, are attempting to blind his artistic sights.

Acknowledging the superb quality of "Stingray", he complains, "The only knock I get is to see Jerry Moss, head of A&M. He'll say, 'Can't you give us a few more rockers?' I try to explain that because of the state of my mind at the time that's the way I was singing.

"And he still couldn't dig it. They want hits, you know. But what constitutes a hit I don't bother to think about, because I *didn't* do any rock 'n' roll tunes just to have *hits*," he says scornfully.

"I don't go for all that fuss anyway."

In fact this is the core of Cocker's approach to music. Because he can't play a musical instrument, he's always had the highest respect for his lieutenants, whether it's Stainton, Russell, Tee or whoever, and says that a group spirit is of paramount importance. At times this meant he had to deliberately establish a band identity, and a certain amount of anonymity for himself, cutting out the bullshit promotion on his own name.

"Basically," he explains, "it's because I always dreamt of playing the guitar or something. Like with the Grease Band I didn't want it to be *me* and the Grease Band; I just wanted it to be the Grease Band, with me in there.

"Take Rod Stewart for instance. For a while he could handle it, right? It was just the Faces. Then suddenly they lifted him out of that and made it his deal, so the lineup of the group starts changing and the Faces could be anybody.

"Now it ain't the Faces any more at all.

"But I just wanted to get together with some talented guys all with the same purpose, or just with the same musical leanings to rock 'n' roll.

"I used to have problems with Alan (Spenner) and Neil (Hubbard), you know. Ego battles. I used to try and calm down the star bit of 'avin' me name out front, and convince them it was never me desire to be like that.

I've got over it now. I don't give a shit to be honest. I don't mind if they do put my name up front. Because when it comes down to it, it's the music you kick out that counts."

"Excuse me," pipes the voice of a young fan at this timely juncture. "I know who you are. Can I buy you a drink?"

The kid looks hopefully at Joe, who beams warmly. "I'd love one. Just a regular pale ale."

The response is characteristic. Relating stories about past associates, he's never bitter, resentful or regretful. Ey oop, that's past scam. You dig? And even delicate inquiries into his personal drug and booze usage are answered good-naturedly.

Did you screw yourselp up on t'narcotics?

"Not at all," he grins wickedly. "With the amount of drugs I take, chance would be a fine thing."

What about boozing?

"Of course. Sure. I booze a lot.

"I just went to see this doctor and he said I'm suffering from alcohol fatigue. But I'm convinced, because I've been having these spewing bouts every day, that most of it is just because of the state my life is in; not particularly down to this . . ." He drains his beaker.

"But a lot of it is illusionary," he explains, licking the froth from his lips. "It's just that people get this idea of what you are and everything. I'm just an overweight rocker who smokes too much.

"CAN WE knock it off f' a minute?" Cocker had been talking for an hour and demands on him by friends had become more persistent. "There can't be much more to cover anymore."

He beckoned a familiar face over as an escape route.

"This is my elder brother, Victor. Ask 'im for any more information about me."

Shortly after this abrupt but polite departure, having consumed innumerable bottles of pale, an obviously obese rock singer, his gut preceding his arrival on stage by a good foot, began his official British comeback concert.

The hall is an acoustic slaughterhouse; large, gloomy and cold with an icy stone floor, metal roof beams, concrete pillars and regimented lines of uncomfortable canvas and iron structured chairs. Electric fires supposedly strategically placed high on columns glow feebly uneffective. A couple of thousand kids willingly stomp their mittened, frozen hands for Joe, while red noses blink over chattering teeth.

Cocker's not only podgy, but decidedly unsteady on his feet. He staggers forward to the mike with the full complement of Kokomo playing behind to erupt into their opening piece, "I Broke Down".

The group had partly warmed the building earlier in the evening with their own musical funk revue, which excellent though it was, came across like a hip version of *Pop Props;* the lanky, indefatigable Spenner hosting the ceremony and clowning until the black-ice expressions on the kids' faces cracked, or perhaps melted.

But between artist and audience there's a wide, metal barrier creating a ten foot gap between the two, and this requires the fearsome bellow of a voice like Cocker's to knock the icicles off their lugs.

He's immobile, his feet rooted in front of the mike. But his torso, strapped into a purple grandad vest, twists and turns as if in the agonised throes of an epileptic fit; his left arm rigidly jolts fron his side and his right hand shoots to clasp the back of his neck.

His convulsions are the characteristic series of tortured physical movements which have counterpointed his anguished, passionate and fierce soul voice since he began his career.

Cocker's only reprieve from the vigorous discomfort is when Neil Hubbard slams in some usually hard and equally aggressive guitar lines, or the gentler electric piano of Tony O'Malley, with its wide range of musical textures, provides some melodic contrast.

Then Joe stands stage centre, his body slightly bowing to and fro as if blown by the wind, but with his boots glued fast.

The music's tight, swings, and at first provides the relaxed mood for the soulful cuts like "The Jealous Kind" and "Worrier". On "High Time We Went" Kokomo's sails are hauled down and power ignited in the engine room manned by Spenner, drummer John Susswell and Hubbard, while O'Malley tinkles and honks rock 'n' roll piano for full steam ahead.

Cocker's involvement is painfully total, the convulsions even more violent. Which leaves Dyan, Frank and Paddy — the Kokomo vocal front line — reaching for the sweet-soul contrast.

It's after this that Joe tells the audience he's drunk. They love it. And later the anti-star fumbles with the crumpled sheet of paper listing the running order and, prompted by a quick peek, recalls aloud that they played "Delta Lady".

There are, of course, some goofs. They (Joe also informs the crowd) were to have rehearsed the night before but, as usual, arrived three hours late. Yet they still manage to play with a sufficient degree of professionalism and a large amount of ingenuity to disguise their errors, and go through "You Came Along", "Feelin' Alright", "You Are So Beautiful", climaxing with "Delta Lady".

For the encore Viola Wills, an exciting chocolate honey with the sister voice to Cocker's proud furnace of energy, duets "Do Right Woman". Unfortunately, "With A Little Help" stubbles and eventually collapses, but the band and Cocker regain their momentum for the final highlight of the night after 90 minutes of excellent music, with "Dear Landlord".

And it's when the devoted, the converted and the curious are smugly strutting out that it's obvious the rock undertakers have singled out the wrong man.

On the other hand, maybe someone has to hang him on the line to dry each night.

Ey oop, cats.

Andrew Miller presents Gallagher & Lyle "Down your way."

JANUARY

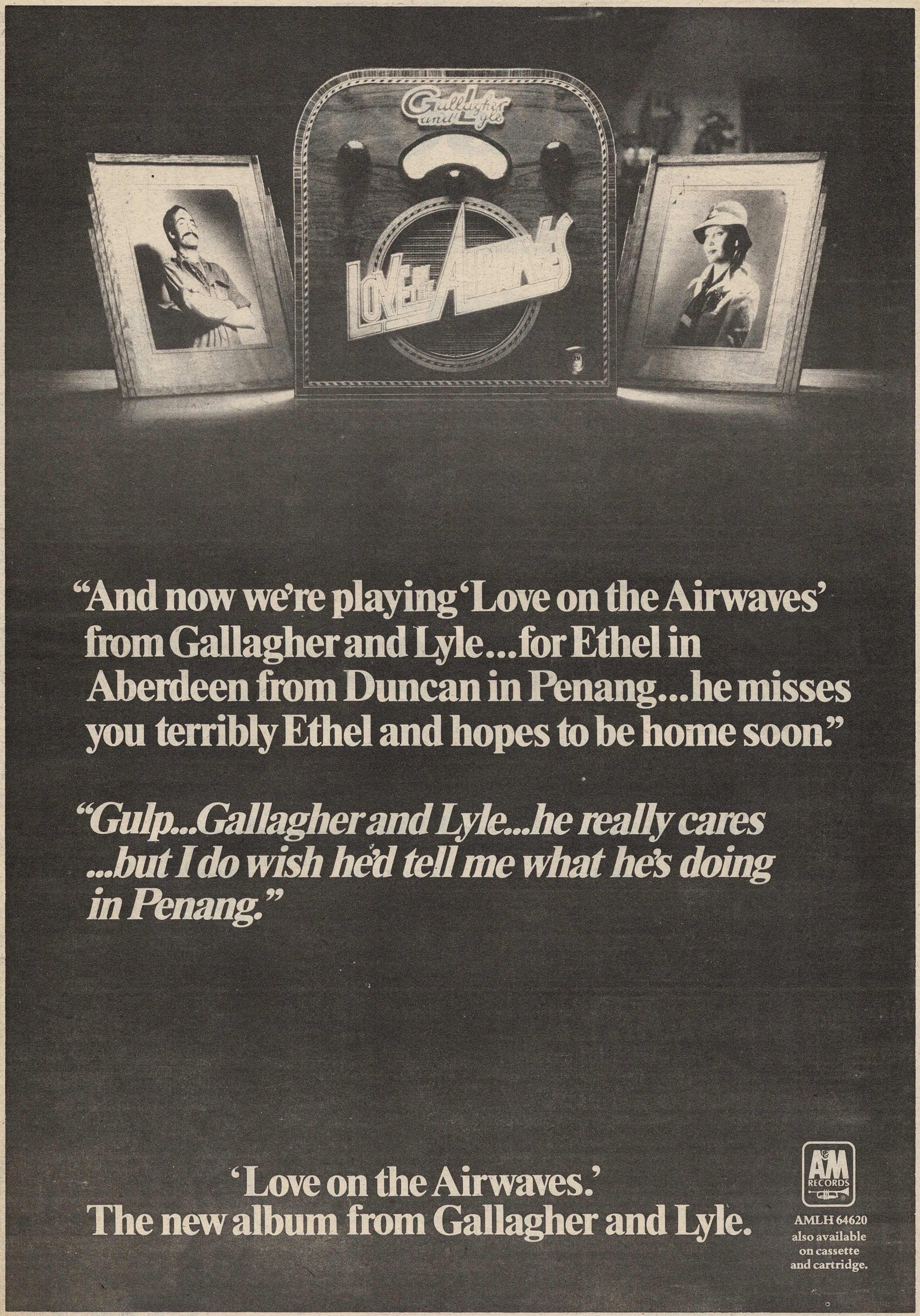
BLACKPOOL 22nd Opera House
LEEDS Grand 23rd
NEWCASTLE 24th City Hall
EDINBURGH 25th Play House
DUNDEE 26th Caird Hall
ABERDEEN 27th Capitol
GLASGOW 28th Apollo
PRESTON 29th Guildhall
MANCHESTER 30th Palace

FEBRUARY

SHEFFIELD 1st City Hall
LEICESTER 2nd De Montfort Hall
BIRMINGHAM 4th Odeon
IPSWICH 5th Gaumont
BRISTOL 6th Colston Hall
CARDIFF 8th Capitol
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens 9th
PORTSMOUTH 11th Guildhall
BRIGHTON 12th Dome
OXFORD 13th New Theatre
LONDON 14th Hammersmith Odeon
CROYDON 15th Fairfield Hall
DUBLIN 17th & 19th Stadium
LONDON 21st Royal Albert Hall

Far more fun than television.

AM RECORDS



"And now we're playing 'Love on the Airwaves' from Gallagher and Lyle...for Ethel in Aberdeen from Duncan in Penang...he misses you terribly Ethel and hopes to be home soon."

"Gulp...Gallagher and Lyle...he really cares ...but I do wish he'd tell me what he's doing in Penang."

'Love on the Airwaves.'
The new album from Gallagher and Lyle.

A&M RECORDS

AMLH 64620
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The NME/Virgin Record Stores RocksOffer

THE DECEMBER format of Rocksoffer will be retained for just this week,before we return to business as normal when the steady flow of new album releases will no doubt pick up momentum again.

All the records listed below are obtainable at a discount of 70p from Virgin Records Shops throughout the U.K.

Remember that while all can participate in the amazing discounts offered by the — ahem — "New Releases" section, the records listed in the special Rocksoffer can only be obtained at a discount with the NME/Virgin Rocksoffer coupon in the bottom left-hand corner of the page.

70p Off

Top 30 NME New Releases

ABBA
Greatest Hits
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20 Golden Greats
THE BEATLES
Magical Mystery Tour
GLEN CAMPBELL
20 Golden Greats
PETER COOK & DUDLEY MOORE
Derek & Clive Live
ROY DOTRICE
Watership Down (Narration Of)
DR. FEELGOOD
Stupidity

THE EAGLES
Greatest Hits
Hotel California
FLEETWOOD MAC
Fleetwood Mac
FOUR SEASONS
The Greatest Hits
PETER FRAMPTON
Frampton Comes Alive
GENESIS
New Album
GEORGE HARRISON
Thirty-three & ⅓
STEVE HILLAGE
L

ELTON JOHN
Blue Moves
LED ZEPPELIN
The Song Remains The Same
DEAN MARTIN
20 Original Hits
STEVE MILLER
Fly Like An Eagle
JONI MITCHELL
Hejira
MIKE OLDFIELD
Boxed
QUEEN
A Day At The Races

LINDA RONSTADT
Greatest Hits
ROD STEWART
A Night On The Town
TANGERINE DREAM
Stratsosfear
THE WHO
The Story Of . . .
NICOL WILLIAMSON
The Hobbit (Narration Of)
WINGS
Wings Over America
STEVIE WONDER
Songs In The Key Of Life

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Kaleidoscope Of Rainbows
JOAN ARMATRADING
Joan Armatrading
DAVID BOWIE
Station To Station
JACKSON BROWNE
The Pretender
BURNING SPEAR
Man In The Hills

J.J.CALE
Troubadour
GUY CLARK
Old Number One
BOB DYLAN
Desire
FLAMIN' GROOVIES
Shake Some Action
GENESIS
A Trick Of The Tail

EMMYLOU HARRIS
Elite Hotel
KURSAAL FLYERS
The Golden Mile
NILS LOFGREN
Cry Tough
BOB MARLEY
Rastaman Vibration
KATE AND ANNA McGARRIGLE
Kate And Anna McGarrigle

GRAHAM PARKER
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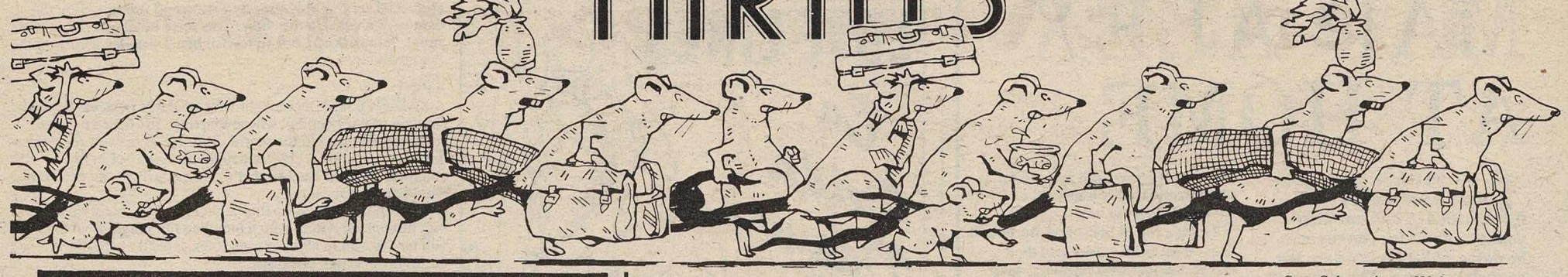
THRILLS



"Gobbing on KLM"

PISTOLS APPROACH CRUNCH

ALWAYS DID HAVE a bad memory for names, so, off-hand, I can't recollect who once declared, "Even bad publicity is better than no publicity at all!" Whoever it was sure as hell knew what they were talkin' 'bout.

As if you hadn't already noticed, over the last few weeks *("It's seemed more like years" — Ed.),* the Sex Pistols have received nothing but bad press from one end of Fleet Street to the other. This generation's professional bad lads, it would appear that the Pistoleroes sole intention is to outgross every other act in the business, and we ain't talking about box office returns. At the moment, there's very little work coming their way and their immediate prospects seem, to say the least, bleak.

In the next few days, the Sex Pistols come up before the EMI Big Wigs for "trial" (see page 2). The question to be answered is whether EMI will give them the funky elbow or learn to live with and eventually love Rotten and his playmates.

Though nothing has been confirmed, the grapevine suggest that despite the appalling bad press, EMI aren't about to just hand their "problem" over to any of half-a-dozen of their cheque book waving rivals to reap the benefits.

No way brother. Business is business.

It has been suggested by someone within the company that should the Manchester Square Moguls drop the Pistols it would put EMI back at least five years. In the future, any adventurous producer or A&R director would be detered from signing any artist to the company that might prove "controversial".

It seems that everyone is quietly waiting for the Pistols to be axed from the front pages of the nationals. No way. Not with news flashes (January 4, 1977) of the Pistols gobbing, swearing and chundering their way onboard a KLM airliner en route to Amsterdam . . .

As a background to Pistols/EMI events, *Thrills* thought readers might be interested in the views expressed by EMI Group Chairman Sir John Read to the company's Annual General Meeting just before Christmas. Excerpts have previously appeared in *NME* but this fuller transcript, as printed in *EMI News*, makes for illuminating (!) reading. Over to you, Sir John:

Throughout its history as a recording company, EMI has always sought to behave within contemporary limits of decency and good taste — taking into account not only the traditional rigid conventions of one section of society, but also the increasingly liberal attitudes of other (perhaps larger) sections of society at any given time.

Today, there is in EMI's experience, not only an overwhelming sense of permissiveness — as demonstrated by the content of books, newspapers and magazines, as well as records and films — but also a good deal of questioning by various sections of society, both young and old. For example: What is decent or in good taste compared to the attitudes of, say, 20 or even 10 years ago?

It is against this present-day social background that EMI has to make value judgements about the content of records in particular. EMI has on a number of occasions taken steps totally to ban individual records, and similarly to ban record sleeves or posters or other promotional material which it believed would be offensive.

The Sex Pistols incident, which started with a disgraceful interview given by this young group on Thames TV last week, has been followed by a vast amount of newspaper coverage in the last few days.

Sex Pistols is a pop group devoted to a new form of music known as 'punk rock'. It was contracted for recording purposes by EMI Records Limited in October 1976 — an unknown group offering some promise, in the view of our recording executives, like many other pop groups of different kinds that we have signed.

In this context, it must be remembered that the recording industry has signed many pop groups, initially controversial, who have in the fullness of time become wholly acceptable and contributed greatly to the development of modern music.

Sex Pistols have acquired a reputation for aggressive behaviour which they have certainly demonstrated in public. There is no excuse for this. Our recording company's experience of working with the group, however, is satisfactory.

I need hardly add that we shall do everything we can to restrain their public behaviour, although this is a matter over which we have no real control.

When anyone sits down to consider seriously this problem, it will be found that there are widely differing attitudes between people of all ages and all walks of life as to what can be shown or spoken or sung.

Our view within EMI is that we should seek to discourage records that are likely to give offence to the majority of people. In this context, changing public attitudes have to be taken into account.

EMI should not set itself up as a public censor, but it does seek to encourage restraint. The board of EMI certainly takes seriously the need to do everything possible to encourage the raising of standards in music and entertainment.

□ ROY CARR

RAINBOW REVISITED

AFTER TWO YEARS of collecting dust, Britain's only world famous rock venue, North London's Rainbow Theatre, has re-opened its doors again — for the third time in seven years.

Formerly the Finsbury Park Astoria, the theatre was originally envisaged as London's answer to Bill Graham's legendary Fillmores, in New York and San Francisco, when a former employee of Graham's, John Morris, opened the Rainbow in 1971 as England's first venue devoted entirely to rock.

Morris's plan to emulate the Fillmores with their built-in sound and lighting systems was ultimately too far-reaching for an English rock theatre and one year later Chrysalis took over the venue. Chrysalis, however, later ran into trouble with the theatre when they were not prepared to meet the huge cost of the Greater London Council's renovation requirements, after a dilapidation order had been slapped on the Rainbow.

Because of its spectaaular art-deco architecture, a Preservation Order was placed on the building, but the theatre continued unused through '75 and '76 until Strutworth, a company formed specifically for running the Rainbow, took the theatre over from its owners, the Rank Organisation, after seven months of negotiations.

On Saturday night, aptly enough New Year's Day, rock fans walked through the Rainbow's doors for the first of three concerts by Genesis. "Rainbow Rocks Again" proclaimed the badges pinned to each of the theatre's 2,700 seats — and the Rainbow, with a cool £150,000 worth of renovations, was back in business.

There have been no structural alterations, but the foyer and auditorium have been repainted in keeping with the original Thirties' decor and any parts of the opulent structure that have in the past been chipped by a passing Marshall stack or a misdirected frisbee have been refurbished to their original splendour.

It's also very clean — something the Rainbow most definitely wasn't when the doors closed for what looked like the last time on that dreary night in February 1975.

The bar facilities are the same as before — hardly palatial, but pretty luxurious compared to the drink amenities at the rival Hammersmith Odeon. Seats have been replaced — none of this modern tack, the owner assures me, but with good old fashioned cinema seats. The place has been rewired and the backstage facilities are "incredibly luxurious", according to Genesis' publicist, Peter Thompson. There's colour TVs-a-go-go, shower-suites (you mean those rock 'n' rollers actually wash), and a restaurant where bands and roadies alike can have a steak before you can say curry.

All of which *should* attract rock acts by the wagonful.

Although the Rainbow opened last weekend, there'll be no more gigs at the theatre until the end of the month when Lynyrd Skynyrd (you can imagine what they could do to the "incredibly luxurious" backstage area) play three dates there. Why the delay? *Thrills* talked to Strutworth's Alan Scharerien, an accountant in his early thirties whose prior involvement in the rock biz is negligible (he handled as few rock people's accounts in the past, but refuses to name names). The four week gap is caused by the fact that Genesis used their own stage for their concerts and there's still work to be done on the theatre's proper stage.

To date he has ten bookings for February, 13 for March, 16 for April and 16 for May, all of which indicates that the Rainbow is getting off to a fairly healthy start. The majority of these are rock acts, with one or two MOR bookings of the type — according to Scharerien — who might normally play the London Palladium.

So how is it that Strutworth hope to succeed where others have failed? Most important Scharerien and his colleague James Bloom are businessmen; the deal they have negotiated with Rank means that promoters putting on acts at the Rainbow don't have to pay "anywhere near as much" as the 30 per cent rent they do at other Rank venues. In turn, according to top promoter Barry Dickins of MAM, this means he can pay bands more.

Says Scharerien, "We're professional people. We've streamlined everything down. And we've surrounded ourselves with the best in the business. In its history as a pop theatre the Rainbow has never lost money. It's a fallacy to say it has. Chrysalis had a bad lease.

"And as far as atmosphere and facilities go we're superior to any other rock venue in London." The fact that venues like the New Victoria and the Victoria Palace, not to mention Hammersmith Odeon, have thrived since the Rainbow's demise doesn't worry him. "I have no fears of the others," he says confidentially.

Another point in the Rainbow's favour, he maintains, is that promoters prefer dealing with a small company rather than a large one like Rank. Barry Dickins agrees with that observation. Moreover, he says, it's easier to deal with the staff at the Rainbow, who are hip to rock'n'roll, than the staff at the other London venues.

Harvey Goldsmith, who promoted the Genesis gigs, is also optimistic about the Rainbow's future. "The people that are involved in it are exuberant enough to make it last."

Goldsmith says it will be the "off-the-wall" gigs, places like the Shaftesbury, the Lyceum and Hammersmith Palais, that will be most hit by the theatre's reopening and that Hammersmith Odeon will continue to function unaffected.

With a capacity of 3,400, the Odeon is considerably larger than the Rainbow. This means that, for a good sized act, a promoter would stand to make a little more profit staging a gig there instead of at the Rainbow.

However, because there is less risk involved, an *untried* act would be better for a promoter at the Rainbow, which is one reason why Harvey Goldsmith is booking the Pat Travers Band into the Rainbow in the near future.

So what does it all mean for you, dear reader? Cheaper tickets? No-one's saying too much about that, but the Rainbow is infinitely more comfortable than its peers, does have charisma and an altogether more intimate ambience than, say, the Hammersmith Odeon. What's more, if you live in North or East London it's dead convenient. And it does have the *feel* of a rock venue.

□ STEVE CLARKE

MAD ALEX AT HOME

JUST IN CASE any of you were wondering, *Thrills* decided to find out what young nutter Alex Harvey will be doing whilst his band are out on their solo tour. The answer is simple: Alex will be sitting at home re-writing *Encyclopedia Brittanica* in Greek and regrowing his hair.

You see Alex (9), his son Tyro (9 months), and his faithful but stupid dog Hey You (42), became fed up playing mundane games like three dimensional chess and contract bridge, and so decided on a new game called Jamulation.

The rules are simple: First go round the house closing the doors, secondly cover all the handles in apricot jam. Then, as your opponent tries to open the door and stands there trying to unstick his hand, you shoot him with an arrow coated in strawberry jam.

Unfortunately, after the Harvey house had ended up covered in sticky red spots of jam, Alex came out of it rather badly defeated. However, being childish, Alex refused to accept the decision of referee Hey You, and launched a caddish and totally unprovoked attack on his poor son.

Using a roll of Sellotape, he bound Tyro from head to foot and then decorated him with raspberry jam — but only in the nastiest places like his belly button and the back of his elbows.

Alex then retired to discuss Einstein's Theory of Relativity with his eccentric father Les (452), and attempt to force exceptionally spicy Chilli beans down the throat of a middle-aged art dealer called Frank.

Tyro, meanwhile, had retired to the bathroom to plot his revenge. Emerging clean and nearly tidy, he ventured downstairs to pour the contents of a large jar of glue over his dear father's head.

Unfortunately, you have to write to the manufacturer for the formula to remove this particular brand from hair, and the Mad Alex had no option but to visit a hairdresser.

He was last seen staring into a Kojak tea towel in the kitchen, muttering "Mirror Mirror on the wall . . ."

□ **CHALKIE DAVIS**

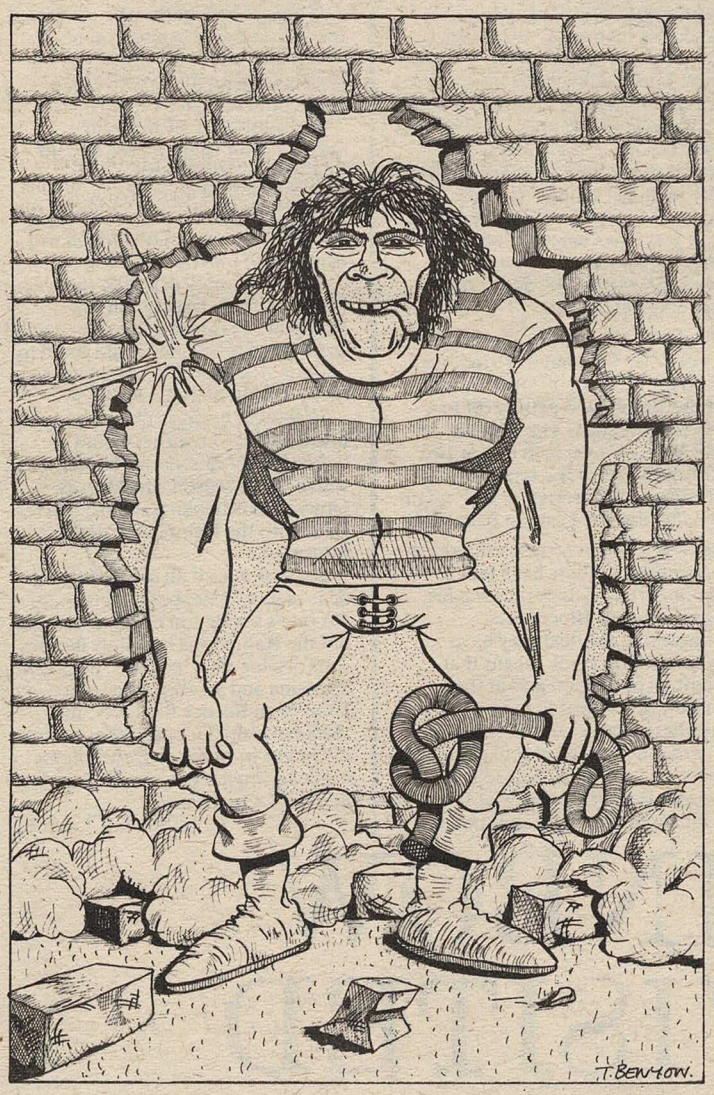


Illustration: TONY BENYON

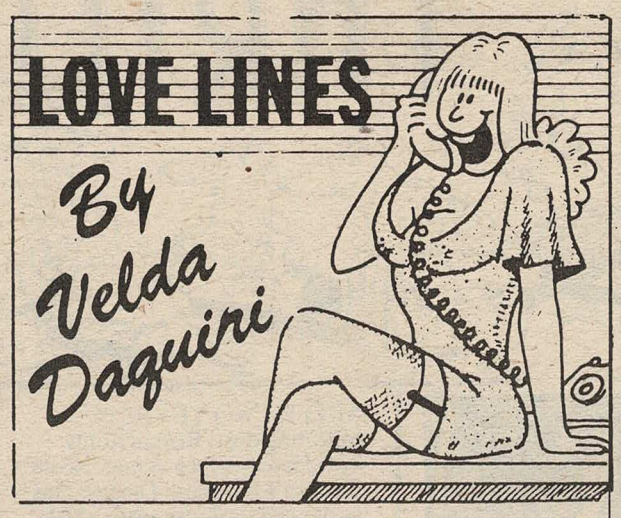
ORIGINAL ALBUM CONCEPTS, PART 367a . . .

. . . the sleeve on the left is of the debut album by Arrival (a group who had a sizeable hit with Terry Reid's "Friends", and three of whom went on to become founder-members of Kokomo), released on Decca in 1970. It boasts liner-notes by Dusty Springfield, but that's neither here nor there.

The sleeve on the right is of Abba's "Arrival", released November 1976 and, strangely, uses the same title and concept of the earlier album.

*A further interesting point is that the Arrival's "Arrival" shows the band docking at Battersea heliport, which is where Abba landed as part of a promotional junket to promote **their** "Arrival".*

□ **BOB WOFFINDEN**



VELDA'S DIARY . . .

JANUARY

BOTTOMS UP **Bianca!** I'm sure Velda doesn't need to refresh your memory about January, 1976.

I won't forget, my dear, the *beastly* way the *Sunday Express* enquired as to the . . . uhmm . . . *suitability* of your bottom for nude scenes in *Trick Or Treat* (whatever *did* happen to that movie my sweet?), and how they mentioned in passing that other actresses were being auditioned for the role of your *derierre*. They quoted one disappointed young lady thus: "I did not make it, mine was too big. But it is better than Bianca's . . ."

January was also memorable as the month footballer **Stan** (if only he could pass a betting shop the way he can pass a ball) **Bowles** posed in the *Daily Mirror* with topless model **Jenny Clare.** His wife, deciding it was the final straw, left him.

Angie Bowie (nee Barnett) proved what a clever lady she was by giving a German cab driver a *right* hook. The silly man (aren't they *all* silly my dears?) tried to *overcharge* her.

She also added the *priceless* quote: "And don't forget who won the war."

I don't think he will.

ANGIE'S BUNCH OF FIVES . . .

FEBRUARY

. . . was the month in which **Lena Zavaroni's** manager **Dorothy Solomons,** in company with her husband **Phil,** took off her clothes in the foyer of a French hotel. The couple arrived for the Midem Music Festival, were told there were not reservations in their name, and registered their *protest* by removing their garments. Sorry my dears, *no* photographs.

Ringo, when asked if it was true that he had socked one **Roberto Shorto** in the jaw when he made a pass at **Lynsey De Paul,** told Velda: "Would a nice guy like me do a thing like that?"

Ms De Paul's press person denied the story.

DAVID'S KISSER . . .

MARCH

A MEMORABLE month for sweet *adorable* Swedish actress **Britt Ekland.**

First reports suggested Britt slapped **Rodnee** at a party after he had spent some two hours chatting to sweet, *adorable,* young **Susan George.**

Young Susan George later said *she* saw no slapping and Rodnee told the *Sunday Mirror*: "She didn't hit me at the party but she gave me a right hander when we got home. I think she was a teeny weeny bit jealous."

Britt was *not* amused (whenever the slapping occurred) but both she and Rod made front page in the nationals and **Dee Harrington** (Rodnee's ex) also got a good laugh my angels.

Janie Jones (in *jail* following a vice scandal you'll recall) had a gentleman caller in the form of **Lord** (Would he have *NME* in *his* house?) **Longford.** Apparently the good Lord attended a memorial service at Holloway Prison and was *struck* by the beauty of a voice in the choir. The voice belonged to blonde Janie. Janie asked Lord El to visit her. I wonder *what* they talked about.

APRIL

A SAD OCCASION for followers of **HRH Princess Brenda** (Ma'am to her friends), whose marriage rift with **Tony** was suddenly *divulged* to the world. Still, HRH proved *she* was not one to mope and Velda was delighted to see her in the company of **Lord Buckhurt** at a dinner party at the exclusive Mirabelle restaurant.

Husband Tony was no doubt cheered by a telegram from big, buxom **Idi Amin,** which included the *magic* advice, "It will be a lesson to all of us men to be careful *not* to marry ladies in very high positions."

MAY

A VERY pregnant **Cher** was spotted in May with **Gregg** plus ex husband **Sonny** and his current lady friend, one **Susie Coelho** in a Los Angeles club. Sonny and his ex-missus did all the talking (probably about alimony, my angels) and Gregg left with Susie.

That same month, lucky luscious-lipped **Lynsey De Paul** (nee Reuben) was *bombarded* with red roses at the Palladium from prospective suitor **Bernie** (I write the words) **Taupin.** Yes, my dears, she *did* go out with him, so it was money well spent.

Elvis Presley (who you may recall *split* his trousers in January) and still on a cottage cheese diet, was no doubt delighted to hear the news that **Steve** (Slow-drawl) **McQueen** was tipping the scales at *18 stone!* Is there *no-one* left to fancy anymore?

Keith Richard announced his attention of marrying **Anita** on stage at Earls Court. He didn't, the *brute.*

After Bianca's bottom, Bowie's lips! **Candy Clark,** co-star with **Bowie** in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, cast aspersions on David's *kissing* ability by stating: "Everytime he'd stick his tongue all round my gums; it was as though he were cleaning my teeth."

JUNE

VIVACIOUS REDHEAD **David Wigg** was involved in a *scuffle* with **Tony Toon,** Rod Stewart's PR man, after he instructed **Britt Ekland,** "Please don't be so common and low. . .

Anna Chen, buxom bunny lady, was unhappy when **Keith Moon** called her a "miserable cow" and threw a *curry* over her head in a *Knightsbridge* restaurant. Later, she soaked his bed, his clothes and a pair of shoes in Perrier water.

PATTI'S BIG PROBLEM . . .

JULY

TAMMY WYNETTE married real estate man **John Michael Tomlin** dressed in white. The marriage lasted 44 days. *Shame.*

Cher had her baby.

Lorna Luft announced her engagement to **Jake Hooker** of **The Arrows.**

Rodnee on the subject of **Britt Ekland's** ears: "She's got ears like the Cutty Sark in full sail." Whatever you say, Rod.

AUGUST and SEPTEMBER were a blur for Velda (I went to St. Tropez — how was your summer, my dears?), but by OCTOBER **Tony** (no I don't want to cuddle him, thank you mother) **Blackburn** had split up from wifey **Tessa.** TB moaned, "I still love Tessa and I hope we get back together again." They haven't.

The world *trembled* at the news that **Elvis** had *remarried*. He *hadn't*, of course, my dears, the story was a gigantic hoax.

Ariel Bender from **Widowmaker** had an embarrassing accident with a table, causing his private parts to turn *blue* and then *black!* He has now returned to normal colour, I understand. (Such a *relief.*)

NOVEMBER

And wasn't it wonderful when gorgeous **Cindy Breakspeare** announced to the world that she was **Bob** (Wild Man Of Reggae) **Marley's** girlfriend?

Mick (he's still wearing well) **Jagger** told *Woman's Own*, "I got married for something to do. I thought it was a good idea. I've never been madly, deeply in love. I wouldn't know what that feels like." **Bianca's** reaction was *not* forthcoming, my angels.

Patti Smith declared every man she has ever made love to "has thrown up on me at least once."

DECEMBER

Phil (a darker shade of pale) **Lynott** spotted by Velda getting to *grips* with *Daily Mirror* pop lady **Pauline McLeod.** They *weren't* seen together again. I *wonder* why not?

Marc Bolan dined with **Gloria Jones,** his young lady, also a darker shade of pale, at September's Restaurant in Fulham. Also in attendance were **June,** Marc's estranged wife, and her beau **Paul Varley** of **Arrows.** Paul paid the bill. Marc, my dears, is *cleverer* than I thought.

And how was your year, dears?

WHAT YOU DO WHEN THE DRUMMER WALKS OUT TOO . . .

THE SINGLE WHERE the pinhead dentist drill malevolence of The Ramones meets the belligerent literate terraces agression of the Pretty Things and the slashed-out, chiv-artist chords of primal Velvets . . . from *Australia*!?!?!?!?

Yeah, the single "I'm Stranded" backed with "No Time" by The Saints, released in Oz by their own label Fatal Records and in this country by Power Exchange, has proved that there's more to Aussie-rock than standard raunch played by pseudo-schoolboys (commercial rebels) with their spotty arses hanging out of their strides.

Popular, pretty and polished this crew of diamond hard rockers most certainly *ain't,* but there's been a buzz around their single on *both* sides of the wall (number five at time of writing in the *Junkyard Angels* hit parade and the first pressing of ten thousand singles sold out before the birthday of Little Lord Jesus Light And Mild) and as they're not surprisingly regarded with suspicion by the majority of Bruces (Fosters, no Poofters and lynched Abos syndrome, innit?) a move to these green and, uh, emerald shores would seem advisable if they're gonna realise their potential . . .

They hail from Petrie Terrace, Brisbane, the kind of working class slum that you find all over the affluent capitalist western world. The band's been together for three years now and all that time there's been the same scene in their neighbourhood — nightly aggravation down the local hang-out cafe The Windmill as the kids get alked out or whatever because there's nothing to do, nowhere to go, got no cash, bored . . .

The Saints came out of that background and it comes through in their music . . . you don't have to go to Petrie Terrace to know what it's like; you probably grew up in the same area — East End / Overspill / Bristol / Glasgow / Manchester, it's all the same game with it's aspirations for "steady jobs" and mortgages, two point five children and real venetian blinds *if* you're one of the lucky ones.

The current line up of The Saints is Chris Bailey on vocals and Scotch, Ivor Hay on drums and food, Kim Bradshaw on bass, money and shopping for clothes, and Ed Kuepper on lead axe, fast cars, young ladies and Elvis.

Most of the info that I got on the band comes from a letter that they wrote to the Poet Laureate of the Blank Generation Mark P., the editor of the great *Sniffin' Glue.* I salute you, squire.

At The Saints' debut gig in a local hall about one hundred and fifty people turned up. Half of them walked out after the first number, and after their second number even their original drummer left his kit and walked out, too!

The Saints kept playing, though, and the 30 who remained at the end of the gig became the nucleus of their rapidly growing you - can - say - whatcha-like-but-we-love-'em hard core supporters.

Like every other rock band struggling up the ladder to fame and Maseratis, there were more hard times ahead in the shape of managers turning off the electricity to stop them playing, people calling the cops because The Saints' music was disturbing the peace, hall managers getting roughed up because they didn't like the band's "we'll piss anywhere" philosophy and, *bien entendu,* no bleeding money.

At the start of '75 things started to look up for The Saints. The Communist Party of Australia hired them for a gig (because they were cheap) in a desperate attempt to win over the youth of Oz and show them that they really did know where their heads were at, Bruce / Man / Comrade, but the hard core Saints followers got a bit out of hand for the earnest politicos. This ended up in the aware leftists and the blitzed kids kicking seven bells out of each other in a meeting of idealistic fantasy and working class prole reality.

After this turn-out the promoters of Brisbane, sport, considered The Saints to be *sooooooooo looooooooow* that they wouldn't even talk to them on the phone. They broke up, reformed because the band was still the only thing worth doing and even found a potential manager until a drug bust fouled the connection.

In their letter to Mark P. the band take up the story . . . "Anyway, that brings us up to date . . . we gonna release another single (we can't afford an album as yet) which hopefully should be out by Xmas . . ."

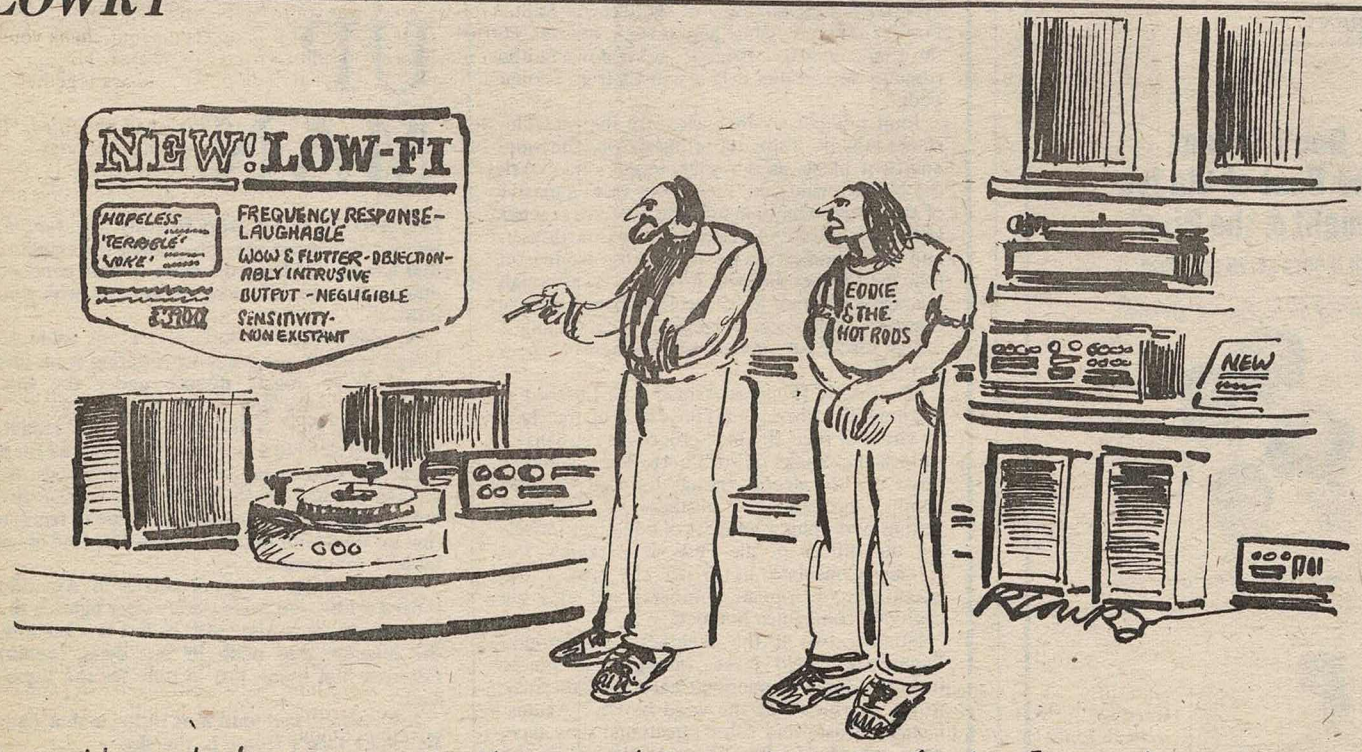
Yeah, well, it's past Xmas '76 and we're still waiting . . .

With no enormous record company backing them up, most of the cash and energy push is coming from The Saints themselves (and their friends over here like record dealing rockers *Rough Trade* fronted by the legendary Stewart, who is taking all offers for the autographed original copy of "I'm Stranded" that Mark the P. is auctioning off, with all proceeds going to *Sniffin' Glue)* and all I can say to ya is that this is one helluva band who deserve to make it as you'll be aware if (a) you've heard the single and (b) if you got any balls (speaking metaphorically, ladies).

And if their homeland don't take 'em to their hearts then they'll always be welcome over here and Oz can be damned *forever* to Rolf Harris, Abo folk music and big butch boozed bozo rugger sing-songs. Awright, sport?

□ TONY "POMMIE BASTARD" PARSONS

LOWRY



Y'AWL WANNA TALK LAIK LITTLE ME?

FOLLOWING the election of Smiling Person James Carter to the White House, the first Southerner for 100 years, Americans have suddenly run up against a language barrier. Now a new dictionary has been published by Bantam Books called *How To Speak Southern,* **containing more than 200 words and phrases.**

Get ready!

AH: The thing you see with and the personal pronoun denoting individuality — "Ah think ah've got somethin' in mah ah."

TARRED: Fatigued — "Ah'm too tarred to go bowlin' tonight."

AWL: An amber fluid used to lubricate engines — "Ah lahk that car, but it sho' does use a lot of awl."

AHMOAN: An expression of intent — "Ahmoan have a lil' drink. You wan' one?"

BAWL: What water does at 212 degrees Fahrenheit — "That gal can't even bawl water without burning it."

ETLANNA: The city General Sherman burned during the war for Southern Independence — "Etlanna is kahnd of lahk Noo Yawk with pecan trees."

HALE: Where General Sherman is going for what he did to Etlanna — "General Sherman said 'War is hale', and he made sure it was."

SHALOT: The biggest city in Nawth Calina — "People who live in Shalot are called Shalotteans."

RATCHEER: On this spot — "Jess, put the groceries down ratcheer."

GRIYUTS: What no Southern breakfast would be complete without — "Ah lahk griyuts with butter and salt on 'em' but ah purely love 'em with red-ah gravy."

Wouldn't it just be simpler to elect another President?

□ JULIE BURCHILL

IDI STRIKES AGAIN

IN BIG DADDY'S Uganda recently they were interviewing people for a High Status Government post and one of the probing questions asked was, "How much is two plus two?"

All applicants who said four were considered unsuitable. However, one applicant had a more realistic reply. He said cooly, "How much would President Amin like it to be?" Maybe 1984, Doublethink, The Ministry Of Truth and, "How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?" is less than seven years away.

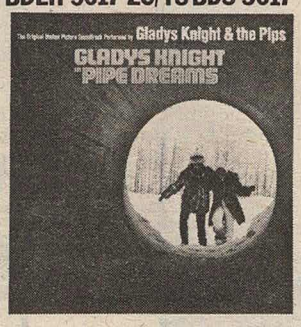
□ CHALKIE PARSONS

Gladys Knight & the Pips

Their first new album for over a year

'PIPE DREAMS'

BDLH 5017 ZC/Y8 BDS 5017



featuring their NEW Single
'Nobody But You'
BDS 451 (released Jan. 7th.)

"her finest album"

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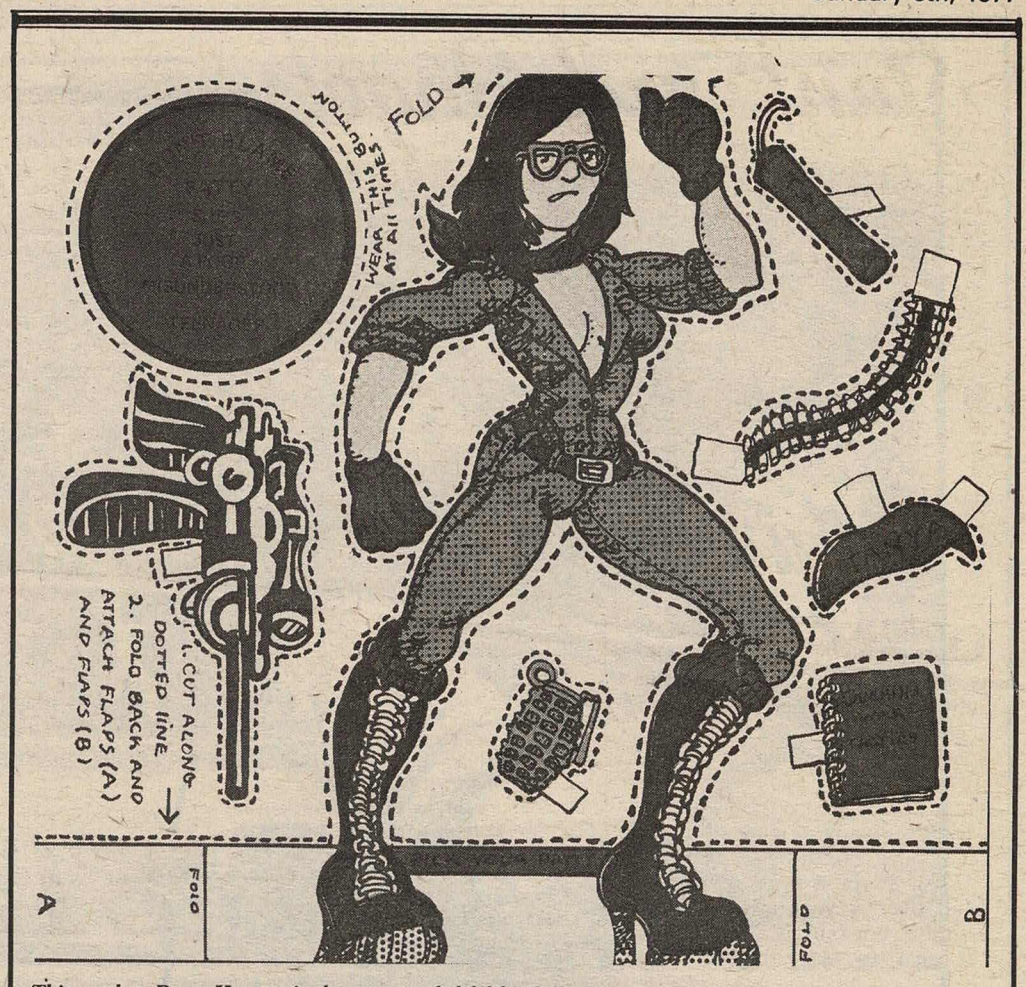


This week a Patty Hearst single, next week lifelike dolls . . .

GUERILLA ROUND UP

A TOP TEN OF STATE SMASHERS

HI THERE guys 'n' gals and welcome to another edition of Top Of The Guerilla Units, in which we take a look at the cream of the crop in politically active combat groups operating over there Stateside, USA, bombing the bourgeouisie and crippling the capitalists as the streets of middle-class suburbia run blood red.

Number ten this and going down fast is the Symbionese Liberation Army, the main inspiration for especially the wealthy white kids blitzing up the charts. Most of 'em are dead now, Patty Hearst rates zero for ratting to the feds and the rest of them are inside. Patty, of course, remains the prototype for brainwashed chicks from clean backgrounds getting laid a lot as they glean their political idealism from all those vital proles, who in turn use one Charlie Manson as their primal example . . .

Moving up the charts we find the Black Liberation Army at number nine. Lots of ex-'Nam veterans in this combo of ex-Panther blacks who specialise in robbing "the nerve centres of the modern capitalist system", that is, banks . . .

Number eight is the Fred Hampton unit, a New England band charting for the first time ever after their bombing of the Central Maine Power Company, while at number seven we find the Emiliano Zapta Brigade, going down fast as rumours spread that they are just a front for the Feds . . .

Joint number six this week are the Melville-/Jackson Unit, a splinter group sharing the same anarchist ideals as our chart-toppers this week the NWLF, who take their name from a martyr of the Attica rebellion and the Soledad brother killed on the raid at Marin County Courthouse, and also number six we have those wonnerful folk the George Jackson brigade who although managing to cock up a big time bank robbery regained their sagging credibility by staging a daring rescue attempt to release their cop-held comrades . . .

The FALN (Fuerzas Armadas de Liberacion Nacional Puertorriquena) have shot up the chart by virtue of their sky-high objectives . . . namely to kick the Yanks out of Puerto Rico. Number three are the deeply thoughtful Red Guerilla Family, professional, business like militant actions here, plus a long list of bombings including the offices of the Feds in Berkeley, the Iranian Consulate in Frisco (to protest the executions of Iranian bombers) and also big capitalist companies bombed.

Number two is the Weather Underground Organisation, old faves, taking their handle from the Zim — "you don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows." Against racism, sexism and other chestnuts, they have been responsible for 25 armed actions in the USA in which they have been responsible for many bomb blasts, killing no-one apart from their own members.

And number one with a bullet this week, yes it's the New World Liberation Front, the most active and elusive of all Frisco Bay units. Main influences include Marx/Lenin/Mao and Rumanian folk music. These folk are acting as the blueprint for new cosmic guerillas coming through every day . . .

Forty bombings to their credit, leaving the SLA and Weathermen looking like Old Farts, the NWLF members are mostly of white middle-class backgrounds and live in a quasi-religious commune . . . meaning they all take their every lead from A Leader, in the NWLF case a Meher Babaist Maoist called Jaques Rogiers.

Impressionable recruits from affluent backgrounds are the fodder for his unit, Jaques Rogiers who combines political idealism with an intense distaste for homosexuals appears living proof that the leaders of the new cosmic guerilla units take their lead more from Charles Manson than Che Guevara . . .

□ MARLON MOLOTOV

And finally . . .

DOG BLOWS UP MAN

I HEARD A TRUE story recently that, for me, seemed to express very poignantly the empathy that has existed from the dawn of time between man and beast. I'd like to share it with you now...

A good citizen of Amarillo, Texas could no longer stand to see his mutt suffering from just about every doggie disease under the sun. Choke . . . the dog would have to die . . . sob . . . but how? A vet seemed too impersonal, a bullet fired from a gun too cold so — wait for it — he decided to take it out to the woods, tie enough dynamite to its doggie body to destroy a house and light the fuse and go home in tears so that he would not have to witness The End of his faithful companion.

Unfortunately the good citizen of Amarillo retired a little too prematurely after lighting the blue touch paper and, with its last few breaths, the bleedin' dog (with its last dying breath) followed him home just in time for the explosion.

Both master and mutt now reside in that giant Battersea Dog's Home in the sky.

□ JAMES HERRIOT-MUTLEY

Junkyard Angels

By ROY CARR

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & Lee Dorsey

OFFICIALLY, NOBODY from a major record company is going to come clean on the subject. Nevertheless, there's no getting away from the fact that in some instances professional quality bootlegs have proved to be far more advantageous to an artists's career than any number of legitimate releases.

I'll give you a prime example. Well over a year after its first sighting, not only is Little Feat's "Electrif Lycanthrope" bootleg still a most highly-prized acquisition, but it is regarded as being infinitely superior to any of El Feat's five excellent studio albums.

The consensus of opinion among those who've heard the truly masterful "live" performance captured to perfection on "Electrif Lycanthrope" is that Warner Brothers made a great mistake in not legally acquiring the master tape of the US radio programme from which this bootleg originated, and issuing it — as a limited edition — to perpetuate the momentum Little Feat were enjoying in Europe during the early part of '76.

Another Feat bootleg, "Aurora Backseat" (Santa Monica Civic '73), is further evidence that if El Feat are ever going to try for The Very Big One then, more than likely, it'll be with a live 'un.

With 1976 acknowledged as being the year of the live album, many record companies have now woken up to the fact that — aside from the occasional fluke — the only sensible way to break an act is through road work.

So, with the graven image of Peter Frampton held high as an incentive, it now seems that the most logical way for a hot live act to move cart-loads of records is with an in-concert souvenir.

F'rinstance, Frampton had spent so much time hauling ass around the US of A that when he came up with the goods just about everyone who was ever likely to purchase one of Young Peter's albums had seen The Boy Wonder in the flesh more than once.

Similarly, a live album worked miracles for Les Feelgoods.

Though record companies are usually reluctant to debut a band with a live album, they no longer regard live albums in the same way as the all-too-predictable Greatest Hits compilation: a stop-gap ploy to gain extra money and mileage out of existing material.

Having failed to profit directly through the unauthorised release of bootlegs, the more astute labels are now beating the bootlegger at his own game by producing their very own *underground albums.* Nineteen - seventy - six saw the gradual introduction of the *authorised bootleg.* Acutely aware that (aside from gigs) radio stations and the rock press are the most direct links that an artist has with the public, these authorised bootlegs are becoming a profitable means of promoting new talent.

THOUGH I CAME across a double "live" promotional album in 1972, featuring Loggins & Messina and David Bromberg, the first time that an authorised bootleg was used to any real effect was when A&M Records distributed a limited number of copies of "Back It Up!!" throughout the business to take advantage of the ecstatic press coverage that Nils Lofgren was picking up practically everywhere he plugged in. Unlike the studio album he had out around the same time, "Back It Up!!" highlights Lofgren fronting his regular road crew of brother Tommy on second guitar and keyboards, Scott Ball on bass, drummer Mike Zack, and Al Kooper, who slipped behind the piano here and there.

Recorded live at the Record Plant, Sausalito, and premiered over KSAN Radio, "Back It Up!!" contains some of Lofgren's most dynamic workouts on material culled from the CBS "1 + 1" / "Grin reissue ("Take You To The Movies Tonight" / "Like Rain" / "Soft Fun"), five from Lofgren's first A&M solo shot ("Back It Up" / "Keith Don't Go" / "I Don't Want To Know" / "Goin' Back" / "The Sun Hasn't Set") plus "Beggar's Day", an old Crazy Horse standard.

For all those people who hadn't seen Nils Lofgren one-on-one, "Back It Up!!" vividly illustrated what all the fuss was about. If any one LP got Lofgren off and running it was "Back It Up!!"

EVEN BEFORE the release of their debut album, Graham Parker & The Rumour had already built up an enviable live reputation. Though "Howlin' Wind" was smothered with critical superlatives, it still didn't quite have the potency of actually catching The Rumour working up the proverbial sweat.

During May '76 a number of Phonogram's international top brass were in London, and in order to demonstrate just why everyone was saying such nice things about The Rumour, Phonogram persuaded Parker to play a live set at the company's Marble Arch studios. As an afterthought, it was decided to roll the tapes at this unofficial mini-convention.

Aside from five tracks already included on "Howlin' Wind", Graham and the lads previewed two tracks from the then unreleased "Heat Treatment" collection ("That's What They All Say" / "Back Door Love") and for good measure included interpretations of Aretha's "Chain Of Fools", the Supremes' "You Can't Hurry Love" and Little Richard's arrangement of "Kansas City".

"Silly Thing" and "Kansas City" were immediately slapped on seven inches of fresh black wax and given away as a free bonus with the first few thousand copies of "Heat Treatment". Currently, "Live At Marble Arch" is one of the most in-demand collectors' items.

WITHOUT ANY overdubs, punched-in corrections and the merest editing, "Jukes Live" reveals Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes to be the hottest bad-ass bandits to come along since The J. Geils Band came storming outta Boston.

Of the five cuts off their debut album, "I Don't Want To Go Home", The Jukes include two Springsteen originals, "The Fever" and "You Mean So Much To Me" — the latter featuring the vivacious Ronnie Spector. The new tracks are "Without Love", The Coasters' "Searchin'," "Snatching It Back", "Little By Little" and Sam Cooke's "Havin' A Party".

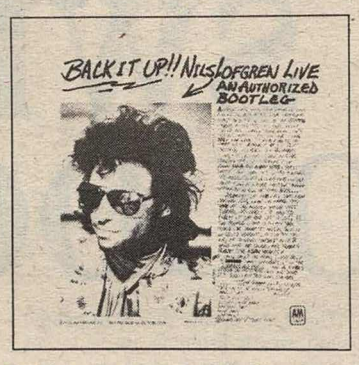
AUTHORISED bootlegs . . . call 'em what you will, though they won't stamp out the illegal kind ("Back It Up!!" has already been bootlegged), the very existence of the authorised kind will enable both radio stations and their listeners and rock papers and their readers to catch up on a band they may have only heard about in dispatches.

Rock'n'roll has become complacent. It's about time more bands like Nils Lofgren, Graham Parker and Southside Johnny & The Asbury Jukes put their balls on the line. Like the man once said, if they've got what it takes the train'll stop outta respect!

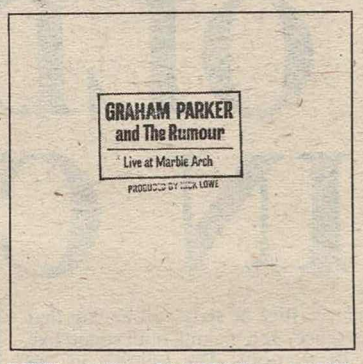
N.B. No correspondence regarding the availability of bootlegs — either authorised or illicit — can be entered into.

STRICTLY LEGAL

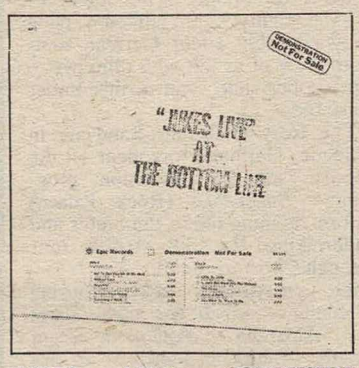
Or "To live inside the law you must be dishonest"? Authorised bootlegs?!! Here's the scam . . .



BACK IT UP!! NILS LOFGREN LIVE: AN AUTHORISED BOOTLEG (A&M SP.8362)



LIVE AT MARBLE ARCH: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR (Phonogram GP.1)



JUKES LIVE: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES (Epic AS.275)

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING REALLY OBSCURE:

IN THE SHADOWS OF THE SHADOWS OF KNIGHT

FORMED in Belfast during the early '60s but based in Blackpool, The Wheels were an off-shoot of Them and that old R&B movement based around The Old Sailor's Maritime Hotel. Needless to say, The Wheels' approach wasn't a half-stagger removed from that of Van Morrison.

Soulmates of the notorious Rockin' Vicars, the equally infamous Wheels and their scurrilous roadie Mickey Lee either lived in the most appalling squalor or, when times *really* got tough, the back of their evil-smelling gig waggon.

Forget about clean laundry — as far as The Wheels were concerned, food was a luxury they could seldom afford. Having long ago resigned themselves to the fact that they could only get better, The Wheels would stomp on stage in the clothes they slept in, dungarees, wellies and assorted cast-offs, to thumb out some of the keenest blue-eyed R&B ever to be heard in such exotic venues as The Queen's Cleveleys and The Bolton Palais.

In September 1965, The Wheels, produced by Them producer Tommy Scott, not only covered Them's "Gloria" (Columbia DB.7682), insisting that Van had originally written it for The Wheels, but also tucked "Don't You Know", a track off "The Angry Young Them" LP, on the flip. For a time it seemed that Radio Caroline North was going to turn it into a sizeable hit.

Arguably as good, and certainly more intense, than Saint Morrison's original, The Wheels' interpretation came too soon after Them's version (released around Christmas 1964 as the B-side of "Baby, Please Don't Go").

Stateside, the competition was twice as tough. Them's own version of "Gloria" had almost racked up a million-plus in Texas, Florida and California alone, while the cover job by Chicago's legendary moptop punksters The Shadows Of Knight took care of the rest of the nation.

The Wheels didn't stand a chance.

It wasn't long before The Wheels and The Shadows Of Knight again crossed swords. Having temporarily decided to stay away from chancing their arm with a cover version, they tried their luck with an original.

"Bad Little Woman" (Columbia DB.7827) was as close to being a sequel to "Gloria" as one could get without running foul of copyright law. The Wheels' mates even used to call it "(Gloria's A) Bad Little Woman". Similarly the flip, "Road Block", was just Them's "Mystic Eyes" with a new set of lyrics.

As soon as The Shadows Of Knight clapped ears on The Wheels' new record they issued a quick cover version and chalked-up their second Stateside hit. To aggravate matters, as far as the US market was concerned, The Wheels were compelled to change their name to The Wheel-A-Ways to avoid confusion with Mitch Ryder's backing group The Detroit Wheels. So while The Shadows Of Knight were busy bunging pianos out of 23rd floor hotel windows, The Wheels were still playing for beer money at The Queen's Ballroom, Cleveleys (near Blackpool).

In a last ditch effort, they cut an inferior re-work of Paul Revere & The Raiders' anti-drug song "Kicks" (Columbia DB.7981). As before, Tommy Scott coerced them into putting yet another of his compositions on the flip: Scott had penned the earlier "Don't You Know", and was credited here with "Call My Name", a re-write of "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" which Them had already released in March 1966.

The record died a death and The Wheels called it a day.

Catling returned to Ireland to manage a four-star hotel, Rossi stayed on at The Queen's as singer/compere (where I believe he can still be found), Micky Lee became one of Denmark's most popular DJs, Tinsley moved into insurance, and Rod and Herbie stayed together for as long as it took to record two albums as Demick & Armstrong. Demick then went to work for Greg Lake before dashing off to join Bees Make Honey, while Armstrong has re-emerged as a member of Fox.

For those who've already collected everything remotely connected with Them, Van Morrison, The Belfast Gypsies or Ireland, you could do much worse for yourself than check out the bargain bins and auction lists for The Wheels' three singles.

Those wonderful Wheels (L-R): HERBIE ARMSTRONG, TITO TINSLEY, BRIAN ROSSI, ROD DEMICK, VICTOR CATLING

Junkyard Charts

1	**JAMES BROWN:** Body Heat	(Polydor — Import)
2	**ROSE ROYCE:** Car Wash	(MCA)
3	**ROOGALATOR:** All Aboard EP	(Stiff)
4	**RUBEN GUEVARA:** America The Beautiful	(Seven Inch — Import)
5	**THE SAINTS:** Stranded	(Power Exchange)
6	**EDDIE & THE HOTRODS:** Teenage Depression	(Island)
7	**THE WACKERS:** Captain Nemo	(Bomp — Import)
8	**THE RAMONES:** I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend/California Sun EP	(Sire — Import)
9	**WAYNE COUNTY:** Max's Kansas City	(Max — Import)
10	**THE SEX PISTOLS:** Anarchy In The UK	(EMI)
11	**ROCKY SHARPE & THE RAZORS EP**	(Chiswick)
12	**SHAKIN' STEVENS:** You're Mostest Girl	(Dynamo — Import)
13	**CHICAGO:** If You Leave Me Now	(CBS)
14	**ROY AYERS:** Hey Uh What You Say Come On	(Polydor — Import)
15	**BRICK:** Dazz	(Bang — Import)
16	**EDDIE & THE HOTRODS:** Live At The Marquee EP	(Island)
17	**DEODATO:** Peter Gunn	(MCA — Import: out here 21-1-76)
18	**THE DAMNED:** New Rose	(Stiff)
19	**STEVE MILLER:** Rock 'N' Me	(Mercury)
20	**WILDMAN FISCHER:** Go To Rhino Records	(Rhino — Import)
21	**LEW LEWIS:** Boogie On The Street	(Stiff)
22	**NICK LOWE:** So It Goes	(Stiff)
23	**KISS:** Beth	(Casablanca — Import)
24	**STEELY DAN:** Haitian Divorce	(ABC)
25	**MARILYN McCOO & BILLY DAVIS:** You Don't Have To Be A Star	(ABC — Import)
26	**BURTON CUMMINGS:** Stand Tall	(Portrait)
27	**BOSTON:** More Than A Feeling	(CBS)
28	**THE FLYING SAUCERS:** Fabulous	(Alaska)
29	**LITTLE BOB STORY:** Let Me In	(Arcane — Import)
30	**THE ROLLING STONES:** Got Live If You Want It EP	(Decca)

Best Selling Import Album
JAMES BROWN: Body Heat (Polydor — Import)

Chart supplied by Louie Raynor's Fly-Over Records, 15 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith, London W6.

OLD SWEAT IN COLOGNE

"I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse me," Rory announces. "I'm just having a bowl of soup and then I'm going to bed. *You* can go on drinking all night, but I have a tour to do."

He's doing his boy-next-door stuff, see. The rest of the band greet this with knowing laughs and start telling each other, "Well I don't know about *you* but *I* have to get some sleep, I have a tour to do."

A bowl of soup, six lamb chops and numerous beers later, Rory is still with us. "I always feel really hungry after playing," he says between chews, reaching over to take another chop from Gerry McAvoy's plate and resuming a lengthy discussion of Irish politics. He accepts a chop from me and tells us all again he's going straight to bed.

He's still sticking to that story at six a.m. This is after he's finished eating, discovered a piano in the cellar of the restaurant and hauled everyone down for a singalong taking in most of the band's considerable repertoire of Irish tearjerkers. He's also done a Maurice Chevalier song and dance routine to "Chatanooga Choo Choo" before being flung out at four and bundled shakily back to the hotel. "I'm goin' to bed," he insists, slurring. "I've 'n 'Merican tour to do."

On to the brandy in the hotel bar. Rory's mighty pale, but conversing knowledgeably about German films as the few of us left who think we're more sober slide even further under the table.

The Rory Gallagher Band are in Cologne, Germany to appear on the popular monthly television programme *Rockpalast* (Rock Palace) before zooming off to the States and undertaking the full British tour through Christmas and the New Year. Their consistently heavy touring schedule — which has taken them from Australia to Poland in recent months — has been broken up this year only by the time spent recording "Calling Card". More care and time have gone into the album than Gallagher has usually been willing to spend, and it shows — from the strength and variety of the compositions and performance to the excellent production.

ON THE FLIGHT to Cologne Rory expressed his satisfaction with "Calling Card" while reaffirming the attitude he's always taken, that of the hard-working, durable musician whose pleasure is in the playing and not in glorifying or intellectualising it.

"You do need that Top Fifty album in the States to ram home to people that you do mean something, but it's not worth having a hernia over. One shouldn't base one's career on obvious, written successes. It's just good to be playing.

"It's great too that I can get around to all these places, Copenhagen, Munich, Paris. It sounds naive, but still, there you are. It's better than joining the Navy, let's put it that way.

"I can't imagine why anyone would want to leave the road. As a youngster if someone had said, 'Look, you can play music tonight in Paris,' I would have gone daft. The thrill is still there for me. I guess I can see why some people just go nuts, but I enjoy hotels and suitcase living.

"I'll keep on doing it as long as I can. I see people like Muddy," (Muddy Waters, who is 61), "and it's really like the epitome for me to see some man of fifty or sixty still having that presence, and making it all sound like a 16 year-old. The youth's in the music."

Rory is deservedly well established as the people's guitar virtuoso, shunning trends and pyrotechnics, and he doesn't see anything diverting him from the direction he's taken.

"Of course, what it's going to be like in 2001 I don't know. It's never that far away. But I can't imagine people not ever wanting to hear blues and play it, no matter how disco-fied the world becomes. We might have a very supersonic 20 years, but then imagine it in the year 2001, somebody rediscovers the acoustic guitar and the blues. 'You mean it all comes out of this box with just two hands?'"

While he could stay in his own niche forever, he's not impervious to what else is going on in music. He listens to a lot of things at home, from early rockers and, obviously, the blues greats, to Dylan, Segovia and avante-garde jazz.

"I think it's essential to remain a fan. People who have that enthusiasm and still have idols are healthy. I meet people who say nothing's happening, but it's just not true. People get lazy when their record collection's got beyond a certain point, so they're jaded.

"After the gush of music in the '60s and early '70s I suppose some people are bound to be a bit zonked out by it. But apart from the punk rock thing, which I'll reserve comment on at present, people are still waiting for the new Beatles. That's a waste of time. Nobody needs the new Beatles. There was one already and they were great and they've done their thing.

"There are always plenty of people around worth listening to, a lot of undiscovered people. And they keep waiting, too, for a whole new Frisco-type thing like the beads and kaftans — 'What should we be wearing now?' It's so unimportant. Like they pick Bruce Springsteen, a good artist, and try to make him the new saviour. It's a wonder he didn't go nuts."

Something Gallagher does have in common with a lot of new young bands is his contempt for what he calls the "Olympic Games stage" when the music is peripheral to showbiz spectacle. But he points out that a normal-sized gig in Britain is the equivalent of a little gym show in the States, where there is no escaping big arenas. He doesn't particularly like doing them and still finds colleges and the occasional club gratifying.

"But you know I don't think about it that seriously. When you're there you judge by the gig itself and how you're playing. It's an experience to play the big places; we just try to treat them like a festival."

AS THE PLANE descended over Germany, Rory started reminiscing about the days in the '60s when he took to the Hamburg clubs.

"It was so amazing. Jimi Hendrix came, Cream were there, and there were all these Gene Vincent characters still hanging around. Back home I had to play showband stuff and then when I hit Germany I could play anything I wanted, rhythm and blues, rock . . ."

Gallagher is very big in Germany, a favourite ever since the Taste workouts in Reeperbahn clubs, and the reception he received from the small studio audience at *Rockpalast* shook the floorboards.

"God knows what this TV show's going to be like," he'd said. "At least it's live, warts and all."

There weren't any real noticeable warts apart from the slight muffling always evident in a television studio and apparently rectified in the sound recording room.

Rockpalast has an interesting format, featuring one live band and dividing the show into three sections. The band in the studio does one or two numbers, followed by a few minutes of introduction from compere Albrecht Metzger on the group's development before the main set of three numbers. The second part is a special interest feature, perhaps a bit of historical rock film footage, say. The last few minutes are spent answering viewers' queries, along the lines of "Hello friends, can you tell me where to buy the double LP 'Beck, Bogert And Appice Live In Japan'?" Fred Dellar, they could use you, man.

Producer Peter Ruchel readily admits *Rockpalast* only presents artists he and the director, 25 year-old Christian Wagner, really like.

"We are not looking at the charts, it doesn't interest us. Sometimes we have even had to remind an artist's German record company that he is with them — that happened with Nils Lofgren."

Since the programme started early this year the live spot has included Lofgren, Procol Harum, Frankie Miller, Ted Nugent and now Rory. Some Germans have questioned the programme's nearly total involvement with foreign acts. Ruchel's response is: "In principle it doesn't matter to us where a group comes from, but there aren't many German groups of the quality of Rory or Nils or Frankie. They have each come from strong musical traditions and developed them.

"German traditional music has been destroyed by fascism because it was *used* by fascism, so it is difficult now for German groups to develop their identity."

GALLAGHER'S IDENTITY is ecstatically embraced by the kids in the audience, despite the shaky English many of them possess. In the warm club atmosphere Gallagher builds up, the set climbs excitedly to nearly two hours in length, although the final programme will only use about twenty minutes. I can hear occasional frantic translation between friends of lines like *"I'm gonna be like the measles, I'm gonna be all over you,"* but most of Rory's quick, friendly chatting between numbers is greeted with laughter and applause, while his initial solo acoustic set of Leadbelly, Lightning Slim, Big Bill Broonzy and Blind Boy Fuller numbers provokes enthusiastic whoops and hollers and vigorous clapping along throughout. In his element, he lets out cat yowls and cuts crazy on slide with the guitar laid across his lap.

The band swings on in "Going To My Hometown" and tears into some of the best material from "Calling Card" with as much energy as if it were a big concert. "Calling Card" itself is taken slow and jazzy, Lou Martin spinning piano runs off Rory's famous vibrato licks. Thrashing the audience up with "Secret Agent", Rory duckwalks as best he can on the carpeted stage and Gerry McAvoy flails at his bass like he's gonna kill it.

By "Do You Read Me" Rory looks like he's seen the Holy Grail, his face screwed up and exalted as he wrings out those spiddley-diddley top register spins. By the end, in the spiralling break of "Jackknife Beat", he's jumped off the stage and into the audience (with the cameraman desperately racing in rings around him) where he does the splits and shouts "Au wiedersein". If that wasn't good rock television in the end, nothin' is.

By the time it's all over the band have been in the studio for nearly nine hours since lunch, and everybody's crying for dinner. But Rory meekly agrees to do another few minutes of interview with Albrecht for a later programme. Back in the studio in his baggy old cords and battered jacket, the proverbial nice guy patience begins to wear surprisingly thin under the "How To Play Guitar In Ten Easy Lessons" questions.

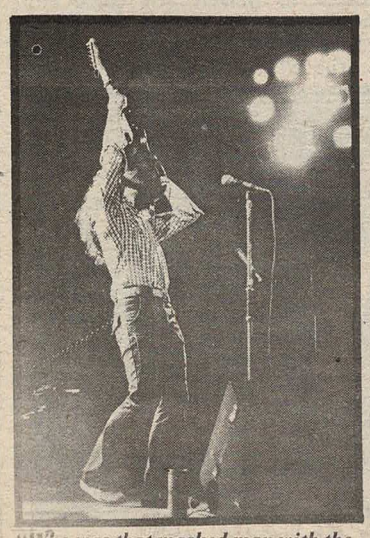
"What is this guitar? It is metal?" A hunted look comes into Rory's eyes as he explains about National steel guitars.

"What is this on your finger?"

"Er, this is a bottleneck."

Finally, clutching his empty stomach he actually gets a bit snappy in response to a question about his development that makes him sound like he's seventy years old. "I'm not Fred Astaire!" he protests. After a moment's reflection — possibly on the lamb chops to come — he says what, ultimately, is all he ever really needs to say.

"Whatever I may say in an interview may be relevant, but it's not *that* relevant. I don't analyse myself; I just do it. Just wanting to play is the important thing."



"Who was that masked man with the guitar stuck to his nose?"

RORY GALLAGHER's Leprechaun Boogie And Bedtime At Ten

ANGIE ERRIGO bejabbers with the guitarman PENNIE SMITH took the pixies

"The Lone Begorrah, stupid . . ."

Pic: ALAN JOHNSON

ANOTHER YEAR OF HYPE 'N' BLUES TIME T' GET OUT TH' GLASS BOOLY AN' SEE WHAT TH' WACKY WORLD OF MUSICAL COMMERCE HAS ON ITS AGENDA SHEET FOR 19 ------ .

HMM - SEVERAL NEW DYLANS - LOTTSA HEADLINES SAYIN' TH' BEATLES ARE REFORMIN' AN' THAT ELVIS WILL TOUR BRITAIN

TH' PAPERS GET BEHIND SOME BANDS THAT GET NOWHERE, AN' LOTTSA NOWHERE BANDS GET INTO TH' PAPERS.

IT'S GONNA BE A CRAZY YEAR - FOR INSTANCE JACK SCOTT AN' I START T' WEAR RAMONE 'T' SHIRTS ON COLD MORNINGS, WE GO UP 30 POINTS ON TH' COOL RATINGS — OK LETS START WHERE WE LEFT OFF IN 76 — DOWN-TOWN WITH LOS YUKOS !!!.

TH' YEAR STARTS WITH 'LOS YUKOS' BEIN' REASSEMBLED — ALAS THERE ARE TOO MANY ODD PARTS, AN' WHAT WAS A FOURSOME HAS BECOME A BIZZARE DUO!

BUT TH' BIZZARO IS WHAT LES KIDS WANT AN' TH' MUCHO WACKY CONTINUES.

EEK!

THE CULT OF YOUTH MEANS THAT BANDS AQUIRE INBUILT TEENAGE IMMORTALITY.

TICKO TOCKO TICKO

CLICKO!

BOOMO!

- THEY SELF DESTRUCT ON THEIR EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAYS...

CONTROVESY CONTINUES - A BAND CALLED 'LES NEEDLES DE KNIT' PERFORM AN ABORTION AS PART OF THEIR ACT- -----

CHRIST I WAS ONLY STANDIN' IN FOR ANNIE!

SORRY! NO ENCORES.

SUDDENLY ROCK PRODUCES A STRING OF GHASTLY MUTANTS.

DO TH' NIPPLE !!

BUM. BUM.

LEGGO!

GRUNDY IS EATEN DURING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE 'CARNIVORES' ITV SWITCHBOARD IS JAMMED WITH CONGRATULATIONS....

STUDIO 2. ITV

GULP

GROUPS BECOME YOUNGER AN' YOUNGER ... THIS IS LABELLED KINDEROCKO WITH BANDS LIKE 'TH' BIG JOBS' - 'TH' BREST FEDS' - TH' PREMATURES' - 'TH' INDUCED' AN' 'TH' CAESARIANS' —

TAPPO

WAH WAH!

HOW DID DADDY EVER SMOKE IT?

SMOKE IT? I CAN'T EVEN DO IT....

OH GOD! THIS IS DISGUSTIN' I THINK I'M GONNA THROW UP!!!

DON'T DO IT FOR NUTHIN' KID - SIGN HERE - BE SICK FOR BREAD!

CONTRACT

T' COPE WITH KINDEROCKO AT GRASS ROOTULES TH' NME STAFF BECOMES EVEN YOUNGER — FORM FOLLOWS FASHION (SIC)

WHOSE GOT TH' DUMMY?

SUBS

NME

EDITER.

PREGNANT MOTHERS SIGN CONTRACTS FOR THEIR UNBORN — E.M.I. BUY MONOPOLY OF MATERNITY WARDS OFF NATIONAL HEALTH - VIRGIN RECORDS LIQUIDATE —

ITS GOT A GREAT SENSE OF RYTHM

WHICH IS MORE THAN ITS MOTHER HAS.

BLASTO! I WANTED FOUR BOYS - BUT I'VE GOT THREE CHICKS AN' A MILK MAN!

BLUSH!

MILKMAN?

HES GOT HIS FATHERS EYES - UGH! PUT THEM DOWN.....

KINDEROCKO FINALLY BREAKS UP AFTER AN APPEARANCE BY TH' FOETUS ON TH' OLD BROWN NAPPY.

WHATS THAT IN TH' TEST TUBE?

DUNNO! ITS JUZ BIN SITTIN' THERE FOR 30 MINUTES!

ZZZZZZZ SNOR

ITS A RIP OFF!

WAAZZ SNORE

THERE'S A BRIEF BACKLASH WHEN "DEAD ROCK" TRIES TO MOUNT TH' PENDULUM — CBS BUY UP TH' NATIONS GRAVE YARDS, TH' MOVEMENT COLLAPSES DUE TO A LACK OF LIVE PERFORMANCES....

I'M FROM STIFF RECORDS!

SIGN HERE! THINK OF YOUR FUTURE!

DIG THIS!

CONTRACT

DISENCHANTED DUDES TURN TO SNIFFIN' GORILLAS ARMPITS AN' LOBOTS REJECT SOCIETY BY HAVIN' THEIR BRAINS PARTIALLY OR TOTALLY REMOVED....

SNIFFO!

SOME LOBOTS OCCUR IN EMPTY ROOMS GETTIN' INTO TH' QUINTESSENCE OF BLANKNESS.

GASPO! SOMETIMES DEMONS APPEAR AN' LOBOTS SIT IN DARK SLIMY PITS DIGGIN' DEMONICO VIBES!

ULDEIRZ!

N.M.E.

KRAALKQUIN!

EEOO EMPH!

OTHERS TRY TO CONJUR UP ACTION FROM OTHER WORLDS.

A WOPBOP A LOOBOP

A WOPBAM BOOM!!

!?!

NATCHO THERES A RELIGIO BACK LASH — MUCHO PURITANICO ETC.

KEEP US M.O.R.

SAVE US FROM THEIR RIFFS.

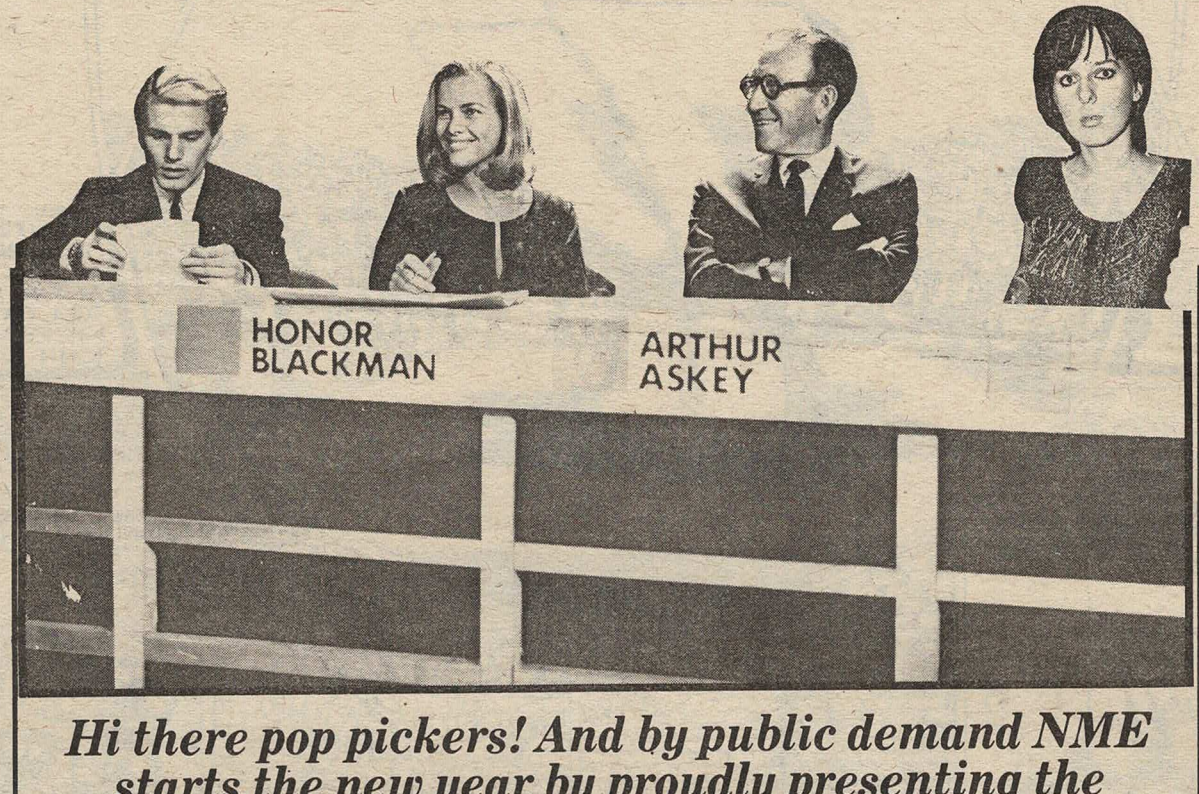
GIMME THEIR NIGHTLY BREAD

JUST A TIP KIDS FOR 77! LEARN T' LIVE WITH HYPE Y' REALLY CAN ENJOY IT ON LOTTSA LEVELS.

BESIDES, SO MANY DUDES PUT SO MUCH EFFORT INTO TRYIN' T' HYPE YA! BE FAIR, FALL FOR IT!

KEEP TH' RECORD INDUSTRY THRIVIN' — BE GULLIBLE!!

SINGLES



Hi there pop pickers! And by public demand NME starts the new year by proudly presenting the reintroduction of . . .

JUKE BOX JURY

And joining the panel of Adam Faith, Honor Blackman and Arthur Askey, this week's singles reviewer: JULIE BURCHILL.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK:

THE WATER PISTOLS : Gimme That Punk Junk (State). I can handle the blues, the reggae and funk . . . I'm really bewildered by this rotten punk junk . . . *"Of all the chains that I hang on my nose/I like the one that hangs down to my toes . . . I slashed my brothers Ben Sherman to bits/I am determined to have punk rock hits . . . My best friend Sooty I like him a lot/I can't stand Sweep he's not into punk rock . . . I like to swear and smash up Dinky toys/Throw hymn books in church and make lots of noise . . . Come to my room/Smash all my trains /Rip up my comics/And break all my prams . . . I am a rebel and Simon's my name/Mum thinks I'm crazy I drive her insane/I know two chords and I sing out of tune/If punk rock lasts I will make a fortune . . . Anarchist! Anachist! Anarchist . . . a couple of local girls!"*

That's the Water Pistols. They help old ladies across the road and like cuddly toys. That's Terrance, Simon, Andrew and Charles. The Water Pistols. Don't mess with them.

NILSSON: Me And My Arrow (RCA). Harry tiptoes through the tulips with this winsome ditty about Oblio, the round headed boy in a world of points, and his canine companion Arrow. As if you needed telling, it's from "The Point" cartoon, and is utterly unbearable. Nilsson sings like he's trying not to wake up the neighbours, and the tune is non-existant. Believe it or not, "The Point" is now being staged at the Mermaid Theatre starring Wayne Sleep from the Royal Ballet. Strictly for ageing leotards to *pas de deux* to.

GARY GLITTER: It Takes All Night Long (Parts 1 and 2)(Arista). They said it could not happen, but it did . . . yes, the return of the Thing from Five Thousand Fathoms with a Face Lift. You see, Gary don't sound like Gary no more . . . more like Donna Summer with a bad case of laryngitis. Gary comes on sultry and fails miserably, especially when one recalls the past magic of "Rock and Roll Parts One and Two" and "Always Yours". Arista tell us that the country can now relax as he is making a comeback. Next week : Stay cool — King Kong is loose.

CADO BELLE: Stones Throw From Nowhere (Anchor). Beautiful stuff, but if their "Got To Love" didn't get anywhere, this doesn't stand a snowball's chance in hell, although it possesses more genuine 'soul' than 99% of the trash that peddles its ass in the Terrific Twenty under that pseudonym. If Cado Belle were black, maybe someone would take them seriously.

BACHMAN TURNER OVERDRIVE: Stayed Awake All Night (Mercury). The kind of thing you can *really* get into after you've banged your head against the wall half a dozen times. If that doesn't make you stay awake all night, maybe this will.

MARSHALL TUCKER BAND: Long Hard Ride (Capricorn). For three minutes I was waiting for the singing to start; then it occured to me that there wasn't any. If it's anything like their playing, maybe that's just as well.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL: Bridge Over Troubled Water (CBS). S&G prepare to break a nation's heart once more with the reissue of their golden moment, descending upon us as mercilessly as a burning Zeppelin. This time, though maybe they've overplayed their hand; listening to Simon and Garfunkel for pleasure is getting to be like gazing at a row of empty milk bottles for fun.

RICK DEES AND HIS CAST OF IDIOTS: Dis-Gorilla (RSO). After "Disco Duck", I was awaiting Rick Dees' next venture into disco wildlife with bated breath. This is OK but somehow doesn't have the laissez faire of "Duck"; everyone tries too hard to be bestial. "Disgorilla/Ladykiller" go the words, so it ain't gonna win no Nobel Prize, but you *can* pogo to it.

THE EAGLES: New Kid In Town (Asylum). You can't argue with a sick mind, and somehow The Eagles always make me recall those life — size blow-up vinyl Venuses which you receive in plain brown wrapping. perfect, passive, lifeless. All parts in working order, but nothing going down at all *not at all!* Still, like "Best Of My Love", "Take It Easy", and all those other bloodless beauties, this song is a killer, a Valium gunslinger with a weak wrist. Somehow the ambience is more street-wise N.J. than laid-back L.A. which probably constitutes blasphemy in certain circles — as the Eagles hover over the lyrics like languid vultures over a corpse; *"There's talk on the streets, it sounds so familiar/Great expectations, everyone's watching you/People you meet, they all seem to know you/Even your old friends treat you like you're something new"*. Ah yes, I know the feeling well.

Also from the new "Hotel California" is the B-side, "Victim Of Love", a dolefully vicious West Coast requiem every bit as good as "New Kid In Town". I hate the idea of The Eagles Technicolor Wild-West-with-a-labotomy, but the recorded reality is a bitch.

HEPTONES: Party Time (Island). The Heptones exhort us in voices of silken polyester, It's nice, it's produced by Lee Perry, and you can dance to it real good, which is what singles are for, but the Heptones sound so colossally bored that it's all quite difficult to get off on. Still, their heart's in the right place; *"We've got to live some life before we're old/We've got to live some life before we're cold"*. Quite right too; hope I die before I get let in to X films.

JOAN ARMATRADING: Alice (Cube). A sad little song about a chick with a near-perfect face and a deranged mind — ah nothing changes. An inoffensive pussyfooter, and not the sharp ice and fire Armatrading we all wish we knew and loved. Joan sounds more comfortable with love than death anyhow; *"It's harder to live than to die"*, she warbles uncertainly. From the '72 album, "Whatever's For Us", a case of cashing in on the part of Cube maybe, but they're wasting their time. If there's one thing that doesn't go down well with the Great British Public, it's girls singing about girls, which is why the greatest rock and roll single of all time, Patti Smith's "Gloria", got nowhere.

GEORGE HARRISON: This Song (Dark Horse). If you scrape a stylus through a plate of congealed brown rice it sounds twice as nice as this. George admits it; *"This tune has nothing bright about it"*. Poor George is so anxious not to infringe on anyone's copyright that he's mutilating himself to prove he's sincere. I liked him more when he was allegedly ripping off The Chiffons. This comes over like a mutant offspring of Gilbert O'Sullivan and Reg Dixon's Blackpool Organ, and everyone sounds like they're thinking of something different. I wonder what. Nice saxophones but then all saxophones sound nice to me. Ringo was a better Beatle anyhow.

ROSE ROYCE: Car Wash (MCA). The theme from the American box office smash movie starring Richard Pryor and the Pointer Sisters (remember the Pointer Sisters?). This is a cute sidestepping two beat number reminiscent of Donnie Elbert in a rough mood, with strings so dirty they almost ooze onto the vinyl. Rush released due to public demand, and already high in the soul and disco charts, it's about the agony and ecstacy of hosing down Volkswagens; *"You may not ever get rich/But let me tell you it's better than digging a ditch . . ."* Sure sounds a lot more fun to wind up working in a car wash than in Frank Zappa's gas station, but have they really constructed a double albun around the song?

HAROLD MELVIN AND THE BLUE NOTES: Don't Leave Me This Way (Philadelphia International). Back in '59 the Bluenotes used to be the sound of the street corner, now they're your authentic supper club Uncle Toms, complete with masses of symphonic saccharine glissando strings and plastic bongo drums. Nevertheless, it's better than 90% of the stuff lying around at the moment; Theodore Prendegast has a brilliant voice. I love it, cutting my teeth as I did on the Saturday night sterilized soul marathons at Tiffanys.

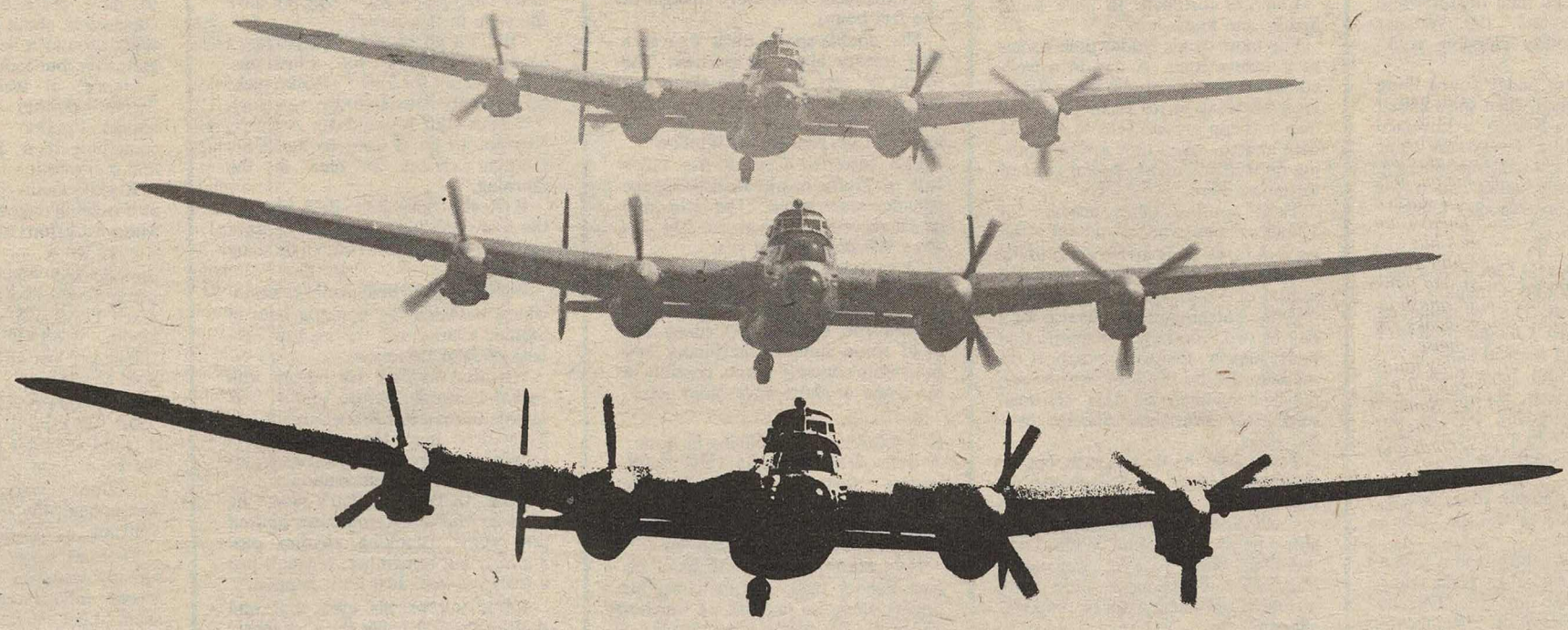
This sure is an ace week for cretinous female singles; I mean, when chicks are good, they're *real* good, but when they're bad they're lousy. Cases in point are; **DR BUZZARD'S ORIGINAL SAVANNAH BAND: Cherchez La Femme (RCA)** featuring a chick who sounds like Caterina Valente on a come-down being strangled with a violin. Highly successful both sides of the Atlantic, but Dr Buzzard wouldn't recognise soul if it gobbed on him. Equally tiresome are the unfortunately named **LINDA AND THE FUNKY BOYS: Climbing The Steps Of Love (Spark)** — somebody should let Linda in on what "funk" useta mean back in the days of Charlie Parker, heh heh — who rampage around like Nazis in a synagogue. **THE NOLAN SISTERS: When You Are A King (Target)** seem another good reason to reinstate capital punishment as they commit a ritual disembowelment on the old White Plains hit, both versions of which were produced by Roger Greenaway, who had taste on the original rendition. Here the Nolan Sisters sing like they're trying to sing it without moving their mouths. **ODIA COATES AND PAUL ANKA: Make It Up To Me In Love, Baby (Epic).** As for Odious Odia and Pitiful Paul, what can I say? Can the teen-dream who gave us "Diana" really be such a wimp? (*Yes, yes* — Ed). Must have been something Neal Casady put in the water. The chick who sings for **BRANDY: Ooh Ya (Polydor)** sounds as much like an emasculated alley cat as everyone else on this bus, but if you've actually seen these girls (especially the drummer) you won't be wasting time doing anything so feeble as *listening* to them. (*Stop bitching* — Ed) And if Brandy are the kind of girl you're into, you'll need a copy of **SHARON WHITBREAD: Why Don't You Do It? (Pye)** which goes something along the lines of "Why Don't You Do It/Do It/Do It", which after a while loses even its divinely decadent *sang-froid* subtlety.

Failing this, you could follow ny example and just sit on your hands till The Runaways return . . .

More collected dreck; **STARRY EYED: Saturday (CBS)** sounds like a bunch of reject Bowie glitter kids trying to be like butch old Ian Hunter in too much plum-coloued mascara and pseudo-profound lyrics; all circa '72 and very boring, as well as being produced by Flo and Eddie, who are old enough to know better. **SCROUNGER: Our Love (Anchor)** could conceivably be used to gild the tea and sympathy angst and intrigue of *Crossroads* in which case it might well be a hit. As it is, no chance. Scrounger sound like sensitive boys, but they should really get steady jobs and take up tropical-fish collecting *(Ooh vicious — Ed) Same goes for* **GLYDER: In Love With Cherry (Warner Bros)** which is a jauntily maudlin little tale of two boys after the same girl; if it's *the* Cherry, they've got my sympathy. Crummy song, but some cute lines. "It happened that way when I saw Cherry/She made me feel so unnecessary". Gee whiz romance lives.

"You call that a good review?"

"Creature yourself darling." **Pic: KATE SIMON**



How the heart was ripped out of a beautiful German city in 1942 . . .

ON THE NIGHT OF May 30-31, 1942, over one thousand RAF bombers attacked the city of Cologne. The raid lasted for an hour and a half; it killed 469, injured 5,000 and left 45,000 homeless.

Along with Dresden, Cologne had been one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. For centuries a Roman Catholic stronghold on the Rhine, it could claim much fine architecture and numerous churches.

Now only the austere spires of the cathedral, which miraculously survived the bombing, and the old quarter of Barbarossa bear witness to what had preceded the destruction.

THE FRENCH architect Le Corbusier held the view that houses were merely machines for living in. You could say the same about most of present-day Cologne, or Koln as the Germans call it. Neutral matt greys and concrete predominate. The city is like a large-scale version of Carl Andre's infamous Tate bricks sculpture — block after block of featureless flats and high rises.

Cologne epitomises the sense of loss that lies heavy over post-war Germany. It may have a remarkable traffic control system with lights and speed limit indicators that automatically regulate vehicle flow according to its concentration, but Cologne is still a city without a heart, an aggressively functional desolation.

There's a McDonalds' hamburger joint in the shadow of the cathedral, there are chemical plants coughing their wastes into a Rhine which at this level supports even less marine life than the Thames in central London, there's heavy industry in the form of Ford car and truck works.

The Cologne 'scene', such as it is, centres on La Strada, a coffee house on the city's main shopping street; behind the bar they play "Dark Side Of the Moon" interminably. At least La Strada *used* to be the scene. Now it's the watering hole for the local hipsters and freaks who crush the place out every weekend and groove with peculiarly Teutonic earnestness. The contrasting scents of patchouli oil and expensive French creations mingle strangely.

Can have lived in and around Cologne since 1968.

Ian MacDonald dealt with the salient details of their formation in his comprehensive *Lookin' Back* (*NME* 9/11/74), so I'll try to avoid too much duplication.

However in 1965 Can's founder members, pianist Irmin Schmidt and bassist Holger Czukay, were both studying under Karlheinz Stockhausen in Darmstadt and Cologne.

Czukay met Schmidt and tried to teach him the percussive part of one of his compositions for piano. The part in question was almost "pure mathematics" and could probably only have been managed by a four-armed mutant. Schmidt couldn't handle it, but the two became friends.

Schmidt went on to win the German Radio Prize for Best Young Conductor of The Season before, in spring '68, making a clean break.

He called in Czukay and David

ANGUS MacKINNON assesses Teutonic taste, Cologne and CAN at home.

Johnson, an American flautist and electronic composer, to help him work on a film score They later added drummer Jaki Liebezeit from the free jazz Manfred Schoof Quintet, guitarist Michael Karoli and — to offset their more "serious" leanings — Malcolm Mooney, a black New Yorker who sang manically, as if his vocal chords were chafing against the inside of a well-crinkled seed pod.

THE REST YOU may know. Johnson soon departed, Mooney himself left after "Monster Movie", to be replaced by Damo Suzuki, an itinerant Japanese longhair.

Suzuki arrived in time for most of "Soundtracks" and lasted through "Tago Mago", "Ege Bamyasi" and "Future Days". Since when Can have remained a foursome on record, releasing "Soon Over Babaluma", "Landed", "Unlimited Edition", a retrospective collection of previously unreleased snippets, and "Flow Motion".

Several other prospective singers have spent brief periods with them, among these Tim Hardin, a Malaysian by the name of Raj, and "Magic" Michael Carver.

Can's standing in Germany is not easily assessed. They've had a couple of hit singles, the result of their writing theme music for television detective series. "Flow Motion" is selling very well, I'm told, whereas "I Want More", the UK hit, is not as yet.

In fact some German critics went so far as to suggest that Can had *sold out* with "I Want More". God knows what they make of Can's snappy instrumental rendition of the traditional carol "Silent Night".

But the Germans take issues like, er, "commitment" rather seriously — and it's no surprise that the indigenous rock music available is obsessively humourless.

It comes in various shapes and sizes. To dismiss the output of Grobschnitt, Eloi and their many imitators as an obnoxious amalgam of neanderthal heavy metal and sub-Hawkwindery would be doing them a kindness. Exiled Britons Nectar operated along similar lines and were (still are?) accordingly huge. Their German siblings also adorn their album sleeves with pseudo-psychedelic grotesqueries and assorted phantasms of the inner self. Papa Dali takes a trip. Wow, still *heavee* after all these years.

Others, like Jane and Atlantis, dutifully mimic mainstream Anglo-American rock'n'soul.

Kraan, the top live attraction, manufacture a mindless sludge of guitar and sax riffing. Amon Duul 2 are sporadically reactivated in Munich, but have long since ceased to produce anything to match their earlier achievements.

Kraftwerk of course summarise industrialised post-war Germany with uncommon and profoundly disturbing astuteness whilst Tangerine Dream, from Berlin, Neu, Popol Vuh and Ash Ra Tempel are only the first wave of innumerable Cosmik Musick sound-alikes.

So much for the rock stuff; they still call it "progressive".

Elsewhere Manfred Eicher's ECM and Japo labels release jazz of the highest quality by mostly non-German artists.

Silver Convention churn out disco-funk, Passport and Combination jazz-rock-funk and, in Hamburg, James Last — well, Holger Czukay has a theory about Last, whose endless ersatz puts him in mind of SF scenarios. Both audience and musicians are androids. They're definitely cool — in every sense of the term — and the representatives of some mindlessly conformist lower managerial class of the none too distant future.

MEANWHILE, THE peculiarly German phenomenon of "schalger" saturates the airwaves. *Hit Parade* is a weekly prime TV slot in honour of schlager. Introduced by a DJ in snazzy suit mit buttonhole who resembles a twinning of our own James Burke and Nicholas Parsons, the countdown consists entirely of Eurovision balladeering. Some forty minutes of Peters and Lee permutations crossed with a delicate sprinkling of Guys and Dolls.

Those German neon popsters boast names like Mike Winter, Costas Georgiou and Severine, a blond Gorgon who looks as if she's stepped straight off the set of Visconti's "The Damned".

But most scarifying of all is Heino.

● *Continues over page*

... and how Ca a city without a

● *From previous page*

Heino is a phenomenon in himself. He wears white suits, dark shirts, shades and has a scar running down his left cheek; his hair is immaculately groomed, the whitest shade of pale. He sings numbers like "Komm In Meinen Wigwam" which, roughly translated, means "Come Into My Wigwam".

Although schlager took an abrupt dive two years ago before re-establishing its supremacy, Heino's sales remained unscathed.

The *Hit Parade* audience, ranging from mid-twenties to early fifties, are well dressed. The men favour white roll neck sweaters, the younger women audaciously plunging necklines.

One pretty but pudgy young thing becomes hysterical when she's kissed by one Roberto Blanco, a Lovelace Watkins lookalike. Everybody claps along after the first bangaboomabong chorus, everybody smiles and waves at the cameras, everybody's happy.

It's horrible.

SO — WHERE DO Can fit amongst all this schmuck and schmalz?

Nowhere at all. They've remained strictly isolationist. Cologne itself isn't exactly a hive of musical activity.

In addition Can have their own studio near Cologne. They acquired it in 1972 after moving out of the Schloss Noervenich, a castle in which they had the use of rooms for recording purposes.

Can call their studio Inner Space; it's a disused cinema and the name's very appropriate.

Inner Space is a huge room with a high ceiling, the kind of place some crazy renegade out of Thomas Pynchon's "Gravity's Rainbow" might choose to secrete a V2 rocket plus launching systems.

Efficient soundproofing is provided by some 800 army surplus mattresses fixed to wooden frames that cover every square metre of wall.

The ceiling is also baffled and insulated. The mattresses are buttoned and so reflect sound at all angles, making for interesting accoustics. The room is cool in summer and, as long as the coal-fired stove is working, warm in winter.

All lighting is softly shaded and the green-grey of the mattresses is offset by brightly coloured tapestries depicting Kandinsky-style abstracts, pagodas, mosques and much more. There's a plastic potted palm by the grand piano and two sofas opposite under a sunshade.

Can's instruments and monitors are set up in a circle at the far end of the room. Their recording equipment occupies less than a quarter of the floor area. It's a spartan collection of old and new machinery.

The 16-track tape deck is a more recent acquisition; the mixers, compressors and other devices remain usable only through the care lavished on them by Czukay and sound engineer Rene Tinner.

"I'm amazed that everything still works," Tinner says, "the machines here, they always get tired after a tour. It seems they need to rest for a while before working efficiently again. The flow of electricity in the studio seems to be quieter at night, and more friendly too."

Can are fortunate to have Inner Space, and know it.

For most bands studio time comes as a luxury item. A day in a well-equipped London studio will set you back anything up to £500. Can have only a cheap ground rent to contend with and so, when they are not touring or taking a break, spend most of their time here.

Their routine takes account of Tinner's observation about the current flow. They arrive early in the evening and work through the night until 4 or 5 a.m. the next morning.

After watching them rehearse for a day or two, you begin to realise that their almost telepathic rapport as musicians is the result of their having played together in this informal setting for thousands of hours over the years.

Few bands have had such opportunities, few have made such positive use of them.

Can's studio is doubtless as seasonable a beast as any room. Whilst I was there it vibed passive, welcoming tranquillity; I imagine it could easily assume a more active, temperamental character.

"Future Days", "Babaluma" and "Flow Motion" were all recorded in the summer, "Landed" in the late spring and "Ege Bamyasi" in the autumn. That correlates substantially with the albums' various moods.

Can's next release, scheduled for March '77, will be recorded in winter.

And Can will play for hours.

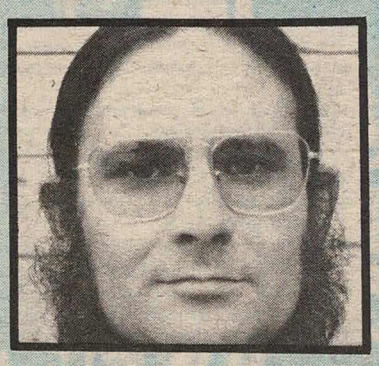
Most of the music is recorded. If it sounds good on playback, it's transferred from the 16-track to another set of tapes and filed for reference.

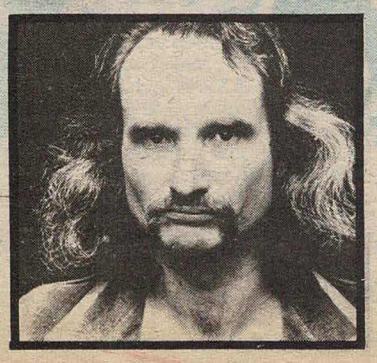
Only the smallest fraction of Can "unofficial" material has surfaced on "Unlimited Edition".

Until "Landed", Can were recording on a two-track.

That their albums sounded at least as satisfactory as those made on infinitely more sophisticated equipment was due mainly to the engineering and technical skills of Czukay.

Can founder-members Schmidt and Czukay (top and bottom) with later recruit Liebezeit (centre).





CZUKAY ALMOST looks the part of eccentric inventor with his winged shock of greying hair, aquiline nose, carefully trimmed moustache and fondness for elegant tailoring in the form of silk scarves, velvets and braided jackets.

He's fascinated by all things Oriental and sometimes looks distinctly Japanese.

He was brought up in Danzig, now Dansk in East Germany, near the Polish border, Chopin and Emmanuel Kant country. The early '60s saw him complimenting his more theoretical studies by playing rhythm and jazz guitar in a three-piece dance band, The Jetliners,

He bustles hyperactively about the studio, pausing briefly to adjust the angle of a microphone or an amplifier level. His hands move with quick, birdlike precision.

Czukay treats machinery with the same meticulous respect that he affords to plants.

Plants? Yes, he killed one a while back by wishing it dead and was later appalled by what he'd done.

He now offers them contrite devotion, watering them with a soft, soothing airspray and murmering sweet nothings to their leaves.

The pale creeper in his white-walled, sparsely furnished front room responds to his blandishments, moving almost perceptibly to greet him.

His home recordings are the subject of an enthusiastic demonstration.

He has a directional microphone for his Fender jazz bass which allows him to wander about his flat without trailing leads behind him. The mike relays its signal through a portable TV set aerial, then to an amp and a Revox.

He usually records two tracks, the first at double, the second at normal speeds.

The results are extraordinary.

Czukay plays bass in a clipped, exact fashion, negotiating complex melodies and harmonics as if they were the most basic chord changes on the fret board.

The double-speed track weaves a frail tracery about its partner. The sound of cars passing in the street below metamorphoses into a sensual Doppler hum, just like on The Doors' "Cars Hiss By My Window".

The cassettes Czukay has made with ex-Traffic bassist Rosko Gee are equally remarkable. The two met whilst recording sessions for *The Old Grey Whistle Test* last year.

Their styles are surprisingly similar, so much so that Rosko may well join Can as a fifth member. They'll either feature two bassists or Czukay will build some suitable machinery and contribute concrete music, possibly in the shape of short-wave radio noise.

ROSKO IS currently living in Bonn. A tall, lithe Jamaican, his proud, leonine features are undeniable Ethiopian, especially his tightly curled growth of beard. He doesn't smoke or drink. He still wears his top hat.

He's almost inseparable from his own Fender bass, still twitching his fingers along its neck as he watches TV in the flat above Inner Space.

"I got so depressed in England. Traffic was good. Steve Winwood is still underrated as a piano player. He's so very good, so many spaces in his playing. Such a nice band to be in. 'Go' (the Yamashta project) was alright, but the concert wasn't a great success.

"Since then I've been over here. There's no real chance of being able to meet up with some guys and just play with them in London. All that crazy talkabout style — why not have the style in the music?

"But I'll go back for Christmas, I always go back for Christmas. Although not for long," (Rosko picks up an empty Russian fudge wrapper), ". . . this stuff is addictive. Anyway, I've got to go; I have to be at my German classes at nine in the morning."

If Rosko does join, he'll become the first qualified musician Can have added in eight years. There'll be some changes.

But he plays so beautifully — somewhere between the bopping hum of Stanley Clarke and the mellow richness of Jaco Pastorius.

He used to play JA reggae with Jackie Edwards, before joining The Whole Earth (later Black Sabbath). They fired him. He re-emerged in Gonzales before playing a crucial part in Traffic's final revitalisation.

"OK, that's cool, that's nice," he nods as Michael Karoli eases himself into some skanking rhythm past 3 a.m., "but remember, reggae's just a feel, you see. Just let it happen."

Karoli screws his eyes shut and shuffles through some chord changes. They're nicely scratchy. Chakka-chuk. He resets his twin pre-amps on reverb and echoe delay. Chakka-chuk-chakka.

The thing is that Karoli was playing what might be loosely described as rockers rhythms before he ever heard any JA music.

He doesn't listen to records much anyway, preferring to catch the odd concert instead.

He likes chords though, and seems to have reached much the same conclusions about how best to splinter them around a beat as the Jamaican guitarists, but independently.

Hence, at least in part, Can's "secret" rhythm — a jitterbox pulse, almost Voodoo. You have to tap something to it. Better still, get up and move to it.

Rosko joins in, jutting his beard out as if peering over an unseen wall, and Mataya Clifford adds congas.

Clifford is an instantly likeable, dreadlocked black Rhodesian who worked his way up through Zambia to reach London in 1967. He made an album, "Rod Of Life," for RCA in '73; it got lost amidst the company's Soul Searching.

More recently he made another, "Star Fell From Heaven", for Virgin; it could weel get lost in the wake of the Front Line campaign.

Clifford's warm, appealing songs are unbaggable. Neither reggae nor soul nor . . . it's becoming a problem.

"I don't know," he shrugs, "I've already made my share of hit singles — only nobody's heard them. I always seem to get caught in between. What the hell, I think maybe I'd be better off back home."

He was flown out to Germany on the understanding that Can urgently required a vocalist.

Not so, as it turned out. But he stays for a while, plays some, sings some (rather like Suzuki and Mooney combined) and generally turns Can on to whatever's going down.

He leaves with a loose agreement to

an operate in a heart in 1976

return at some stage and record at Inner Space.

MEANWHILE, AT the tender age of 28, Karoli is the stripling of Can; the others are all in their late 30s.

He suffered a near fatal stomach ulcer in '72 and has since taken things somewhat easier, even putting on some weight.

Karoli lives at an unhurried pace and dresses in comfortably formless clothes.

He lumbers about with tortoise-like amiability, occasionally peering out from under his mop of hair. Other times he broods, pondering imponderables. He'll happily spend a whole evening at the studio tucked away in a corner with his pocket calculator, computing the mystical properties of the number 7.

The moment he's out of bed every afternoon he heads straight for the bathroom and will remain there for two or three hours.

Further comtemplations, and nothing will disturb him.

"You know something?" he asks, "sometimes I think that playing a lot of music makes you stupid."

But, Michael, about the studio. Are things any different when you're making an album?

"Not really. The records tend to be about half improvised and half worked out. The numbers that are improvised usually tend to be the less danceable ones.

"The track 'Future Days' was probably the best combination of spontaneity and prepared we've achieved whilst recording.

"Damo was singing through a hose into a bucket of water and scrunching up some cushions full of dried beans to make wave-like sounds.

"We used two two-track machines to get an echo effect, running them slightly out of synch. I played an old sailors' concertina as well as guitar. We wanted to get a mysterious, melancholy sound and we got one — a sound picture if you like.

"That was a very pure form of composition. It keeps happening that way, just stumbling on ideas, but not always to the same extent.

" 'Unfinished' from 'Landed' was made in much the same way. It only took a day. The idea was to make a recording on which nobody really did anything. I turned on my guitar's distortion machine; it produces radiophonic sounds and I kept getting Radio Moscow. I held the guitar but hardly played it, just used it as a kind of antennae, filter or aerial.

"The noise of silence, letting all the instruments play themselves.

"We then mixed this with a piece we'd recorded around the same time that was more consciously New Music and left it at that.

" 'Flow Motion'? Well, the title number was done straight off, as it happened. Rene got me that special guitar sound as he engineered the piece for us. My words were about casting spells, ectoplasms and what happens if you don't get them right. I'd just had my astrological horoscope worked out on a chart by a friend.

"But it will take us time to get used to the 16-track. You have to grow into machines because a machine won't grow into you.

"I THINK one of the main reasons why Can sound the way we do is because of how we approach machines.

"We don't use them to get what we want but more to let them fulfil their own wishes. I get a lot of my inspiration on stage from my guitar's preamps. They're like live animals. They tell me when to switch a certain tone on or off. Strange really.

"The Arificial Head System we used to mix down 'Flow Motion' is also new.

"It's still only really effective with headphones. It's a very directional way of mixing; you get an exact sense of where each instrument is. It sounds very good in mono or on a transistor radio. Ideal for hit singles", (laughs). . . "the trouble is we can't use it to its full potential because its inventors say that to do so would betray its secrets to any listener with technical knowledge of recording processes.

"The idea behind it is apparently so simple it can't even be patented. The Pink Floyd are going to try it. They heard 'I Want More' and liked what they heard . . .

"As for myself, I'm getting old.

"Sometimes I think it'd be nice to become a guitar hero. I was top of the polls in Germany for four years after 'Mother Sky' from 'Soundtracks' was a disco hit. I suppose it's all because I've never really had a technique as such, except to combine rhythm and lead playing into one.

"Maybe I'll get myself a semi-acoustic guitar and do some more flamenco-ish things. I really must," (deep sigh), "get some kind of reputation together."

LATER THAT night — or morning — Karoli and I drive to pick up Irmin Schmidt.

We park the latter's ageing Mercedes automatic down a side street in an open plan suburb, with the car facing up a path through rustling shrubbery.

Schmidt eventually materialises and mopes leisurely towards us.

"That was interesting", he mutters tumbling into the back, "like something out of a Hitchcock movie. You know, the headlights, the dazzle, the uncertainty. Yeah, I must try that again sometime."

Married — his wife Hildegard has managed Can since they extracted themselves form the none too gentle grasp of Abi Ofarim — and with two children, Schmidt seems like he's Can house theorist, arch-age and anarchist.

He packs his shortish frame into tight, grubby jeans and leathers. He chain smokes and makes a point of greasing down his hair for publicity shots.

He isn't enamoured of Cologne.

"I give myself three years at the most, then I've got to leave. I'd like to move to Paris; I just have to get out. Cologne is so depressing and Germany — well, it's a cultural desert. I'll leave even if Can lasts another ten years.

"German culture is non-existent on almost every level. Nearly all the artists were either exiled or killed in the '30s.

"Why should those that are left bother to come back? Deep down we're still an incredibly paranoid people.

"You could say that living in Cologne has made us the way we are. The earlier records certainly reflected some of the, er, darker side of our situation."

It was Schmidt who organised some White Magic spells for "Tago Mago." He made a pretty expert job of it; the album still sounds healthily spook-ridden five years on.

Schmidt's also largely responsible for Can's ambivalent relationship with I Ching, the Chinese Book of Changes.

K'an, a hexagram from the Ching, means water. Doubled, it's interpreted as risk or danger, but with sincerity leading to success — a fairly accurate assessment of Can as musicians.

"The magic is still strong. It depends how you look at things. In a way Extrasensory Perception is totally natural. We probably all have it to some degree.

"I'm sure that if you look at events as a kind of continuum you'll find chance at one end and fact or logic at the other. Man should be somewhere between those two extremes.

"TELEPATHY HAS become necessary for survival, maybe for the second time round, to help counter the vast intake of useless information we have to absorb every day.

"We could be heading towards a new man who can combine both inductive and intuitive thought. We're near to overloading and are trying to adapt.

"It wouldn't matter that much if mankind did just blow up, but there again it'd be nice to stick around.

"Before Can started I studied various game and chance theories. Unfortunately my maths wasn't good enough for me to understand all the intricacies. But it was an interesting exercise."

Schmidt's playing reflects both his "serious" contemporary classical credentials and his having thrown them all up to get Can underway; it's disciplined but weirdsome.

He avoids neo-classical bombast like it was rabid. He skates karate-chop notes around the rhythm — he reckons he's a frustrated percussionist — or holds long, orchestral chords that you often don't notice until after they've gone, though you'd miss them if they weren't there.

He has a battered tone generator from which he coaxes anything from electronic white noise to a wickedly phased echo effect for his Farfisa piano.

He plays like a praying mantis delicately dissecting its mate, savouring each note with surgical relish.

TO WATCH Can at work is an unpredictable education in itself — probably not as unpredictable as when Mooney was with them, but still zanily wayward.

For example, Karoli studied classical violin from the age of 8 to 16, but his family has Rumanian connections and the East European folk influence remains pervasive.

He'll improvise wild, sad, keening airs as the rest of Can — Schmidt and Liebezeit on pianos and Czukay on bowed bass — come on like a wandering gipsy band.

"Mmm, I'm really getting into practice," he'll admit, "I just might become quite good."

Jaki Liebezeit, Can's drummer and resident pragmatist, has a fondness for other exotica.

A taciturn, slightly built yet extra-fit man looking hardly a day over 25, he first became interested in ethnic musics more than a decade back.

At the time he was playing complex material in bizarre time signatures, but wanted to find ways of keeping it comprehensible.

He heard Turkish — there are large numbers of Turk immigrant workers in West Germany — and Arabian musicians on the radio; he grokked instantly to their effortless interpretations of heady rhythms. His field of study expanded to take in Indian, Greek, African and South American styles.

Liebezeit learnt saxophone and trumpet in his teens and still plays them when he has the chance, as well as an assortment of wood flutes.

His drumming is the most melodic I've heard. Unaccompanied it's hypnotic, in the band setting it works wonders for the digestive tracts.

Can dabble in ethnology convincingly enough. One moment they're impersonating the reedy warblings of a Moroccan market, the next muted awnings of Andean rain forest. Some of the these explorations — half serious, half in jest — have appeared on record, but always in truncated form.

And yet Can music isn't "difficult" or special delivery for ivory tower academics.

Like current Bowie, it's as much physical as cerebral; you can either dance or think to it — both even.

The vast and varied backlog of experience gained by Schmidt, Czukay and Liebezeit has been carefully assimilated and applied to new equations.

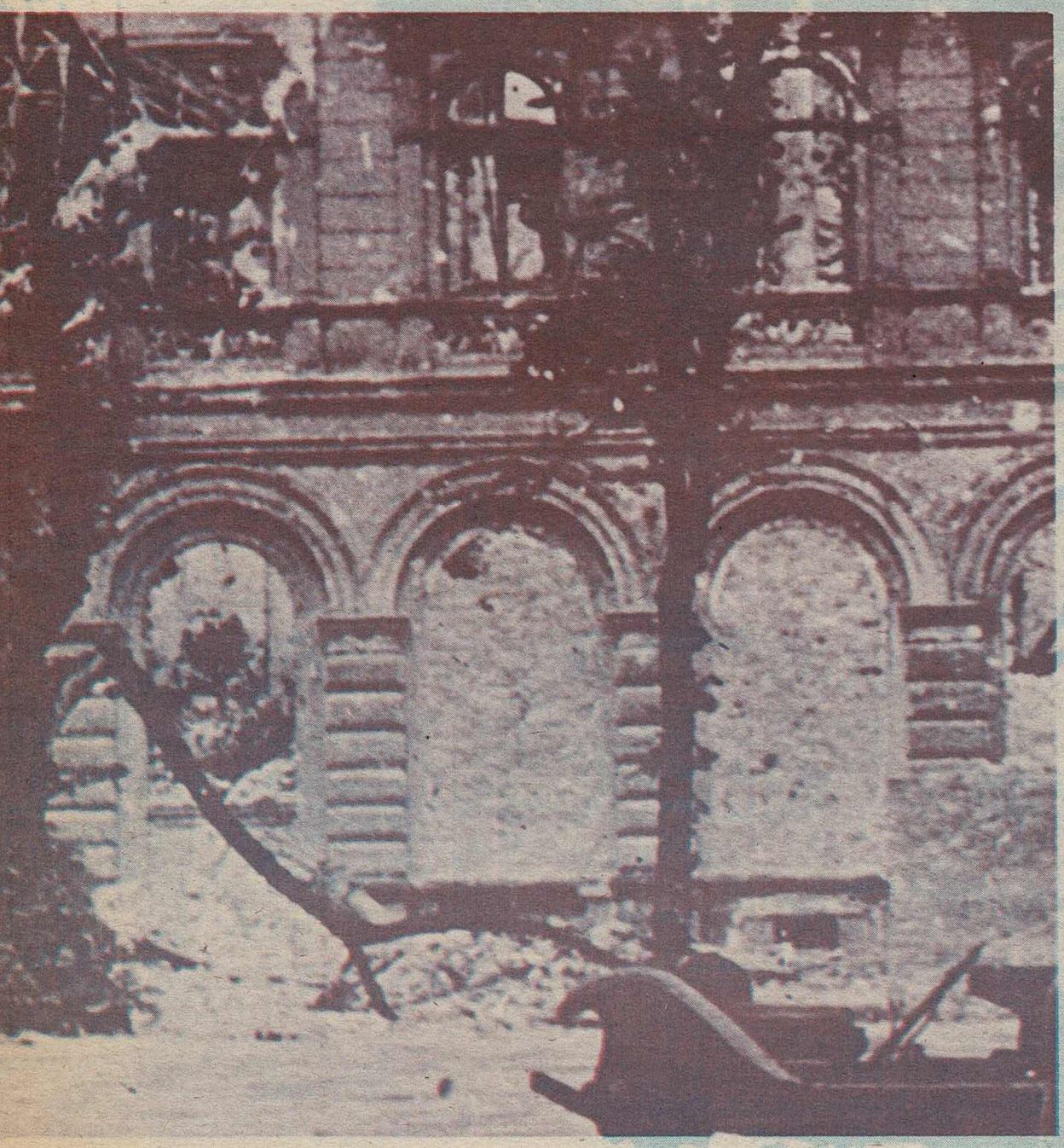
So Can sound different.

But chew this. Can could contrive mazes of theoretical gobbledegook with the greatest of ease. In practice they resist the temptation. Sensible, eh?

It's unfortunate they have to exclude so much of what they record from their albums, but also inevitable.

Budgets don't allow for ten releases a year, even of consistently fascinating material.

All the same, after "Silent Night", how about a Can Christmas album for '77?



Karoli (top), at 28 the youngster of the line-up, and (bottom) elegant bassman Rosko Gee, who's on the point of becoming the band's fifth member.

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

ARGENT: The Missing Legacy

WHY DID ARGENT split and what is Rod Argent doing now? Has he any plans to form a new group or cut any albums?
G. O'DONNELL, Corby, Northants.

● **A hasty phone call to Rod's secret hide-out in deepest Bedfordshire brought about the following de-coded reply: "When the band came back from our last American trip we'd lost a lot of money and were pretty much in debt. Most of our various contracts were also just about at an end, so it seemed a good time to go our seperate ways and try other things. I'd spent six years on the road and had found it a fairly insular life — you only really get a chance to work with the musicians within your own band and get little chance to meet or work with anyone else — which is not a good thing, however good the guys you happen to be working with may be.**

"So I decided that I'd take a year off to maybe just write and re-assess things, in the meantime, doing a little session-work on albums with Colin Blunstone, Jack Lancaster, Gary Boyle, the Surprise Sisters, Easy Street, etc. I also did about five Fender piano clinics. In '77 I'm already booked to do some album sessions for Roger Daltrey — along with Jimmy McCulloch, Stuart Tosh and others — then, if I get some record and publishing deals all straightened out, I hope to do a solo album, perhaps using different musicians on various tracks."

COULD YOU LIST all Tim Buckley's albums, along with their release dates? Are any deleted? And on which album does the track "Dolphins" appear?
PAUL, London.

● **Happy to oblige on this one. Buckley recorded nine albums in all, these being "Tim Buckley" (Elektra — October 1966), "Goodbye And Hello" (Elektra — September 1967), "Happy/Sad" (Elektra — March 1969), "Blue Afternoon" (Straight — late 1969), "Lorca" (Elektra — 1970), "Star Sailor" (Straight — 1970), "Greetings From L.A." (Warner Bros — 1972), "Sefronia" (Discreet — 1973) and "Look At The Fool" (Discreet — 1974). "Dolphins" appears on "Sefronia", one of the three albums — the others being "Look At The Fool" and "Greetings From L.A." — that appeared in WEA's 1976 catalogue.**

PLEASE CAN YOU settle a long-standing argument between three good mates and tell us exactly where the Bee-Gees were born — was it Douglas, I.O.M., Manchester or Australia?
DOUG McKENNA, Cannock, Staffs.

● **The original members of the Bee-Gees line-up were born in all three places, Barry Gibb being born in Douglas (September 1, 1947), Robin and Maurice arriving in Manchester (December 22, 1949) and drummer Colin Peterson (one-time child star of the movie "Smiley") being dropped by the stork somewhere in Queensland (March 24, 1946). Another Aussie, guitarist Vince Melouney, was also part of the group for a while, but left to form his own band in 1968, Peterson getting the chop at the end of August 1969.**

I READ YOUR information given to Mike James (11/12/76) and wrote away to join the Beach Boys Fan Club — but, about a week later, I got my letter back marked "house empty". Is Tony Robertson, of the BBFC, one of your famous disappearing people?
J. JOHNSON, Wymering, Portsmouth, Hants.

● **Whaddya think we're running here — the blooming Marie Celeste? Truth is, those rotters at WEA gave us a duff address. The truth was discovered mid-week when Tony Robertson phoned to say he'd been living at 9 North Circular Road, London NW 10, for quite a while now — and it wasn't really a Fan Club anyway, but rather The Beach Boys Information Service. Nevertheless, Tony says he'd be chuffed if anyone interested in the achievements of the surf and sandbox brigade would contact him at his correct address — and he wouldn't mind if any Four Seasons freaks joined in too.**

I READ MAX BELL's excellent feature on Randy California, in which a book called "The Urantia Bible" was mentioned. Is this book available here? If so, where can I get hold of it? I also wish to know if the following records are still available: Terry Riley's "In C" and "A Rainbow In Curved Air", and Eric Burdon's "Winds Of Change" and "Love Is". Please quote their catalogue numbers.
MORTEN, BJEAKE, Oslo, Norway.

● **Actually the tome's called "The Urantia Book", a 2,097 page affair, published by the Urantia Foundation of Chicago, and recommendation by Max, who reckons he's read every line of it! Occult shops are likely to stock the book, but if you get stuck, then you can always try our mates at Compendium, Camden Town, who do have copies at £14.45 (plus 85p postage).**

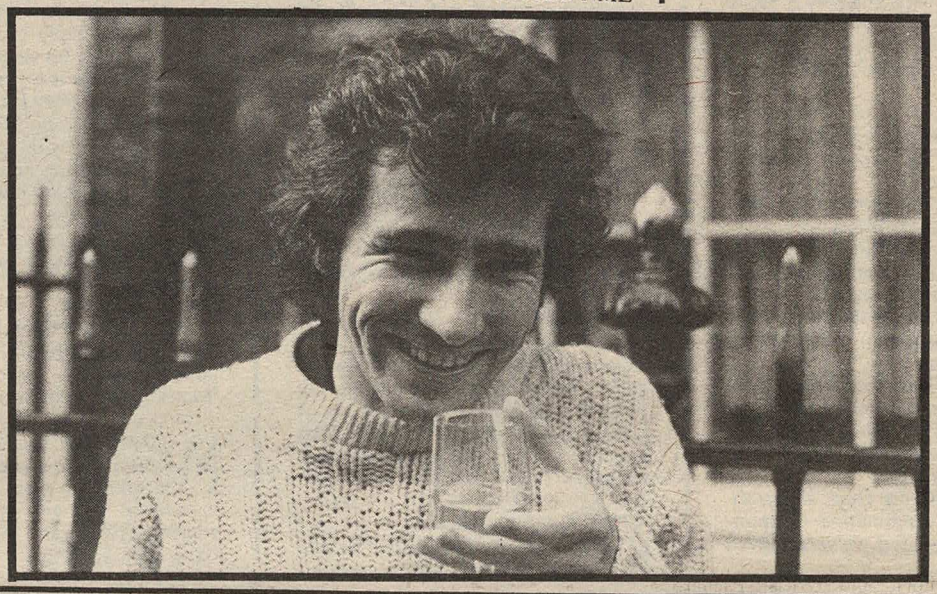
Terry Riley's "In C" (CBS 64565) was deleted in 1974, and "Rainbow" (CBS 64564) in 1973. "Winds Of Change" (MGM2354-001) also hasn't been around for quite a while now — "Love Is" is available on Verve 665109/10 from CRD, Lyon Way, Rockware Avenue, Middlesex, UB6 0BN.

I RECENTLY BOUGHT Thelma Houston's "Bingo Long Song" — but just *when* is this fine singer going to come up with another album — last one I remember was released by Mowest, back in '73.
VINCE ROGERS, Sheffield, Yorks.

● **Motown reckon that the release of a brand new Houston elpee — titled "Any Way You Like It", is imminent. But somewhere along the way, you seem to have missed out on Thelma's "I've Got The Music In Me" album, cut for the Sheffield Lab label in 1975.**

AS I'VE TOLERATED NME for 14 years, could you let me know if Dave Edmunds (Welsh genius) has any new albums due out shortly?
MICHAEL ORPIN, Deal, Kent

● **Anything to help a new reader. It seems that Dave the Rave has completed an album for Swansong and we should be seeing it in the shops sometime in February. Titled "Get It", the disc contains a higher proportion of original material than is normal on an Edmunds' release, several of the songs being penned by Dave and his mate, the talented Nick Lowe. However, there is some borrowed material, including Bob Seger's "Get Out Of Denver", Gene Vincent's "Get It" and Graham Parker's "Back to Schooldays" — and the daffy Taffy provides most of the instrumental work, he does have Lowe (bass), Terry Williams (drums) and Bob Andrews (piano) helping with some of the back-ups. Next on the Edmunds schedule comes a tour with his band Rockpile (comprised of Lowe, Williams and Ex-Fatso guitarist Billy Billy Bremmer), then comes another album, on which the band will be featured.**

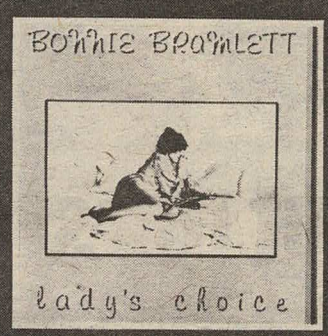


Right: The late TIM BUCKLEY in London.

Pic: JOE STEVENS.

MACON WHOOPEE

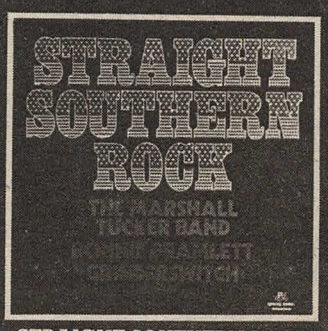
THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND
"Long Hard Ride"



BONNIE BRAMLETT
"Lady's Choice"

WET WILLIE
"The Wetter The Better"

GRINDERSWITCH
"Pullin' Together"



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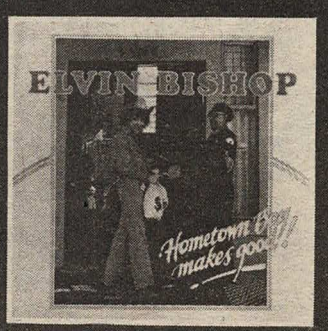

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No fiddling with breakfast cereal packet tops, none of that "I think Blue Oyster Cult are the best band in the Universe because . . ." nonsense. Just get down and get with these apposite little questions.

1 The average height of a Blue Oyster Cult is:
a 6'9"
b 5'5"
c 3'11"

2 Does the song title "ME 262" refer to:
a Adolf Hitler's last known bunker number
b Sandy Pearlman's Mercedes
c A World War Two German fighter bomber

3 Which well known American female singer and poetess contributes occasional lyrics to Blue Oyster Cult?

4 One song appeared in two different versions on the first and second Cult albums. Give the titles of both its manifestations.

5 According to "Dominance And Submission", which of the following dances is currently very popular in Times Square?
a The polka
b The foxtrot
c The hand jive

6 Which American rock magazine did BOC *Obermeister* Sandy Pearlman and lyricist Richard Meltzer contribute to in the sixties?

7 Complete the following BOC song titles:
a "O.D.'d On . . . . . "
b "Mistress of the Salmon Salt . . . "
c "Redeemed . . . "

8 At which of the following Universities did Sandy Pearlman first discover the nucleus of Blue Oyster Cult playing?
a Brown University
b Stoneybrook
c Yale

9 Before they became the Blue Oyster Cult, under which of the following names did the group use?
a The Planeteers
b The Arcane Mysteries
c Soft White Underbelly
d The Black Archangels

10 Blue Oyster Cult was once the title of a song which later appeared on "Secret Treaties" as what?
a "Career Of Evil"
b "Flaming Telepaths"
c "Subhuman"

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE ON A POSTCARD WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS
ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY TO: NME Blue Oyster Cult Competition, 55 Ewer Street, London SE99 6YP

(Remember: entries from members of BOC, employees of CBS, their families, police dogs, or the employees of IPC Magazines are NOT eligible).

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Prizes will be awarded to the first correct entries checked after the closing date.

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"This year I went on holiday on my own. But I was only alone when I wanted to be. Because I went with Club 18-30.

And to think I nearly chickened out. I must have been mad! The holiday certainly was.

I had a great time and met loads of really nice people. And I met Charlie. (That's him in the picture.) I still see quite a lot of him now.

I think one of the best days we had was the Butch Cassidy trip. High noon in the mountains. We all piled into this lovely old train. Wyn from 18-30 broke out the champagne. And up we went. When we got there we had this donkey race and I fell off and split my trousers and everyone laughed. Even me.

Just after that was when we lynched Bruce Forsyth. Of course it wasn't really him, it was this bloke who did impressions. And we were only messing about. He took it all in good fun and we got some great photographs.

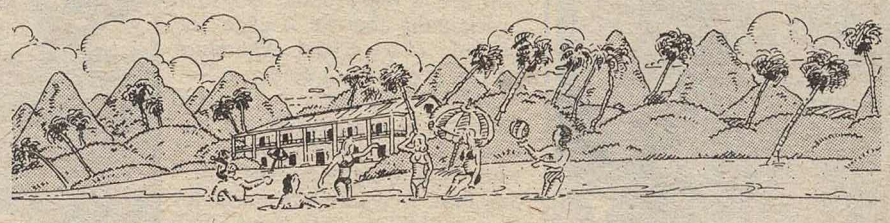
It was a lovely time. And Wyn, from 18-30 was great. He gives you the impression that he's going to be up to no good all through the holiday. And he is.

I've only got one complaint. Next year I want to go 18-30 to Italy but I had such a good time in Majorca I want to go back there as well. Still the prices are pretty good and I reckon I could save up enough to do both."

Lesley Hockley is a telephonist at County Hall. This year she went Club 18-30 to Paguera, Majorca. Next year she's going Club 18-30 to Italy. Or Majorca. Or both. Charlie Reed works for the Post Office. This year he went to Paguera, Majorca. But he's already been Club 18-30 to Corfu, Italy and Yugoslavia. Next year he's going Club 18-30 to Crete, or he may end up wherever Lesley does.

CLUB 18-30 HOLIDAYS

Because you're only young once.



Dear Club 18-30,
I consider 18-30 holidays to be decadent, naughty, boozy and a lot of fun.
Send me the brochure.
Name _____ CAA Licence No. 129/b.
Address _____ NME 81

Club 18-30, 100 Oxford Street, London W1. Tel: 01-637 9631.

The Beats were the most exciting literary movement since World War Two, prophets of the Rock Culture that sprang up in their wake . . .

SIDE

"SAN FRANCISCO" says Kenneth Rexroth, poet, scholar, elder statesman of dissent, "is the only city in the United States which was not settled overland by the westward-spreading puritan tradition, or by the Walter Scott, fake-cavalier tradition of the South."

San Francisco resisted incorporation. Its literature was at variance with the prevailing patterns, maintaining closer links with London and Paris than with the Jewish-Angst-dominated New York. Intellectually, it drew upon a tradition of dissent stretching right back to the Red Thirties; Wobblies, Conshies and Anarchists had all found sanctuary in the Mediterranean atmosphere of *laissez-faire.*

The city looks across the Pacific to Asia. Chinese and Japanese have settled—here too, their Buddhist and Zen Buddhist temples, unremarkable by now, emanating gentle ripples of contemplation, pacifism and self-discovery. It was in this city of hills that the Silent Generation of the '50s — demoralised by the Korean War, disgusted by the craven passivity of their elders before the denunciations of Senator Joe McCarthy, living in the shadow of The Bomb — found their voice.

The Beats who first hung around Greenwich Village had plenty of disgust, but no real alternative to the society that they rejected. Only when Ginsberg and Kerouac hit San Francisco did things begin to focus. Rexroth organised one of his frequent public poetry readings at the Six Gallery, and this time the results were staggering. Ginsberg read *Howl:*

"I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked,
dragging themselves through the negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix,
angelheaded hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection to the starry dynamo in the machinery of night."

It landed on the audience with the impact of an Old Testament prophesy. The Beat Generation was up and running. San Francisco became the centre of the new, do-it-yourself poetry renaissance; clubs, cellars, coffee

BRIAN CASE chronicles the rise and fall of the movement . . .

bars jumped with talent.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, proprietor of the spearheading City Lights book store, publisher and poet: "My whole kick has been oral poetry. The poets today are talking to themselves. They have no other audience . . . we're trying to capture an audience."

captures precisely the coast-to-coast restlessness of the hipster, the overdrive exuberance and the ravenous appetite for experience. "The only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous roman candles:" Dean Moriarty, hero of the novel, real life Neal Cassady, hipster.

All this was greatly grabbing to the disaffiliated young. Kerouac became a one-man Chamber of Commerce to North Beach, the barker on the low rent scene. "My work comprises one vast book like Proust's except that my remembrances are written on the run."

Not everyone was gassed. Critic Norman Podhoretz: "What you get in these books is a man proclaiming that he is alive and offering every trivial experience he has ever had in evidence."

Much of the quest that blasted Kerouac so frenetically up and down the map was spiritual. "I want God to show me His face." San Francisco gave him a taste for Zen Buddhism, Zen amounting to, as a friend explained, getting to know as many people as you Poetry, he postulated, should have a public surface, and to make damn sure it did, he shouted his over a jazz backing.

From San Francisco, the Beat movement spread south to Venice West and east to New York.

How are we to live? "This generation cannot conceive of the question in any but personal terms," said John Clellon Holmes, author of 'The Horn'. Their answer was solipsism, an assertion of the self as the centre of the universe.

In the poem, this meant a return to the 'I' person of Walt Whitman. The first person singular in the novel was Kerouac, digging everything. *On The Road* can; "bijouterie orientalism" Roxroth called it. "Beat" Kerouac explained on television, "means beatitude, not beat up."

His spiritual desperation crash-coursed him through Zen, Roman Catholicism, mysticism, hip and its White Negro impersonations. Drugs, sex and jazz fuelled the hot-rod go-go-go prose style because only they were spontaneous enough and defiant enough and high-octane enough to keep it on the move. "It was actual communication from living soul to swinging living soul, and nuts to all outdated formal restraints and laughable writing conventions, all so pitiably irrelevant and IN THE WAY," wrote disciple Seymour Krim.

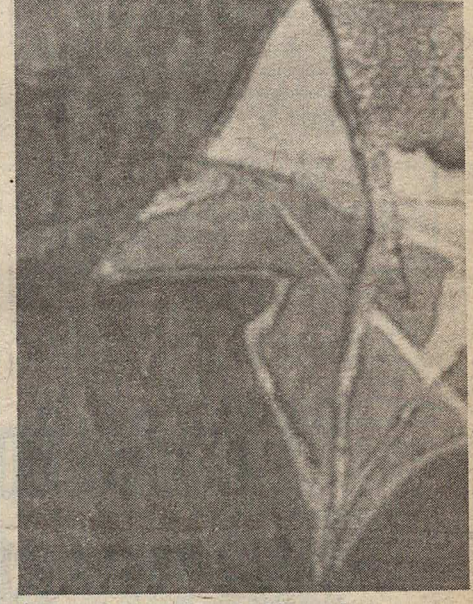
Like Burroughs, like Ginsberg, like Dean and Brando, Kerouac had to overturn academic syntax and academic logic to put his stuff across. Of the Angries in Britain, an American commented: "I guess I'd be angry too if I went to all that trouble and ended up writing like bum Galsworthy."

CALIFORNIA ATTRACTS Messiahs. Someone once said they stood America on end and all the nuts fell to the bottom. The next wave was not long coming. Ken Kesey wrote the brilliant *One Flew Over The Cuckoos Nest* and the gutsy "Sometimes A Great Notion", then hung up his gloves. "I'd rather be a lightning rod than a seismograph," he told Tom Wolfe.

He spent his royalties on an old school bus, painted it in Day-Glo, wrote 'FURTHUR' on the destination plate, and lit out on the highway for everywhere. The Merry Pranksters were in business. The filmed and taped everything they encountered. With the help of L.S.D. and total exposure to America, Kesey aimed at "forms of expression in which there would be no separation between himself and the audience."

There were other heirlooms from the Beats. Neal Cassady, Kerouac's buddy, was on the bus. "He will answer all questions, although not exactly in that order, because we can't stop here, next rest area 40 miles, you understand, spinning off memories, metaphors, literally, oriental, hip allusions, all punctuated by the unlikely expression 'you understand ' ".

Other survivals lingered, then fell away. The negro as the ultimate hipster, the jazzman, was 'outniggered' by



the merry pranksters' life style. Instant brickbats; short-haul alienation. Funny hat and a pill and it's welcome to Gethsemane. No belts, no pins, no chaffing.

Kesey backed his own group, the Grateful Dead, and established an entente with the Californian chapter of the Hell's Angels, to the envy of the paleface narodniki. Haight Ashbury fell in on the left — or rather, the right.

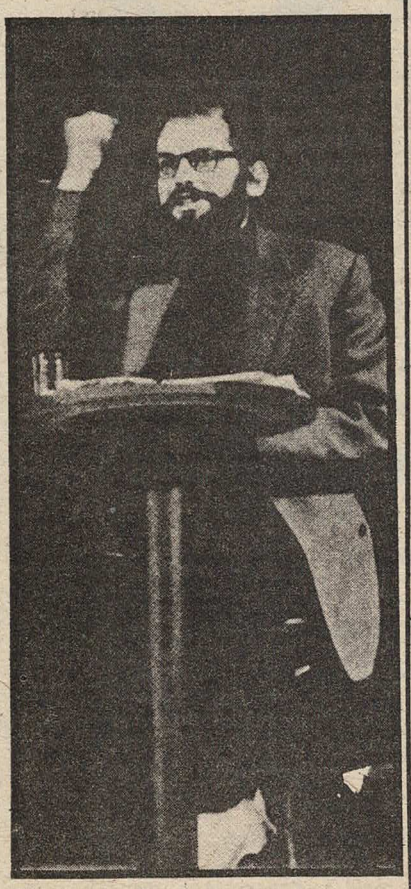
Like Kerouac, Kesey was another ex-athlete fantasist, singing the body electric and collecting a crowd. They share the frontiersman self-reliance, at least on paper, as Kerouac lived most of his life with his mother - Haworth Parsonage, States-style - but diverge over goofie-drops. "After this experience with lsd," writes Ann Charters, "Kerouac was sure it had been introduced into America by the Russians as part of a plot to weaken the country."

Three years later, a cat came outa the slams, bought his old school bus, painted it in day-glo, and set himself up as the next Messiah. He really should've written 'FURTHUR' on the destination plate. He was Charles Manson.

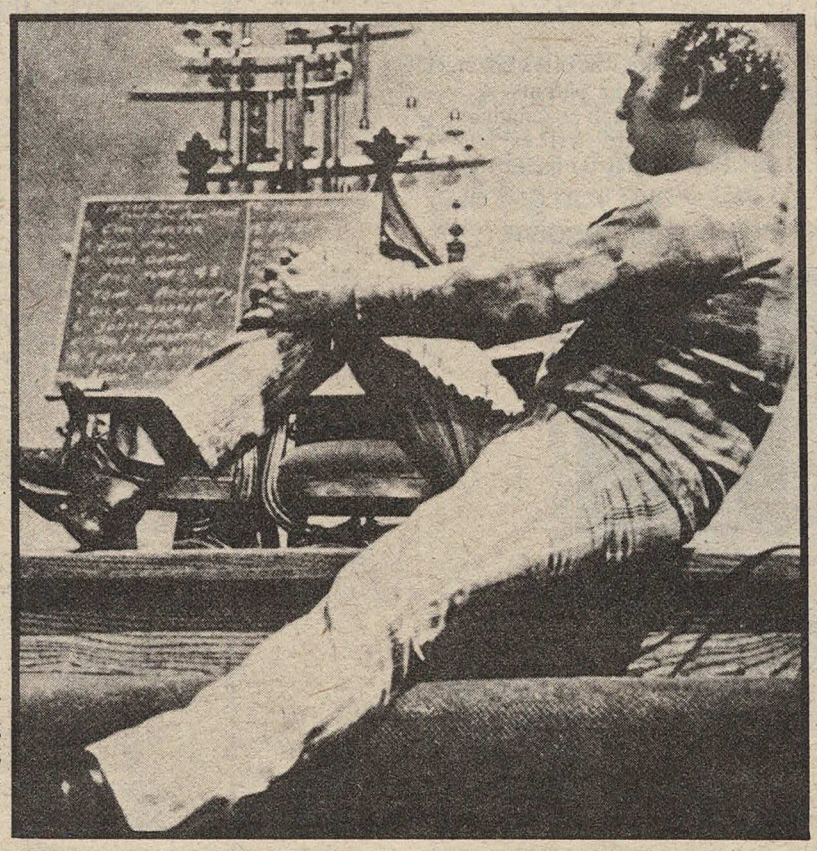
In the Manson life-style, all that was underlying the beat and hippy cults came to a hideous conclusion. Ed Sanders' *The Family* unearths hundreds of far out salvation schemes — dog's blood drinkers, video-buggers — playing concurrently with headline-grabber Charlie and his Dune Buggy Attack Battalion. Like Yeats, long planted, predicted;

"What rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?"

The rest is a flabby afterbirth. Richard Brautigan, please plant this book, novelist of sweetness and whimsy. *Trout Fishing in America, A*



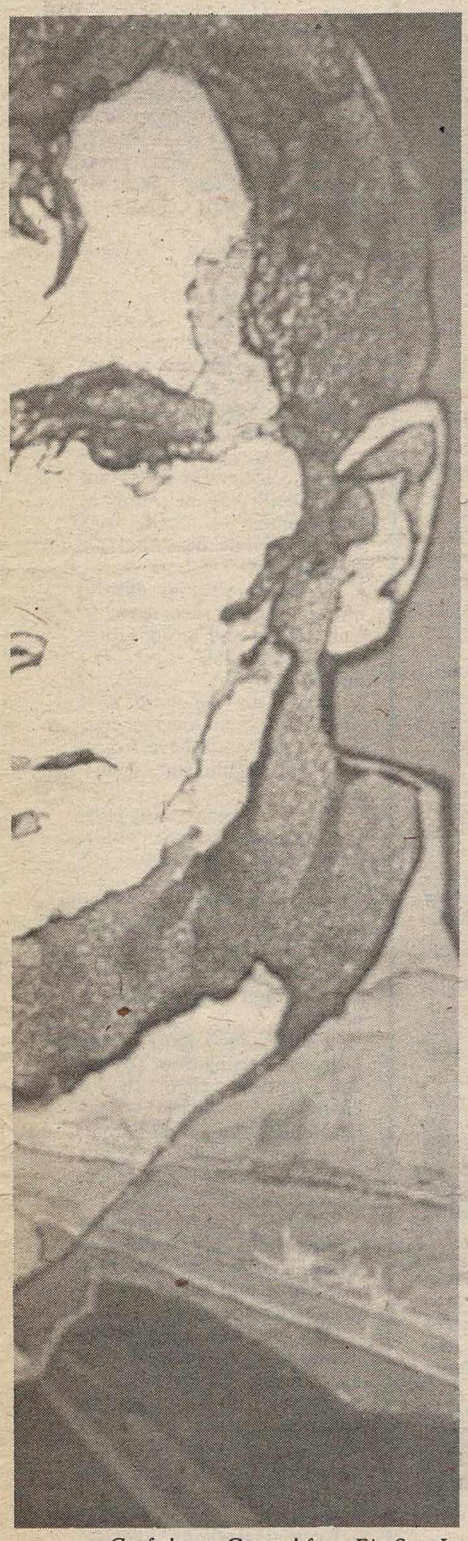
Ginsberg reading in the '50's: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness.



Ken Kesey, author of 'One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest 'and Acid Prankster.

SLIPE

. . . while TONY PARSONS examines the legend of JACK KEROUAC, Beat chronicler supreme.



Confederate General from Big Sur, In Watermelon Sugar: the writer taking refuge in a little tune on the fife.

' "Excuse me," I said. "I thought you were a trout stream." "I'm not," she said.' Which is that fabulous roman candle guttered down to a sparkler, wagged in a gloved hand . . .

And, at Big Sur, sat the writer who had got the whole wild show on the road back in the '30s, pioneering the fictionalised autobiography, the literary sexual revolution, the apocalyptic vision. Henry Miller has seen them come and he's seen them — Kerouac and Cassady dead, burned out at forty, Kesey silent — go go go going going . . . gone.

"It's a sort of furtiveness . . . like we were a generation of furtives. You know, with an inner knowledge there's no use flaunting on that level, the level of the 'public', a kind of beatness — I mean being right down to it, to ourselves, because we all really know where we are — and a weariness with all the forms, all the conventions of the world . . . It's something like that . . . So I guess you might say we're a beat generation."

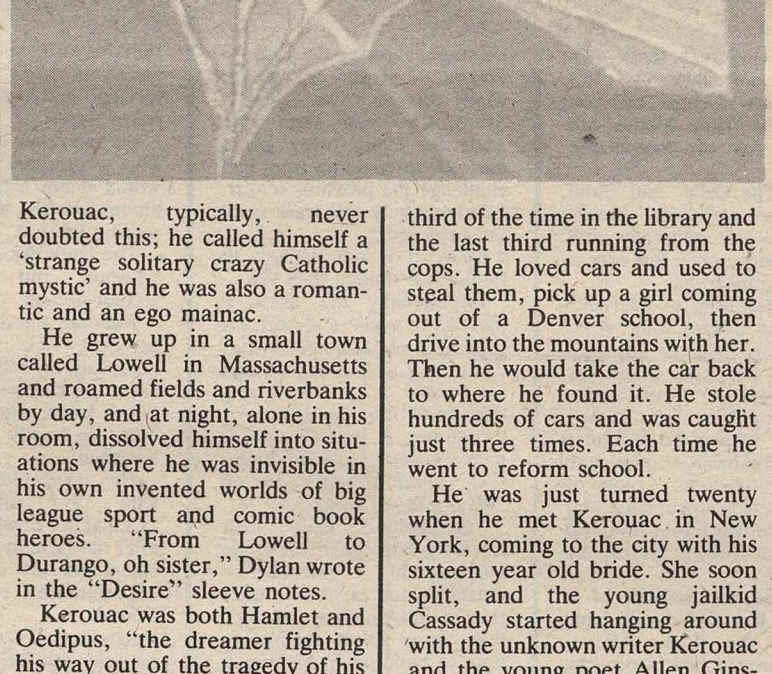
Jack Kerouac to John Clellon Holmes — 1952.

ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR roots, kid — the counter culture starts here. Kerouac was pure energy. Whether speeding on benzedrine at his typewriter (*On The Road* written on a telex role in three weeks, *The Subterraneans* written in three full-moon autumn nights); or crossing coast to coast USA alone/with the legendary Neal Cassady/countless other companions; or searching night streets lonely and cold in search of jazz or sex or soup; or climbing mountains in the high Sierras, Kerouac and his Beat Generation buddies (like Cassady, Ginsberg, Burroughs and Corso) were the first people to emerge after a war that had left fifteen million corpses (and a new bomb that could/will end *everything*) to seek a lifestyle outside the establishment mainstream of society.

By doing so, through their kicks, travels, pain, love and art, they did the ground work for everything that was to follow, laying the foundations of the rock culture without knowing they were doing it.

At the heart of it was Kerouac. His *On The Road* remains to this day the perfect expression of what the Beat Generation was about. Hitching west to California or Denver, riding freight trains and hitting the bottle as rural America flashes by, down and out in the streets of the city, picking up farmer's daughters on all night Greyhound buses, and, with Neal "Dean Moriarty" Cassady at the wheel, driving and eventually destroying a borrowed rich man's Cadillac at speeds of over a hundred. Or driving south for the big trip to Mexico and Havanna cigar-sized joints and disease and cheap whores who "lined themselves along the dark and narrow streets and their sorrowful eyes gleamed at us in the night. We wandered in a frenzy and a dream."

Kerouac's life was often a frenzied dream. His parents were immigrant French Canadians, Lee and 'Memere' Kerouac, and legend has it that there was Red Indian blood in the family.



Kerouac, typically, never doubted this; he called himself a 'strange solitary crazy Catholic mystic' and he was also a romantic and an ego mainac.

He grew up in a small town called Lowell in Massachusetts and roamed fields and riverbanks by day, and at night, alone in his room, dissolved himself into situations where he was invisible in his own invented worlds of big league sport and comic book heroes. "From Lowell to Durango, oh sister," Dylan wrote in the "Desire" sleeve notes.

Kerouac was both Hamlet and Oedipus, "the dreamer fighting his way out of the tragedy of his life and the somnambulist hurtling towards it," as David Dalton described James Dean. Like Jimmy, Kerouac was a boy whose love for his mother was countered by his love/hate for his unsympathetic, non-artistic father. On his death bed Kerouac's father made him promise that he would always live with and look after his mother. He did this, not least because Memere was supporting him through all the poverty stricken years of unaccepted manuscripts when, as Ginsberg said in his dedication in *Howl,* "he spat forth intelligence into eleven books written in half that number of years" (1951-1956).

Wherever he travelled to, after all the jazz, sex, drink and drugs, sooner or later Kerouac went back to his mother. He may spend the night with a girl like Mardou, a black strung-out junkie, but in the morning he would stumble home to Memere.

His best friend and Mercury, Neal Cassady, was completely different. His mother had walked out when he was a small child and his father was a broken down Denver wine bum, and Cassady grew up in doss houses. Not so much the street, more the gutter.

As a young man he spent a third of his time in the pool-hall, a third of the time in the library and the last third running from the cops. He loved cars and used to steal them, pick up a girl coming out of a Denver school, then drive into the mountains with her. Then he would take the car back to where he found it. He stole hundreds of cars and was caught just three times. Each time he went to reform school.

He was just turned twenty when he met Kerouac in New York, coming to the city with his sixteen year old bride. She soon split, and the young jailkid Cassady started hanging around with the unknown writer Kerouac and the young poet Allen Ginsberg. It was the turning point in Kerouac's life. "With the coming of Dean Moriarty," he wrote, "began the part of my life you could call my life on the road."

KEROUAC'S WRITING style, his spontaneous prose, was strongly influenced by mad, burning, raw energy Neal Cassady. It was one of the ironies of Kerouac's life that in just one book he was able to turn Cassady into a legend while he struggled all his life to do the same thing for himself. He called all his books part of the Jack Duluoz legend Duluoz, his pseudonym, is the French-Canadian word for 'the louse.'

Although Kerouac was for all his life an outlaw, an outsider, a freak, he loved his America of the railroad earth, the highways, the mountains and the sea at the end of all the rolling land. But he was haunted by his red brick vision — the cold, boring, blank reality of the day world rows of red brick houses waiting behind the excitement and promise of the city night red neons. Part of his genius was that he never believed that the promise wasn't true.

He waited so long for commercial success to come that when it finally came with the publication of *On The Road* in 1957, he couldn't take it. He hit the bottle harder than ever, not to get high, but to forget about the pressure of his long awaited fame.

Sadly, his friendship with Cassady was over by this time. Neal was set up and busted by narcotic agents one night while on his way to his graveyard shift on the railroad. The cops had been after the hero of *On The Road* for quite a while. He was sent to San Quentin for a couple of years and when he came out his relationship with Kerouac was inevitably strained. Neal didn't like Jack's almost permanent drunkeness and saw him as a victim of his own success while Jack a few years later was totally unsympathetic towards Neal's involvement with Kesey's acid powered Magic Bus.

Kerouac was on one kind of drug or another for all his adult life, but only took LSD once, with Leary at Harvard in the early '60s. On the trip he regressed to his days in the navy (which he'd joined after a broken leg ended his football hero fantasy at Columbia University), and how he had been kicked out for being unable to take the discipline.

His stay at a cabin in Big Sur, California in 1966, was the last turn of the road for Kerouac. With continual alcoholic nightmares, and haunted by the roar of the surf, he saw a vision of the cross. Afterwards he went home and continued to write but all the drink, drugs, success and time gone by had burned him out and Kerouac was just a bloated shell compared to the young, speed-travelling, in - love - with - life "Sal Paradise" of *On The Road.*

One of the biggest tragedies of his life was that the young people of the fifties and sixties came looking for him expecting to find the young writer in *On The Road* and all his other books, and instead found a prematurely middle-aged alcoholic. He had suffered much pain over the years but this must have been among the hardest to take.

He died in 1969, still in his forties. another casualty. He was buried in his small American home town, Lowell, Massachusetts. His grave has no marker, but it can be found. Bob Dylan found it when the Rolling Thunder show was on the road and played acoustic guitar and sang songs at Kerouac's grave.

And in the best, truest sense of the word Jack Kerouac still lives on in his Duluoz legend, forever young and racing with Dean Moriarty across the American landscape in search of kicks, love, music and more. He's left us his legacy.

"And the truck left, threading its way through the crowds, and nobody paying attention to the strangeness of the kids inside the tarpaulin, staring at the town like babes from a coverlet. I watched it disappear into the night."

Neal Cassady 1965-66.

Kerouac in 1966; three years before his death.

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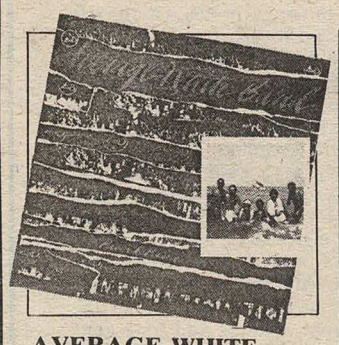
Allen Ginsberg — Howl and other poems
Ken Kesey — One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest. Sometimes A Great Notion
Tom Wolfe — The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test
Ann Charters — Kerouac, A Biography
Richard Brautigan — Trout Fishing In America, The Abortion.

It's cold outside, but the AWB sizzle again . . .

Phew! What a scorcher!!



AVERAGE WHITE BAND
Person To Person (Atlantic)

WELCOME BACK the musically credible and eminently excellent Average White Band with this defiant poke in the ear for all those people who seven months ago dismissed them as down and devoid of inspiration.

Although the release of this double set could have come too late to re-establish their superior credentials, it does, in fact, manage to do that in just less than 90 minutes of playing time.

And in many ways it is the live companion to their classic second set, known widely as the White Album.

"Person To Person" is an unexpected triumph for a band who in June performed abysmally at the Hammersmith Odeon and shortly afterwards disgraced themselves with their fourth studio album, "Soul Searching".

Reaching their position as a highly acclaimed act worldwide was a difficult and sometimes unpleasant struggle that caused one casualty and an aftermath of critical adversity from the American press; yet they travelled the road to artistic ruin on an extremely well-oiled roller board.

There isn't, you might observe, any justice in the Rock Biz.

Although accusing fingers were pointed at certain members of the AWB for destroying the band's creative energy by being more concerned with the Star Pose, it's generally believed the reason their recent recorded and live music was inferior is because they set their own standards too high.

How, for instance, can you follow The White Album with another set of comparable merit?

"Cut The Cake" and "Soul Searching" were both inevitably inferior; generally dull playing with only a few exceptionally good songs.

It's interesting to hear live recordings of two songs from "Searching" because although neither "I'm The One" nor "Love Your Life" can be classed as excellent material they do, on "Person To Person", sound considerably better than the studio versions because of the concert arrangements and the way in which they are used as low-key musical grooves by the band.

Perhaps the release of a package like this should have followed the White Album; having proved how good they can be in the studio it seems (admittedly with the advantage of hindsight) a logical move to show just how well they can performed on stage.

And when they're hot you need to approach them wearing protective clothing.

Besides the quality of this set being of an exceptionally high standard it also exudes the atmosphere of a concert: Hamish Stuart's vocal on "Cloudy". for instance, is greeted delightedly by the audience; and later with "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" the crowd roar out the words on the long, closing, accapella section of the song.

In short, the albums are smouldering with the excited heat of the venues and dripping sweat all over the turntable.

And from the band comes a relentless surge of energy, magnificent musicianship and continuous improvisationary inspiration.

Inevitably their own Standards, such as the title track, "If I Ever Lose This Heaven", "TLC" and "Pick Up The Pieces" are considerably longer than the studio versions, with the later clocking in at slightly over 18 minutes.

But "Pieces" in itself has always opened up in this way on stage, allowing the Dundee Horns — Roger Ball, alto; Molly Duncan, tenor — to solo extensively, and then step aside for every other group member to come up front and challenge the previous soloist. Instrumentally this track can't be surpassed.

The set is not without its faults, few though they are.

Occasionally the brass is blandly arranged and boringly repetitive on numbers such as "Cut The Cake", and although Stuart and Alan Gorrie sing admirably throughout, there is sometimes a loss of theatre mike contact which dilutes their vocal strength, as on "School Boy Crush".

"Grapevine" isn't their finest reading either; the vague instrumental introduction meanders too much and once they're into the main melody they never allow themselves time to build on it, handing it over to the audience too early.

The set was recorded in four American venues, including Philadelphia's Tower Theatre where Bowie recorded his live double, but unfortunately no dates are listed on the sleeve.

Because of the repertoire it's likely that it was made either just before they came to Britain in June, or shortly afterwards.

Bearing that in mind, it seems to signify that as a performing band AWB are far from being over the hill.

Tony Stewart

NOEL REDDING BAND
Blowin' (RCA)

IN THEORY a band based on Jimi Hendrix' old bass player and Thin Lizzy's first, long-serving guitarist should be pretty fierce.

On the other hand, nobody who remembers Fat Mattress would deem a Noel Redding album worth more than a passing listen.

The truth lies somewhere in between, but nearer the second option.

Redding quit the Experience in 1969, sick of coming to recording sessions and finding them packed with people he didn't know, and not a musician in sight. He soon vanished.

He resurfaced early in '76 with an album called "Clonakilty Cowboys", named after the farm in Eire where he assembled his band: an old acquaintance called David Clarke, singer-pianist-songwriter; Lizzy's fiery ex-guitarist Eric Bell; drummer L. T. Sampson, and Redding on bass, vocals and songwriting. The music was unambitious melodic rock.

Redding did some interviews, routine come-back stuff. He turned out to be a likeable casualty, at ease with his situation, no great desire for success beyond a stage to play on.

His major lesson from the Hendrix debacle and the years of squalid litigation after Jimi's death, he told me, was; "Trust nobody".

For "Blowin'," actually released before Christmas interposed its hoary head into our schedules, they've added one Andy Kealey on vocals, though Clarke and Redding both still sing leads. This is puzzling, because there's no great change in the singing: light harmonies, gently broken leads.

There's not much to say about "Blowin' " really. Bell plays neat, laidback, like Les Sampson and Redding. They sing about "Southern Cal-if-orn-eye-ay". They wrote it all themselves. 'Sokay.

"You Make Me Feel So Good" is like "1983" with a kindergarten chant on top.

It sounds like they don't care whether anyone buys it. Good for them.

Phil McNeill

PLAT

CHRIS STAINTON/ GLEN TURNER
Tundra (Decca)

ALTHOUGH THIS IS certainly one of the oddest musical collaborations you're likely to encounter, the album, alas, is probably one of the most mundane you're likely to hear.

For a start Stainton and Turner aren't really musically compatible and they haven't even got their prerogatives right.

Chris, for instance, is a musician of extraordinary talent who established his reputation as Cocker's musical director, but on "Tundra" his abilities are wasted. Reduced to the role of side-kick accompanist he's unable to submit anything substantial to the set.

Whereas the singing, songwriting, guitar-playing Chris Turner is the heavier partner, he is comparatively the lesser talent.

As a vocalist he's technically good, but lacks warmth on most of the material that he composed himself and which is at best average. And the inclusion of such a fine song as George Harrison's "I Want To Tell You" (from The Beatles "Revolver") only serves to emphasise his shortcomings.

Nor is he a hot-shot guitarist.

You'd assume that Turner, though, would be better suited working with a larger unit than the four piece here, which is completed by bassist Charlie Harrison and drummer Henry Spinetti.

Many of the tracks would have benefitted from a fuller sound, particularly "Say You Don't Want It", where a brass section would have fitted in well.

Turner, however, can't stand alone as the sole creator of this tedious rock album, because Stainton, although his contribution might be small, still produces one song on his own, called "Dancers Dilemma", which is little more than an instrumental boogie take-off from the Elmore James catalogue.

Finally, it should be noted that this album was recorded three years ago in Nashville and has only just been released; maybe they should have kept it to themselves even longer — like permanently.

Tony Stewart

JOHN ABERCROMBIE RALPH TOWNER
Sargasso Sea (ECM)

THESE TWO guitarists are among America's finest. Their respective styles are a near-perfect Yin and Yang pairing.

All the more mysterious then that "Sargasso Sea" hits precious few highs.

Abercrombie played in Billy Cobham's Dreams before in 1972 joining Friends, a short-lived but extra-hot little electric combo that gave fusion music a heavier shot of adrenalin than all the Herbie Hancocks, Chick Coreas and Stanley Clarkes of this world are ever likely to administer unto it.

Since when Abercrombie's made two moderately excellent albums of his own in "Timeless" and "Getaway", as well as appearing on others too numerous to mention.

Towner divides his playing time between Oregon, an almost unique quartet who specialise in (very approximately) Indian/folk/chamber jazz, and diverse projects like this for the ECM label. Maybe you're familiar with guest appearance on Weather Report's "I Sing The Body Electric".

So why doesn't "Sargasso Sea" deliver?

Put it all down to a piece entitled "Elbow Room", which is so unconditionally amazing that the rest are but filigree and fancy beside it.

"Elbow Room" is Abercrombie and Towner at their mutual best. Towner plays 12-string acoustic. He flecks out sharp, bell-resonant chords as Abercrombie — well, God knows what he does, but it's very special.

He plays yowling electric phrases, most of them harmonically based and laced with a very clean echo effect. For openers anyway — suddenly he cuts juddering chords that (if he'd got them together four years ago) would have forced John McLaughlin out of business.

They're so venomously *pure*, and the tension between acoustic and electric tones never lets up.

Otherwise it's all very pretty, but these are probably tricks Abercrombie and Towner could pull off in deep sleep — and with a minimum of effort.

"Fable" has more more lustrous 12-string from Towner and ambles pleasantly if aimlessly. "Staircase" is a bewildering flux of spiral trellis work and "Avenue" a vaguely tongue-in-cheeky flamenco-classical runoff.

"Parosol" sees Abercrombie lapsing into lazy waltz and swing-time themes, something he's prone to if left to his own devices for too long.

Only the title piece makes much of an impression after exposure to "Elbow Room".

Towner slashes wilfully about in freeform and Abercrombie compliments with throbbing electric chords and (yes) frantic underwater scribblings.

By most standards "Sargasso Sea" would represent something of A Major Achievement. But coming from these boys, it's a little too offhand for its own good. Ah well, maybe some other time.

Angus MacKinnon

THE G-BAND
Paris Match (CBS)

HEY! CRANK up the treble and the volume, here come the Glitter Band with their same old song, as Gerry Shepherd once put it.

Except . . . this isn't the same old Glitter Band song done twelve times.

And except . . . whereas Shepherd was attempting at the time to illustrate to me the G-Band's progress from those one-dimensional times, it was that very quality — among others — which made them so great for me.

This time last year I liked the Glitter Band, having been sufficiently impressed by their late '75 "Listen To The Band" album to seek out "Rock And

TERS

Roll Dudes". By March, I was infatuated.

They were beautiful, plagiaristic trash tunesmiths whose songs and performance captured the warmth of familiarity, the obsessive private world aura of an utterly unique sound, and the idealism of romance.

Only superficially lowest common denominator pop can achieve that kind of very human perfection, and only T. Rex have caught anything like the same essence in the past few years.

But . . . the idiots wanted to "progress", and, while "Paris Match" has garnered one or two critical plaudits, it's sad.

After countless listenings I'm now sufficiently immersed in it to tolerate it, but basically it's a turkey.

Limp pop-funk with a couple of awful lapses from the bland-out tastefulness they've adopted and a few nice melodies . . .

You'd probably be pleasantly surprised. "Didn't know the Glitter Band were actually quite good . . ."

They used to be bloody miraculous. **Phil McNeill**

STEPHEN BISHOP
Careless (ABC)

STEPHEN BISHOP is yet another talented musician, singer, tunesmith, etc. from the West Coast, and he achieved a sort of recognition last year when Art Garfunkel included two of his songs on his "Breakaway" album.

It was Art, as all good record biz fables go, who then persuaded a label into signing up his protege.

The admiration he feels for Bishop is shared by an assortment of other musical charaters, among them Andrew Gold, The Crusaders' Larry Carlton, Rufus's Chaka Khan, and Eric Clapton.

And all these, along with the heavy LA sessioneers, drummer Jim Gordon, keyboard player Larry Knechtel and so on — join Mr Bishop for this, his debut solo album.

They play only cameo parts musically, except for Chaka Khan who handles the lead vocal on one verse of "Little Italy".

Gold and Clapton, undeniably admirable players, are tucked away into the corner of a couple of cuts, and Clapton's only solo, on "Save It For A Rainy Day", is brief: barely five seconds long.

The album, however, is still quite an achievement, and the credit must go to Bishop who wrote all the songs, sings 'em, plays acoustic guitar, and even picks up a trombone for one track.

His style is mellow, careful, and his songs invariably about romance, with the kind of lyrics that tug gently at the old heart strings, but otherwise are unexceptional. Lyrically he doesn't have a lot to say.

It's not really difficult to discover why Art Garf believes him to be so talented, because Bishop is a member of the stylistic school which includes such persons as Paul Simon.

And his voice and melodies (particularly with "Rock And Roll Slave") sound so much like Simon that the similarity is uncanny; likewise he has an expansive vocal range.

With an artist's debut album it's inevitable that he should be compared to established performers, and although this set might not be unique in sound or great in quality it's still good.

The music is relaxed, casual, and sensitive, and despite the odd rush of adrenalin for a song like "Sinking In An Ocean Of Tears", it's definitely only to be played after midnight. **Tony Stewart**

LASSE JOHANSSON & CLAES PALMKVIST
Ragtime Guitar Duets (Kicking Mule)

WHILE IT was interesting to observe the ragtime phenomenon caused by Joshua Rifkin and his soundtrack for "The Sting", Rifkin's own piano concerts were often more than somewhat sterile and tedious.

Happily, it's not the same when the rags are played on guitar, and especially when they're played on two guitars.

The somewhat wooden rhythms created by Rifkin disappear, and, as Stefan Grossman says (Kicking Mule is his record label), the concentration seems to be on the swing rather than the arrangement.

Inevitably, most of the tracks were written by Scott Joplin, and as a result seem more accessible due to their greater familiarity.

However a couple of the others, "Dill Pickles Rag" by Charles Johnson and "Something Doing", a collaboration between Joplin and Scott Hayden, have their own charm, probably because they don't seem to be slight variations on "The Entertainer" or "Maple Leaf Rag" (both of which are included).

While it would be absurd to recommend this album to those with little interest in the guitar, the academic approach often demonstrated on such ethnic type records is happily absent here; serious students, however, will be pleased by the enclosed 16-page booklet with sheet music of the two guitar parts.

John Tobler

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Wizard's Convention (RCA)

THESE GUYS are wizards in the same way that Tommy Cooper is a magician.

The difference is that he fluffs his tricks on purpose, and they're nowhere near as entertaining.

This is basically a Hardin and York album tarted up. Hardin and York were a rock duo who had a few albums out about five years ago and enjoyed little success.

Hardin warbled over a variety of keyboards and York drummed. Both were survivors of the Spencer Davies Group — Hardin the replacement for Stevie Winwood and York the original drummer.

On this latest outing, they've decided to leaven the mix by recruiting a clutch of stars (none of them quite super) to perform Hardin's songs.

The snag is that most of the singers sound not unlike Hardin himself — David Coverdale, Glen Hughes, Ray Fenwick, Tony Ashton, all with heavily "black" vocal styles.

Only the lacklustre Smith and D'Abo make for much of a change, though Jimmy Helms (the man who does Tom Jones impressions on cornflake ads) performs better than the rest combined.

As for the instrumental work, it plods more than somewhat. The likes of Jon Lord sound as though they'd be happier on their own albums.

The songs, which range from rock heavies to ponderous soul, are vague musings on the lot of the musician — a lot which is not likely to improve on this showing.

Bob Edmands

The Last Tycoon

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
"Phil Spector Wall of Sound Vol. Six, Rare Masters No. 2" (Phil Spector Int.)

"AMERICA'S FIRST teenage tycoon, a business genius, a musical genius — and it is as if he were still on the corner on Hoffman Street in the Bronx when the kids come by in hideous fraternity . . ." (Tom Wolfe on Spector, "The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby).

THE MASTER'S still out there somewhere with his neurosis, his genius and his stack of unreleased tapes, which are gradually filtering through to public scrutiny. The release of this collection of obscure Spector gems, ten of the 14 cuts seeing the light of day for first time *ever* follows so hard on the heels of the magnificent "Phil Spector's Twenty Greatest Hits" that you can't help but marvel at the fact that so many of the well-kept-secrets that Spector has had collecting dust in his basement are of the same standard as his finest work.

For example, the four cuts from The Ronettes, a brace opening up each side of the album, have never been issued before, although the Spector-/Greenwich/Barry penned "I Wish I Never Saw The Sunshine" was re-recorded with a Stan Vincent production and released on the Buddah label after Phil and Ronnie Spector had split up.

The cut has always been Ronnie's favourite Ronettes song, but she was never able to persuade crazy Phil to release the original version.

Until now. Ronnie exerts a control over her vocals that can only have been surpassed by Aretha Franklin on a superb Teen Dream USA song, which has a deceptively slow start building up to a drum / guitar / piano / string / tambourine tidal wave backing. We can now appreciate that she hadn't overrated the cut at all.

It's preceded by the album's opening track, "Everything Under The Sun", with the hookline chanted by the familiar and much loved New Yawk City girlie back up vocals; classic lyrics about a girl at a Coke 'n' popcorn party who is watching the attempts of some brazen hussy to steal her Billy-/Jimmy/Johnny away from her. It's my party and I'll pull if I want to? Sad-eyed sweet lil sixteen . . . *"Think you're gonna take his love away from me?/Just because you dance the way you do?/But don't you see he hasn't even looked your way?/So you can try until the night is thru/But, baybee, he ain't going home with you . . ."*

The remaining Ronettes cut is "Here I Sit" written by Spector and Harry Nilsson, and the chorus is superb with the back up vocalists chanting *"Keep on running/Won't you run-run girl . . ."* as Ronnie herself simply howls like the ghost electricity in the bones of your face.

The album, however, does have its weak spots — The Treasures version of the Lennon/McCartney song "Hold Me Tight," for example, and also the two cuts on the album that were not produced by The Man, but by well-known long-haired Leon Russell.

In fairness to Russell it should be pointed out that the weakness of these two tracks lies in the fact that both of the songs are old and worn and should have been dropped in favour of more Spector-penned material.

Even the raunchy vocal of Betty Willis can't save this version of "If I Had A Hammer" from mediocrity, while the other Russell production is another cut once recorded by the Fab Four, "Act Naturally." Once again, poor Betty is meant to drag it back from the waters of oblivion, and the task proves beyond her.

So back to the good stuff: "This Could Be The Night" by the (uh-hum) Modern Folk Quartet is reportedly one of Brian Wilson's all-time Spector favourites and I can well believe it; the song has tight back-up surfs-up harmonies, drums, bells, percussion, etcetera sound and lyrics about the promise of the night. I'd bet Wilson used this cut as his major influence on "Help Me Rhonda."

Bob B. Soxx and The Blue Jeans have got a couple of tracks which reveal (he said studiously) how Spector was always prepared to use the scraps of previous work to build them into something new, stylish and powerful. The F. Scott Fitzgerald of pop-rock? But of course!

"But You Don't Love Me" is a synthesis of pop/blues/gospel that first saw the light of day as a backing track on the "Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah" album. Here it is speeded up and given a new vocal. "The Walk", the other cut from BBS and TBJ, is a very short, pretty much standard early '60s dance craze song . . . everybody's doing the (pick one from a hundred). It first appeared as an instrumental on the B side of The Crystals' fourth hit "He's Sure The Boy I Love."

That leaves the four contributions of Darlene Love, all superb and amongst my favourite moments on the album.

"Playing For Keeps" has a slow, sultry vocal about a girl who runaround and her fun but now-ahhh, you guessed — she's found that special guy and she's playing for keeps . . . with her horny coyness (copyright Monroe early 50's) Darlene makes all those Heavy Breathing Disco Fodder ladies look like girl guides . . .

"Take It From Me" is the bluesy warning about the local vamp to Billy/Jimmy/Johnny that was the C-side of Darlene's first and classic record "Wait Till My Bobby Gets Home"; "A Long Way To Be Happy" is a glorious uptempo celebration of bittersweet lost love penned by Goffin and King that is *remarkably* like the song "It's Going To Take Some Time" that appears on Carole King's "Music" album, even here it is speeded up and complemented by Special Wall of Sound Ingredient.

Hell, all this further reinforces the theory that the stuff that Spector has gathering dust in his wardrobe is superior to even the best work of major contemporary artists.

And then there's the last cut on the album which verges on the awe-inspiring . . . the *verrrrrry* great "Johnny (Babee Please Come Home)".

The song is a classic, written by the (Holy) Trinity of Spector/Greenwich/Barry, a faultless ten-out-of-ten Spector Wall Of Sound production with Darlene singing an angel, Russell playing beautiful piano, and superb arrangement by Jack Nitzsche. It's a superior rewrite of the previously released "Christmas (Baybee Please Come Home)" that appeared on the legendary "Phil Spector Christmas Album" and I wouldn't be sticking my neck out if I said that it's one of the best things that Spector's *ever* done. Even with its flaws, this is a brilliantly compiled album, a worthy monument to Spector's genius.

And if you think that The Man can't cut it anymore then just wait until you hear the soon-to-be-released "Lord If You're A Woman" by Darlene Love . . .

Tony Parsons

Spector (above) pockets his shades, while The Ronettes show a leg.

A suitable case for vilification?

(Yes, but I like it . . .)

JOHN MILES
Stranger In The City (Decca)

IT'S HARD to finger exactly why, but from a certain viewpoint there is probably no-one more repulsive in rock music today than John Miles.

It's not just the fatuous James Dean masquerade that hangs like a decomposed albatross round his neck; it's not just his silver spoon connections (a Mike Mansfield regular, support act to Queen and Robin Trower here, Tull in Europe and Elton in the States); it's not just the way he straddles markets, playing rock for the Pop Club consumers; it's not just the way his apparently genuine Artistic Integrity grates with the high-power "guidance" of his manager, Cliff Cooper; it's not his use of an obvious flair for riffs and melodies and neat guitar to construct melodramatic slush like "Music" . . .

It's all these things and more, his goody-goody artlessness at the centre of a soulless commercial machine, his blind-eye compliance in the generating of a mini John Miles industry . . .

A suitable case for vilification.

Yes I blush to say it, but . . .

How the hell can I justify it? Lyrically we're asphyxiating in Cliche City — *Concrete jungle all round, can't hear the birds and bees, I've walked for miles I can't believe what's happened to the trees . . . Time is on your side . . . Set me free . . .*

Musically it's much better, but still pretty trite. He's awfully melodramtic, whether it's ballads or rockers — but at least there's commitment there, however simplistic.

Yet John Miles is resolutely his own man — man being the operative word, because, despite his appeal for Princess Margaret, his MOR inclinations are balanced by a basis of Geordie honesty which, for all the lyrical humbug, expresses itself through the essential starkness of the music.

Pic: STEVE EMBERTON

Rupert Holmes may — like his predecessor at the console, Alan Parsons — adorn it with strings, but at heart there's always just Miles, bassist Bob Marshall, drummer Barry Black and keyboardsman Gary Moberley, and they specialise in a very masculine sort of economy, its epitome the way Miles carves his clean, systematic solos across skeletal riffs.

"Slow Down" is fast funk with an excellent mouthbag solo; "Manhattan Skyline" is Philly-tinged; "Glamour Boy" sounds a little Hall & Oates influenced; "Do It Anyway" is jocular rock with attractive glassfinger guitar; and there's two each of Miles' characteristic riff-rock and ballads, the latter eminently dispensable.

Nothing astounding but I can happily listen to it all.

Phil McNeill

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DON GIBSON
Four Sides Of . . . (DJM)

AFTER I waxed enthusiastic about a new Don Gibson album only a few weeks ago, this is something of a bring-down. A double album, it has a "theme" to each side, only one of which is convincing.

The point about Don Gibson is that he is not the greatest re-interpreter of songs. Thus, only three tracks on the "Don Sings Hank Williams" side work at all — "Kaw Liga", "I Heard That Lonesome Whistle Blow" and "Take These Chains From My Heart".

"Don Sings The Hits" is instant dross; the songs are hackneyed, and the backings pitifully sleepy.

"Two's Company — Don Sings With Sue Thompson" isn't much better. The occasional Minnie Mouse quality of Ms. Thompson's voice is annoying, detracting from Don's highly recognisable tones, and the worthwhile tracks are those which Tony Byworth's sleeve notes inform us were country hits, "Good Old Fashioned Country Love" and "Cause I Love You".

It's only on the "Don Sings Don Gibson" side that the man approaches his own usual standards. A couple of remakes of his own oldies, "Sweet Dreams" and "Give Myself A Party", are as good as they always were, while "Don't Take All Your Loving" and "Guess Away The Blues" are most acceptable.

Gibson is best singing his own material, and the fact that he's written only nine of the 32 cuts here says much about the album's quality, or lack of it.

John Tobler

IMPORTS

NEWS FROM the States is that Jem Records, one of the biggest US import companies, have formed their own label, Import, on which they will re-release previously hard-to-come-by material.

Already, six Import releases are available in the States — these being **"Mainhorrse"** (Imp 1001), **Ron Geesin and Roger Waters'** "Music From 'The Body' " (1002), **"Tomorrow"** (1003), **Nieman's** "Mourner's Rhapsody" (1004), **Acqua Fragile's** "Mass Media Stars" (1005) and **"Morgan"** (1006) — and some of these are filtering through to British dealers already, even though Jem state that they do not possess export rights for the discs and cannot sell direct to anyone outside the States.

The "Tomorrow" album is reasonably interesting in that it's reissued in its original sleeve and includes "Except From 'A Teenage Opera' ", which was omitted on the recent EMI re-issue.

"Music From 'The Body' " is of no interest at all to British buyers because it's still in the catalogue here, but the "Mainhorse" elpee, which once appeared on the now defunct Mooncrest label, should interest Patrick Moraz freaks who failed to latch on to their hero's pyrotechnics back in '71. Moraz — need I tell you? — played keyboards for the band.

"Morgan" was a 1972 outfit formed by keyboardman Morgan Fisher and drummer Maurice Bacon, who'd both been together in Love Affair, Fisher going onto to hopalongaHoople — the main reason why some folks may care to latch onto this Import item now.

"Mourner's Rhapsody", needs little explanation. It's the album that Polish jazz-rock star Nieman cut in the States sometime during '74, along with a line-up that included John Abercrombie, Michael Urbaniak, Jan Hammer and Rick Laird, and obviously with that kind of personnel listing it was worth someone picking up for re-release.

Okay — but why should anyone this side of the leaning tower be interested in Italian band Acqua Fragile you ask? Good question — Jem's answer being that (a) Acqua were a fine band, and (b) their vocalist was Bernado Lanzetti, who's since achieved a modicum of fame with PFM.

Two worthwhile folk items, emanating from Eire, are **Mick Hanley's** "A Kiss In The Morning Early" and **Andy Irvine and Paul Brady's** self-titled album, both of which are available on the Bothy Band's own Mulligan label.

I guess that the elpee by the ex-Planxty duo will shake most action in the import racks but the release by guitarist-vocalist Hanley should rate fairly high in the check-out stakes as it includes contributions by most of the Bothies.

However, the most heavily played disc of the week on my own string-driven windupagraph, has definitely been **Tom Pacheco's** "The Outsider" (RCA), a superb country-rock affair by a guy who looks as if he's due to flee the scene with the aid of lead in the next Wayne movie (if he ever makes another).

Voicewise, Pacheco will never make it into the local choir. His larynx sounds as shot as a old-time Laramie sheriff, he probably hits the spittoon more accuratley than he hits notes — but his lyrics are grade A and then some. And he has people like Red Rhodes, Doug Kershaw, Doug Dillard and John Hartford around to ensure that whatever's goin' on behind, fits just right.

Do yourself a favour and check out "Texas Red", Pachero's "Big Bad John" — like version of "J.C. Superstar", and see if that'll hook ya.

And if you're still in doubt — which you shouldn't be — move on to "Birdseye Heaven", on which the Man In Black explains — *"I was doin' time in prison on an alimony rap. I volunteered to join in a new experiment they had. They'd put me in a deep freeze for hundred years of time. And I'd wake up in the future and not owe my wife a dime."*

Tomita's once more into his classical re-treads, this time synthesisin' his way heavenward through Holst's "Planets" (RCA), while **Paul Simon** turns up in a very odd place, aboard "NBC's Saturday Night Live" (Arista), guesting alongside people like Lily Tomlin.

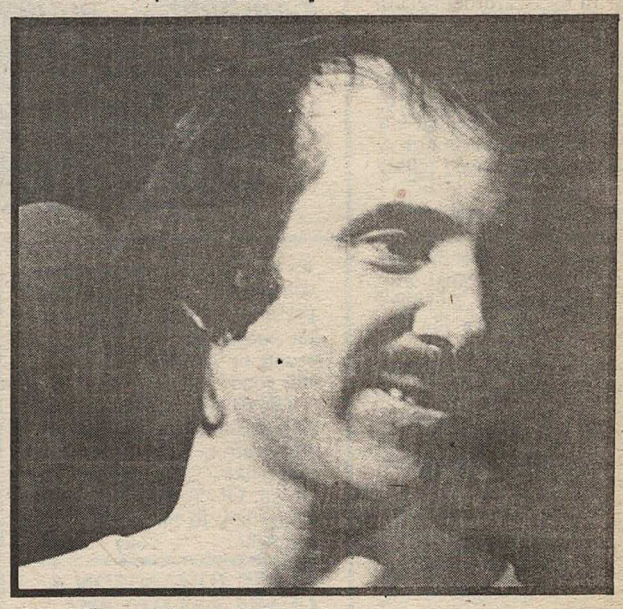
Esther Phillips once more dips into her nostalgiadrome for "Capricorn Princess" (Kudu), resurrecting "Candy", "Dream" and "A Beautiful Friendship", all songs from way back before when, adding Janis Ian's "Boy I Really Tied One On", to keep faith with the '70s.

Capitol, shattered by the fact that **Lou Rawls** has jerked into a hit-picking mood since he left the label, have decided to honour his success with the customary "Best Of . . . ".

"Kid Dynamite" (Cream) features **Steve Miller's** back-up unit, and I guess it's worth mentioning that **McCoy Tyner's** "Focal Point" (Milestone) features "Theme For Nana", a track dedicated to the memory of Tyner's mother-in-law.

All of which leaves me with just one question unanswered . . . just when *is* that new **Ramones** album gonna arrive from the airport?

Fred Dellar



Paul Simon, who can be located on a new Arista import album, "NBC's Saturday Night Live"

ON THE TOWN

Genesis

RAINBOW

AND SO, A LITTLE after eight on New Year's Day 1977, Genesis took the stage at the revibed Rainbow to tumultuous applause from the predominantly male audience.

Playing London — especially the re-opening of the Rainbow — at the beginning of a tour with a new drummer is a brave move. And while Chester Thompson, late of Frank Zappa's band, lacked the invention and overall pizazz of his predecessor Bill Bruford, he didn't do a bad job.

Thompson's performance was curious, more than anything else. Occasionally he'd demonstrate real power and flair, but mostly he seemed content to keep his head above water and nothing else. Still, the guy has plenty of time to improve, and simply learning those songs can't be like taking the proverbial candies from a baby's hand.

As yet, he's incapable of giving the band the lift Phil Collins immediately does when he sits down behind his kit. As always Collins' playing was excellent, particularly in the group's closing number, a medley of "Dance On A Volcano" and "Los Endos."

As a frontman, Collins has cut down on the rumbustious fooling that looked likely to send him to an early grave on the last Genesis tour. He's now less energetic, does far less miming, though still tells the odd funny story, funny in spite of the corn, and dons cap and jacket for the petty tealeaf who is the central character of "Robbery Assault And Battery", the first number in Saturday's set where Genesis Really Got In On.

On Saturday the two-hour set sagged midway, basically because of either the weakness or unfamiliarity of the new tunes, "One For The Vine" and "All In A Mouse's Night", which came across as music by numbers, fragmented and uninspired. The two other cuts they did from the new "Wind And Wuthering" album, the set opener "Eleventh Earl Of Mar" with its memorable synthesizer line, Mike Rutherford's engaging love song "Your Own Special Way", were fine.

From "Supper's Ready" onwards it was all pretty glorious stuff, the band counterpointing the heaviness of that song by following it up with the boisterous "(I Know What I Like) In My Wardrobe", closing the set with the "Volcano" and "Los Endos" medly and returning for an encore of the title track of "The Lamb Lies Down". A wholly satisfying 45 minutes or so.

Visually, Genesis have ditched the back projections, a pity since they added a lot to the songs. While Collins copes remarkably well as a vocalist, given his limitations, it's very seldom you can hear what he's singing about. Before, the visuals compensated. Now Genesis live are pretty much a sensual experience (and I use the word without any of its sexual connotations).

The lighting was excellent, particularly the white downward pointing vertical lights. The lasers weren't working at anything like full power, but high marks for effort and for attempting to do something creative with 'em.

Ultimately Genesis came across as a band still very much in love with the creative process, remarkably unjaded and devoid of the excesses that often ruin this type of rock. And still evolving.

Steve Clarke

Pic: DENNIS MORRIS

GIANTS STEP INTO '77

STEVE CLARKE clocks the big shot as GENESIS reopen the Rainbow — that's Phil Collins, the fastest tambourine player in Finsbury Park, above — and ROD STEWART brings down the sacred flame from Olympia — that looks like him below. Look hard . . .

Rod Stewart

OLYMPIA

THE KIDS ARE out in force tonight. Most of them are under 16. A lot of them wear tartan caps and scarves. Several of them have straw boaters on their heads.

My, they're in fine voice. Hark at them sing those songs, not just the obvious singalongaRod numbers, like "Sailing" and "Maggie May". They're also word perfect on "Tonight's The Night", "Georgie" and Danny Whitten's beautiful tearjerker, "I Don't Want To Talk About It". And very moving it is too to hear eight thousand odd voices on a sad song like that.

To think there was all that nonsense about Stewart losing contact with his audience. Certainly his audience has changed. It's grown, and now encompasses younger and older elements, as well as the older teenagers and under-25s who were first hip to the Stewart trip. To them, it doesn't make no difference where the hell he lives and who his girlfriend is, so long as he can project the Stewart ambience and sing a song right. It doesn't matter what he wears, because tonight Rod Stewart is looking absurd, clad in a loose fitting costume resembling that of some over-wealthy, eccentric Arabian horseman.

Arabian Knight or not, there is no denying the Man Of The People persona which Stewart exudes. All right, so he overdid it with the pre-gig tapes of the "Z Cars" and "Match Of The Day" themes, but he connects, he communicates and sings with feeling, particularly on the slow songs and the Motown songs. When a song happens to be both, as on "This Old Heart Of Mine", it's magic, even if the mostly brilliant Carmine Appice can't lay back quite enough to reproduce that inimitable Al Jackson groove.

That other Motown chestnut, "(I Know) I'm Losing You", comes replete with Appice's Truly Magnificent Drum Solo. Somebody told me that on the previous night Appice's solo went down so well that his boss had to nudge the drummer back to his rostrum after the applause had gone on a little too long. The new version has the polish The Faces could never muster live, and from the moment Gary Grainger's guitar cuts loose on the intro with those fiery chords, you know the Stewart band are about to cash their collective cheque.

The band are excellent. Always. Particularly Billy Peek and his insane Berrychord workouts, like on "Sweet Little Rock'n'Roller" and "Get Back" (far superior to the sterile studio version), where it seems as if musically things can go on as long as it's a good idea for them to. Slick, they may be, but spontaneity isn't a word they've forgotten.

All right, I've just remembered. They fluffed "You Wear It Well", the second number in, but then things did get off to a shaky start, Stewart as off-key as it gets. But by the time they hit "Sweet Little Rock'n'Roller" everything was on the boil.

They managed the segue from the A-side to the B-side of "Georgie" with considerable aplomb. No mean feat. And because of their considerable musical prowess they delivered a version of "Maggie May" that didn't even totter on the sloppy, craftily turning the thing into a reggae workout on one of the choruses. "Angel" was conspicuous by its absence and the encore of "Stay With Me" was, along with "You Wear It Well", "Maggie May" and "Losing You", the only number retained from the Faces' live reportoire.

It's interesting to note that the numbers which were the most ecstatically received were songs from "Tonight's The Night" and "Atlantic Crossing", the two most recent Stewart albums.

The last time Olympia was used for a rock concert (at last year's dire British Music Festival) the sound was appalling. For the Stewart gig, it was excellent and even before the singer took the boards, the exhibition hall had lost its "coldness".

So Rod Stewart's evolution into a solo performer is a successful one, despite the crass posturing. But more than once I found myself thinking Where The Hell Is Woody?

Steve Clarke

Tiger

SHEFFIELD

THE WAY I see it, it's a Catch-22 situation. A city starved of live club-size venues produces people whose musical tastes are defined solely by the records they buy and the few concerts they see by "name" bands at the local City Hall. Since they rarely have an over-abundance of money, the records they buy tend to be tried and trusted. The "I know what I like, and I like what I know" syndrome.

Hence, when the Top Rank decides to start what it calls a "Progressive Rock" night, it has to take into account the musical taste of its clientele, which appears to run from Quo to Zep and back again. Save for the occasional adventurous (and usually badly-received) gig by such as Krakatoa, Roogalator, Graham Parker and City Boy, the musical diet remains one of dry predictability: sloppy, second-rate HM riff-merchants, junior guitar-heroes and Zep imitators galore.

And I'd imagine the same story could be told for a large number of provincial clubs.

So, if you were a guitarist of Big Jim Sullivan's ability/reputation (and make no mistake, his ability easily justifies his reputation, despite his tendency to make forays into Alvin Lee Territory), what would *you* do if you wanted to form a band and take it round the clubs? To maximise your chances of commercial acceptance, you'd make it heavy, focus as much attention as possible on your guitar, and throw in a few fancy quieter bits to attract the Yes fans. Tiger *could* be quite big. Except....

Except that (1) they're plagued by gremlins which cause the power to cut off twice in the first two numbers, and a P.A. which distorts certain sections of the vocals to the point of being downright unpleasant; (2) their material is, to put it mildly, weak, with a penchant for long, slow, doom-laden build-ups (to the inevitable Sullivan-solo climax).

And finally, (3) the handful of people hardly constitutes an audience as such — "Well, I never 'eard of 'em, so I'm not gonna see 'em." Which just about brings me full circle again.

Andy Gill

LIVE PAGE

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Scarlet Strange & D.J. Dec

Tuesday January 11th (Adm. 85p)
BERT JANSCH
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday January 8th (Adm. 70p)
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Meridian & D.J. Dec

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Wednesday January 12th
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Enquiries to the Jazz Centre Society,
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Friday January 7th Free
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TOPAZ
Sunday January 9th 50p
BUSHWACKERS
Wednesday January 12th Free
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Thursday January 13th 60p
JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS
Friday January 14th 50p
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Saturday January 8th £1.00
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Sunday January 9th 60p
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SPEAKEASY

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Thursday, January 6th
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Friday, January 7th
KOSSAGA
Saturday, January 8th
GUEST BAND
Monday, January 10th
THE COOL NOTES
Tuesday, January 11th
REGGIE and FRIENDS
Wednesday, January 12th
DODGERS
Thursday, January 13th
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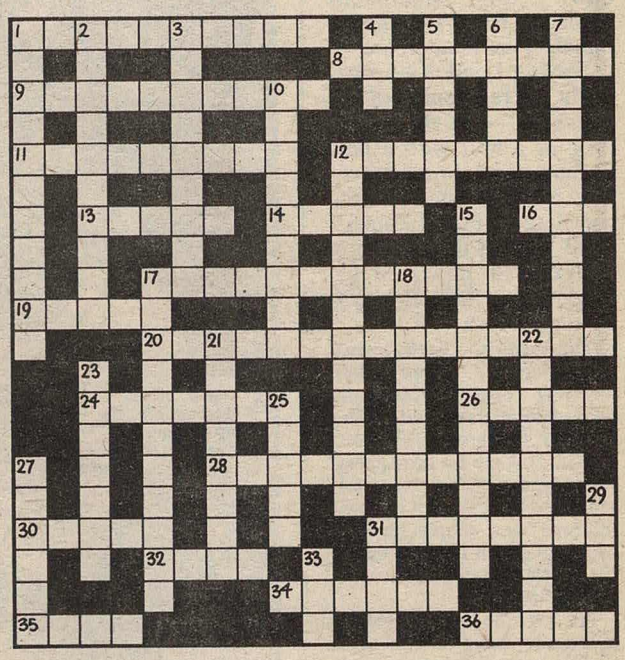


ACROSS

1 He was founder-bassist with The Rolling Stones before going on to form The Pretty Things with Phil May (4,6)

8 One of the founders (and survivors) of Fleetwood Mac (4,5)

9 Aussie lyricist and . . . ahem . . . critic (5,5)

11 Mr Tina (3,6)

12 Made solo debut with "Legalize It" last year (5,4)

13 & 29 How they've faded now, the stars of "Woodstock"

14 See 4 down

16 & 26 Detroit-born singer/guitarist

17 Lincolnshire lyricist, and best-selling author to . . . ahem . . . boot (6,6)

19 Comprised Gallagher, McCracken, Wilson

20 Miracles' classic, a US hit in '65 and in UK on reissue four years later (6,2,2,5)

24 "Night Of Fear" was just one of the hits he wrote for The Move (3,4)

26 See 16

28 Written by Jackson B, a hit for the Jackson 5 (6,2,4)

30 The L in WB&L

31 Original recorder of songs like "Wonderful World" and "Only Sixteen" (3,5)

32 His other half is (the gallant?) Oates

34 See 23

35 Ms James

36 Chinn-Chapman Svengalied their early career via a string of bubblegum hits

DOWN

1 Allmans' guitarist — if we can be so familiar (6,5)

2 Former chief executive at CBS, now mainman at Arista (5,5)

3 One Big One. Correction: One Little One (2,7)

4 & 14 "Down In The Boondocks" and "Hush" (for Billy Joe Royal) were among his hit compositions

5 & 31 down A hit for . . . gulp . . . John Denver

6 Roger/ . . . . . /Joplin

7 Songwriting partner of Jerry Leiber

10 Succeeded Mick Ronson as Bowie's axeman; axed himself, he now fronts his own group (4,5)

12 Roxy drummer (4,8)

15 They made debut on the 1969 album "In Blissful Company" as a heady mixture of Notting Hill mysticism and Aussie wimp

17 The Clean Up Woman (5,6)

18 Floyd elpee

21 Boring Kraut-rockers? (4,4)

22 Mrs Ziggy (5,5)

23 & 34 "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans" and "Palisades Park" were two of his vintage hits

25 & 27 One of the pioneering pub-rock bands, they featured Martin Belmont on guitar and Sean Tyla on rhythm

27 See above

29 See 13

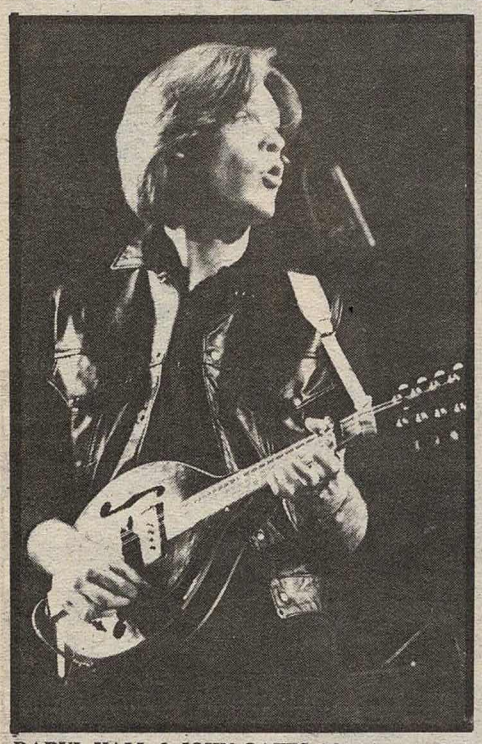
31 See 5

33 A small instrument

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW

ACROSS: 1 Ouiet Sun; 6 Bobby (Vee); 8 Olsson; 10 Ian Paice; 11 Colin; 13 Kramer; 14 (Keith) Emerson; 15 Joe (Tex); 16 "In The Summertime"; 19 Vee; 20 John Lee Hooker; 21 Ross; 23 Supremes; 27 Toys; 28 "Atom"; 30 Winter; 32 P. J. Proby; 33 Nigel (Olsson); 34 Diana (Ross); 35 Ted (Nugent); 37 Ian Stewart; 39 (Glenn) Frey; 40 "Let's Dance". **DOWN:** 1 Quicksilver; 2 Ian Matthews; 3 Trapeze; 4 Noel Edmunds; 5 Lord Sutch; 7 Billy J. (Kramer); 9 Steeleye Span; 11 Can; 12 Nugent; 17 Smokey Robinson; 18 Les; 22 "Stupidity"; 24 Mary (Wilson); 25 Sandie Shaw; 26 Johnny (Winter); 29 "Spitfire"; 30 Wynette; 31 "Teenage"; 36 Otis (Redding); 38 Tex.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE



DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES (above) open their most important British tour to date in Birmingham on Wednesday (12). This duo is undoubtedly going to prove to be a major force on the rock scene in 1977, and ticket demand has already proved so heavy that extra gigs have been added to their original itinerary. Along with Genesis (see below), this is the first major tour of the New Year.

● GLADYS KNIGHT (right) and the Pips fly into London to play three days (two performances each night) at the New Victoria on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. It's their first visit to Britain for some time — since they appeared in the film "Pipedreams" and Gladys ventured into motherhood again — and unfortunately their gigs are confined strictly to London.

● STATUS QUO headline a major one-off concert at Stafford Bingley Hall on Sunday, marking their recent success in the "Daily Mirror" Pop Club Awards Poll. And on Saturday at the same venue, again in association with the poll awards, DAVID ESSEX tops the bill supported by John Miles, The Real Thing and the Rubettes.

● ROD STEWART completes his nationwide tour with concerts in Dundee (Friday and Saturday) and Edinburgh (Monday and Tuesday).

● GENESIS branch out into the provinces, after reopening London's Rainbow Theatre on the first three days of the New Year. They're at Birmingham (Friday and Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Manchester (Monday and Tuesday).

THURSDAY

AYLESBURY Kings Head: PICKLED DILL
BELFAST Ulster Hall: RORY GALLAGHER
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: HOOKER
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP-SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Monica's Club: APPLEJACKS
BIRMINGHAM MOSELEY Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
BRISTOL Reeves Club: MUSCLES
CARLISLE Twisted Wheel: MARTIN SIMPSON
DERBY Pennine Hotel: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DERBY The Station Inn: PETE & CHRIS COE
GALASHEILS Kingsway Centre: CASPIAN
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON BARNES Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: S.A.L.T.
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: TROUPER
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE GORILLAS
LONDON Marquee Club: RACING CARS
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
LONDON PICCADILLY White Bear: JAMBALAYA
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: CLEMEN PULL
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
NORWICH Crockers Disco: THE CHANTS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SF2
PORTH Pioneer Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
POYNTON Folk Centre: UNION FOLK
STAINES Pathfinder Folk Club: BERT JANSCH
STOCKPORT Heaton Moor Rugby Club: TONY CAPSTICK
SUTTON COLDFIELD The Dog: STAGE FRIGHT
WENTWORTH Rockingham Arms: TWO BEGGARMEN
WORKINGTON Slypt Disc: BEANO

FRIDAY

BIRKENHEAD Deerstalker: PAPER LACE
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GENESIS
BIRMINGHAM Pollyanna's: SMACKEE
BIRMINGHAM Rio Grande: APPLEJACKS
BRADFORD Topic Folk Club: TONY CAPSTICK
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
BURTON 76 Club: LITTLE BOB STORY
CHELTENHAM Pavilion: RACING CARS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: ROD STEWART BAND
EXETER St Luke's College: MUSCLES
GALASHEILS Kingsway Centre: THE HEROES
GLOUCESTER Roundabout: GIGGLES
HARROW Technical College: ROOGALATOR
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Cellar Folk Club: JO-ANN KELLY
KEIGHLEY Wellington Hotel: BILL CADDICK
LONDON CALEDONIAN ROAD Prince of Wales: LIMOSINE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: ASTRA
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON Marquee Club: U-BOAT
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: TIDAL WAVE BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: VILLAGE
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: KOSSAGA
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: A.F.T.
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: BABE RUTH
NOTTINGHAM News House: PETE & CHRIS COE
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: FLYING ACES
RETFORD Porterhouse: ALKATRAZ
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: MARTIN CARTHY
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: HOOKER
STEVENAGE Chequers Inn: BOB DAVENPORT
WEYBRIDGE Brooklands Technical College: STRIDER
WORKINGTON Down Under: BEANO

SATURDAY

BATLEY Variety Club: TOMMY HUNT
BIRKENHEAD Deerstalker: PAPER LACE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's:JENNY HAAN'S LION
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GENESIS
BIRMINGHAM Pollyanna's: SMACKEE
BOLTON Institute of Technology: ALKATRAZ
BRISTOL Granary: RACING CARS
BUBWITH Cross Keys: BILL CADDICK
BURTON Paradise Room: KRAKATOA
CANVEY ISLAND Kings Country Club: BRANDY
COVENTRY Mr. George's: APPLEJACKS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
DUNDEE Caird Hall: ROD STEWART BAND
EDINBURGH Triangle Folk Club: SINGERS NIGHT
FROME Hexagon Suite: THE CHANTS
GALASHIELS Kingsway Centre: JOE'S DINER
LEICESTER Notts Imperial Club: BREAKER
LIVERPOOL Eric's Club: RACING CARS
LIVERPOOL Stadium: TRAIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SPITERI
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow:TOPAZ
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: UPROAR
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON Marquee Club: SCREAMER
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: STRUTTERS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: VILLAGE
MEXBOROUGH Jesters: FRESH AIRE/CARLO SANTANNA
NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: JERRY THE FERRET
NEWQUAY R.A.F. St. Mawgen: GIGGLES
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
NORWICH Crockers Disco: BETHNAL
NOTTINGHAM Dancing Slipper: CHRIS BARBER BAND
RETFORD Porterhouse: MUSCLES
SCUNTHORPE Priory Hotel: A.F.T.
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: DAVID ESSEX/JOHN MILES/THE REAL THING/RUBETTES
SUTTON Red Lion: BOB DAVENPORT
TAMWORTH Chequers Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
TELHAM Black Horse: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
WORKINGTON Down Under: BEANO

SUNDAY

BASILDON Double Six: JERRY THE FERRET
BASILDON Sweeney's: SOFT MACHINE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: SUPANOVA
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Castle Vale Club: APPLEJACKS
BOGNOR Bedford Hotel: BOB DAVENPORT
BRIGHTON Springfield Hotel: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BRISTOL Naval Volunteer: TRUTH
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: FRANKIE VAUGHAN
KETTERING Central Hall: A.F.T.
LEICESTER Notts Imperial Club: BREAKER
LIVERPOOL Empire: GENESIS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LINDON FULHAM Golden Lion: CAROL GRIMES & THE LONDON BOOGIE BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: HOOKER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: BUSH WACKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON Marquee Club: S.A.L.T.
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: PINK FAIRIES
NEWBRIDGE The Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
NOTTINGHAM Cotgrave Miners Welfare: BEANO
POYNTON Folk Centre: WASSAILLERS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: FLYING ACES
SOUTHPORT Blundell Arms: BILL CADDICK
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: STATUS QUO
ST. ALBAN'S Goat Inn: THREADBARE CONSORT
WALSALL Dilke Arms: STAGE FRIGHT

MONDAY

BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: STAGE FRIGHT
BOLTON Institute of Technology at the Swan: PETE QUIN
CHESTERFIELD Aquarius: TONY CAPSTICK
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot: GEORGIA PEACH
DONCASTER Outlook Club: A.F.T.
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: ROD STEWART BAND
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
HOYLAND Birdcage Ballroom: BEANO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TUSH
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
LONDON Marquee Club: MUSCLES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: SLIPKNOT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BEN
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: GENESIS
ORPINGTON Royal Oak: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
PRESTON Windsor Castle: DAVE BURLAND
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: JENNY HAAN'S LION
SWANSEA Driver and Vehicle Licensing Centre: MARTIN SIMPSON

TUESDAY

ABERDEEN Palace Ballroom: MAX MERRITT & THE METEORS
BARNSLEY Birdwell W.M.C.: BEANO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BLACKPOOL Raikes Hall Hotel: PETE QUIN
CHURCH CROOKHAM Fox & Hounds: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre: ROD STEWART BAND
FAREHAM H.M.S. Collingwood: GIGGLES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PLUMMET AIRLINES
LONDON Marquee Club: BERT JANSCH BAND
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK/CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DOWNTOWN FOR LUNCH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: A1
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: GENESIS
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY & THE YUM YUM BAND
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
YEOVIL Westlands Sports Centre: MARTIN SIMPSON

WEDNESDAY

ARUNDEL The Willows: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
BIRMINGHAM Elbow Room: MUSCLES
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: THE FIRST BAND
BRADFORD University: WARREN HARRY & THE YUM YUM BAND
BRISTOL Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Club: KENNY BALL BAND/YOUNG GENERATION
DONCASTER The Woolpack: HARLOW
DONCASTER Yarborough Social Club: BEANO
DUBLIN Stadium: RALPH McTELL
DUNFERMLINE Belleville Hotel: THE HEROES
HULL Hayworth Arms: TONY ROSE
JORDANSTOWN Polytechnic: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: VIBRATORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
LONDON Marquee Club: ROOGALATOR
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: TUSH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: SLIP KNOT
MAIDENHEAD Skindles: JUDAS PRIEST
SOUTHEND Zero Six: J.A.L.N. BAND
SWINDON The Affair: MECHANICAL HORSE-TROUGH
WREXHAM Aston College: TOBY

RESIDENCIES

BATLEY Variety Club: FANTASTICS Sunday for three nights
BEDFORD Nite Spot: GEORGIE FAME & THE BLUE FLAMES Tuesday (11) for five days
BIRMINGHAM La Dolce Vita: DRUIDS Week from Monday
DERBY Bailey's: ALVIN STARDUST Thursday for three days
HULL Bailey's: MONTANAS Thursday for three days
LEICESTER Bailey's: SHOWADDYWADDY Week from Monday
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SURPRISE SISTERS Week from Monday
LONDON New Victoria Theatre: GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS Thursday for three days
LUTON Cesar's: HERB REED & SWEET RIVER Week from Sunday
STOKE Bailey's: J.A.L.N. BAND Thursday for three days
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: SPARROW Thursday for three days

TV RADIO

THE BIG event of the week is unquestionably the start of the new "Sight And Sound" series, transmitted by BBC-2 and Radio 1 in a simultaneous stereo link-up. It occupies Radio 1's familiar "In Concert" time slot of 6.30-7.30 pm on Saturday, and the first hour-long showcase is devoted to **Renaissance**, in a show filmed recently at the old Golders Green Hippodrome.

Another not-to-be-missed show is, inevitably, "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (BBC-2 Tuesday). This week the spotlight falls on **Daryl Hall and John Oates**, on the eve of the opening of their British concert tour. And as an added bonus, **Ace** — who returned to this country shortly before Christmas — make their first British TV appearance for a year.

Third item we would urge you not to miss is on Sunday at 9.30 pm, when Radio Luxembourg takes a look at the NME Album Points Table for 1976. In this show, you'll be able to hear the best-selling LPs of the past year, according to positions achieved in the weekly NME Top Thirty.

Line-up for ITV's "Supersonic" on Saturday morning includes the **Hollies, Mud, Andy Fairweather-Low** and **Phoenix**. Regions currently taking this show are London, Harlech, Border, Westward, Channel, Scottish, Anglia and Ulster.

BBC-2's "Musical Time Machine" is usually a MOTR affair, but in next Tuesday's edition the principal guest is **Leo Sayer.** Also appearing is **Miguel Brown**, who was in the 1973 production of "Hair".

Saturday on BBC-1 brings **Cliff Richard** to the "Multi-Coloured Swap Shop" and, later in the day, **David Soul** and the **New Seekers** guest in "Jim'll Fix It." There's also a new series of Mike Yarwood shows starting.

ANNIE HASLAM of Renaissance

In case you were too busy to take notice on New Year's Day, may we remind you that two Radio 1 series are now being aired on Saturdays. This weekend we have Part II of "The **Stevie Wonder** Story" at 12.30 pm, and at teatime there's the second **"Alexis Korner's** Blues And Soul Show".

On Radio 2 tonight (Thursday), **Country Shacks** are the guests in "Country Club", and **Tony Capstick** hosts another edition of "Folk-weave."

And if you want to keep up to date with events in the pop and rock world, remember that you can hear the latest from the NME News Desk on Radio Luxembourg four nights a week — Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 11 pm, and on Thursdays at 9.30 pm.

Compiled by
Derek Johnson

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Talking Heads bassist Tina Weymouth: starry eyed and unsmiling.

It was a T-Head romance . . .

Talking Heads

NEW YORK

HOME FROM HOME for many Talking Heads devotees, CBGB's is a loner's haven. People go there to hang out, to not be left out, not feel lonely. Only secondarily do CBGB's regulars go to be entertained, for the acts remain somewhat the same from month to month.

The Talking Heads are one of the staple CBGB's band. Before moving to the neighbouring borough of Queens across the East River, bassist Tina Weymouth and drummer Chris Frantz used to be nightly regulars to CBGB's themselves. Nowadays they are too busy readying themselves for the recording studio: the Talking Heads are shortly due to release their first single ("Psycho Killer" / "Oh Happy Day") on Private Stock Records, followed by their debut album on Sire.

Talking Heads' performance at CBGB's one recent 5-degree windchilled Tuesday *again* drew a full house, teeming with wholesome-faced true believers besides the usual loners and degenerates.

Fronting the trio, David Byrne sways and croons his classically-moulded tunes with their unusual, psychoanalytical lyrics: "For Artists Only", "I Wish You Wouldn't Say That", "The Book I Read", "I'm Not In Love" (*not* the 10cc song). All the material (David Byrne originals except "1-2-3 Red Light", "Love Is All Around" and "96 Tears") demonstrates the Talking Heads' keen hit single sensibility. Their attitude and execution, however, stray from that of mundane pop music groups.

Although not exactly an "intellectuals" rock band, they don't lend themselves to easy descriptions. Pop-rock traditionalists/minimalists, a bubblegum Velvet Underground — maybe that definition suits the T-Heads' essential aloofness. Their music is beautifully bleak, picturing a world where people, though lonely, don't quite connect, just keep trying to cope.

A sense of humour sometimes intervenes; "Psycho Killer" is funny in a sick vein. Again, many of Byrne's songs are romantic — caring, mature in his stance on inter-sex dealings.

Musically they've expanded, due to relentless work and the buying of new equipment. Tina's custom-built bass sounds great; ditto for Chris' new drum kit. Lately, David's been playing his guitars (12 and 6-string acoustics with pick-ups, a 6-string Fender electric) with more tonal variety and elasticity.

As compared to last year, the Talking Heads sport shorter hair, more devastating technique and surer stage presence. They're a hit.

Trixie Balm

JAZZ DIARY

THE NORTH of England will be getting a couple of jazz tours this month — **John Taylor's Octet** and **Elton Dean's Quartet.** Gigs so far for the Octet at Southport Arts Centre on 21st, Hurlfield Adult Education Centre, Sheffield on 22nd, Nottingham Playhouse on 23rd, Jesters, Leicester on 24th, Sunderland Arts Centre on 25th, Royal Northern College, Manchester on 26th, University College of North Wales, Bangor on 27th, Bridgewater Arts Centre on 28th, and The Lobster Pot, Instow on 29th. Elton Dean will be blowing at the York Arts Centre on 19th, The Band on the Wall, Manchester on 20th.

Meanwhile, **Ken Hyder's Talisker,** that pibroch and Trane outfit, will be getting among the mashed neaps at the Burns' Supper in Transh, 24th.

John Stevens' Away plays The Marquee on 14th, and there's a benefit for **Alan Branscombe** at 100 Club, featuring **Humphrey Lyttleton's Band, Kenny Wheeler's Octet** and **John Steven's Quintet.**

At the Seven Dials on 13th, **Lighthouse** with **Pete Hurt, Peter Sabertson, Harvey Weston** and **Paul Robinson,** with solo piano slot by **John Taylor.**

Three new albums from Sonet in their Giants of Jazz series: **Howard McGhee & Illinois Jacquet,** "Here Comes Freddy"; **Buddy Tate, Paul Quinichette Jay McShann,** "Kansas City Joys"; **Art Farmer,** "A Sleeping Bee" with a mainly Swedish band including **Red Mitchell.**

Brian Case

"Which way to Carnaby Street, John?"

Gorillas (from front): AL BUTLER, JESSE HECTOR & MAT McINTYRE

GNOMES, MUTANTS AND MONKEYS HURL THEMSELVES WANTONLY AT '77

Phil McNeil hears the GORILLAS roar and the STRANGLERS roar on. If 1977's like this all through, will there be any left to tell the tale in '78?

Pink Fairies Stranglers Little Bob Story Gorillas

ROUNDHOUSE

IF EVERY GIG I go to in '77 is half as good as the first I won't complain. On view: three bands facing the green light and, replacing the Groovies and inadequately representing the Old Guard, the Pink Fairies.

First up were the Gorillas, blowing their mystique as second most obscure new wavers since after the Saints by playing their first UK gig. Presumably because their lone single, "She's My Gal" (Chiswick), is slower and quieter than the Saints "Stranded", they have not been canonised in absentia to the same extent — but now they're here in person, and about to get snowed under in a storm of acclaim.

We came in near the end of their set, on a muscular but true-to-the-Troggs "Wild Thing" followed by a zooming "Foxy Lady", skeltering along and skipping the "*You got to be all mine*" line for no apparent reason except it saves time. Jesse Hector played a controlled feedback-screaming solo and slobbered over the front rows, desparate to communicate without being unduly hectoring (touche!).

They played a couple of originals, bassist Al Butler and Hector hitting Small Faces style unison elastic riffs, drummer Mat McIntyre tattooing like Kenny Jones, Hector's vocals straining credibility with their Ian Dury-like excessive Cockney.

They were very exciting, proving that guitar trios can still spark dynamically like no other unit. While two thirds of the crowd sat stony the other third were exultant. It was worth going for them alone.

Next up were Little Bob Story, improved since I last saw them here early in '76. They've also got faster: maybe the time's right for Battle of The Bands type races — Story vs Clash would be hilarious. Nina Simone and Howlin' Wolf should have been there to see "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" and "You'll Be Mine" (great to hear that again) splattered in the slipstream, all three guitarists' right hands pumping epileptically.

The Small Faces were exhumed again for "All Or Nothing"; "I'm Crying" got tornadoed; "Come On Home", from their Chiswick EP, showed how beautifully human snowball Bob Piazza can sing when they slow down a bit; Guy George Cremy's lead still didn't cut through; the lightsmen went crazy and detracted insufferably from the music. Best song was one with only one line — "*You rock-'n'roll you set my heart on fire*" — which gave Piazza the chance to stomp what small impediment there is in the language barrier; and they encored with a twenty-second "Great Balls Of Fire".

Their twelve-bar obsession and cluttered sound still render them undistinguished and indistinct, but they've got beaucoups d'energie et potential.

Third, and best, were the Stranglers. This was indisputably a triumph for them, a display of ambitious and irresistible rock that left the whole audience ecstatic.

It took some time for the sound to get right which meant the new single, "Grip", went to waste, but by "Bitching", with an unusually good vocal from Jean Jacques Burnel, things were hotting up. "School Ma'am", its insistent tomtom horror story atmosphere in the Cale tradition, transcended the crummy lyrics, then a convoluted rhythm change took them into a pretty good "Peasant In The Big Shitty", keyboardsman Dave Greenfield's ghoulish vocal feature.

On "Straighten Out", the lyrics redolent of apocalyptic garbage but the music mesmerising, all four instruments were interwoven and coherent with a rare consciousness, Jet Black's drums shooting into a great double tempo against Burnel's energetic, running bass.

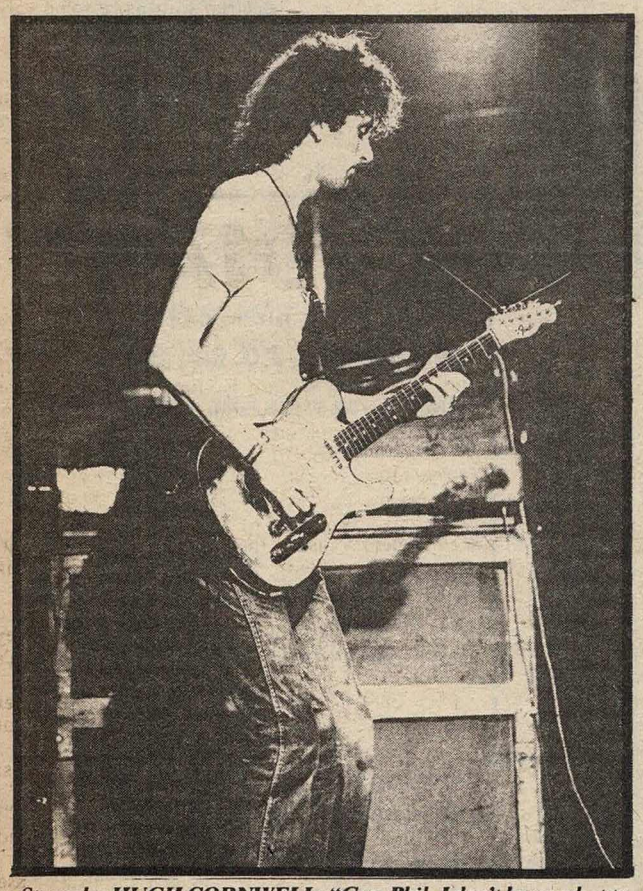
"Hanging Around", which brought some kind of credibility to their habitual lyrical arrogance by its mention of Earls Court's gay mecca, The Coleherne, featured a great break, the organ echoing twisty descending lines on Hugh Cornwell's guitar, and a superb, forceful ending.

The tough, pseudo-reggae of "Peaches" was followed by "Ugly", chords stolen from "Ain't Nothing But A House-party" — no doubt unintentionally *(oh yeah — Ed)* — with a ridiculously belligerent Burnel vocal, then "London Lady" and the excellent "Down In The Sewer", Cornwell's vocal preceded by a truly wonderful instrumental, and roaring up to a shuddering climax that left the crowd baying for an encore.

They got "Change" and "Go Buddy Go" with three pogo-men leaping onstage and the Roundhouse euphoric. Apart from the singing, a great set.

The Pink Fairies were deafening. I put my fingers in my ears and they didn't sound bad, but then I got self-conscious about it and went home.

Phil McNeill



Strangler HUGH CORNWELL: "Gee, Phil, I don't know what to say" (exerpt from "Scenes We'd Like To See")

Johnny Thunder & The Heartbreakers

DINGWALLS

I WONDER WHERE punk chicks go in the daytime. I mean you don't see too many petite wildcats with red and black-winged crewcuts working behind the candy counter at Woolworth's. But in long hair and velvet one is finally the proverbial fish out of H2O in Dingwalls, which has taken on the aspect of a burrow of hedgehogs in mating season.

When Johnny Thunder ("feeds on lightning" — Ray Davies) and the Heartbreakers took the stage for their first set the entire burrow population (including the ubiquitous Sex Pistols and Little Bob Story) clawed its way towards the stage to check out New York's latest exports.

If the chutzpah of the Dolls was ahead of its time, Johnny Thunder's rearrangement is right on target. Not so much a punk band as a caricature of one, the Heartbreakers were girded in garments that looked as if they'd been carefully rent by Zandra Rhodes.

They sound like the Ramones, only Johnny knows more chords and does a jam-up and I'll-be-damned line in snappy middle eights. He pouts and shouts like a vicious Sal Mineo; the bassist makes like the Fonz and rides his two bottom strings furiously; drummer Nolan looks like a grease monkey who cleaned up and put on a tie to pick up a classier type of broad, couldn't cut it and is taking it out on his kit.

"Get Off the Phone", "I'm Going Steady" and "I Wanna Be Loved By You" satisfactorily reflect man's eternal fascination with pimples, screwing, speeding and being cool in three minutes, with shades of the Ventures, Standells and Raiders insinuating themselves into the breaks. It's TNT, I want you to know, something old, something new, something borrowed, with a whiff of glue. Thunder's got clean, shiny hair, but he's an animal, wild and cunning. Dese boys got it.

What dey don't got, at present, is enough material to weigh down a fly. The second set was a sloppier but more hysteria-ridden duplication of the first, with a few additions such as a demented "Do You Love Me (Now That I Can Dance)". And the third time round for "Chinese Rock", as a second encore, was at least one airing too many — not that a lot of people seemed to notice what numbers they were playing. Go on, kid, if you wanna do more double-time versions of raves from the grave, nobody's gonna bitch.

My favourite news of the night was hearing that aggravation, real or pretended, may be getting passe. A resident heavy hurtled into a group at the side of the stage, thinking they were fighting. Actually it was Johnny Rotten, friends and consorts innocently bouncing up and down, rolling around on the side of the stage and engaging in mock grapples to the beat.

"What's going on?" a boy asked, thinking it was a punch-up. "Whatever it is, it's boring," his punkette replied returning her gaze to J. T. Well, you know a p**k band that can command an attention span like that has it made. They're great.

Angie Errigo

NEW WAVE GOD SQUAD BIG HIT

Andrae Crouch

LONDON

ODEON: from the Greek *Odeion*, a building devoted to musical performances.

"This is not a concert tonight, this is a church."

"HALLELUJAH!"

And so it came to pass that one particular Odeon, beneath the majestic portals of Hammersmith flyover and scene of some of the great bacchanalian rites of our age, was invaded by the Christian hordes and consecrated in the name of their deity.

From near and far they came, young and old, black and white, alone, in pairs, in families and in parties, the humble and the nearly famous. Yes indeed, British pop's very own evangelist was there to bless the proceedings. Will he let me in the house, I muse, as I speed towards the temple.

Ah, but cunning are the ways of the heathen. My companions in the chariot are none other than Andrae Crouch & The Disciples, and I am not turned from His door.

Once inside, however, I am forced to ponder again. Why is this Christian pursuing me up the stairs to hard-sell me an "official programme" that turns out to be a regular issue of a monthly religious mag with a small leaflet about the show stapled in the centre-fold?

Why is this Christian sitting in my seat when she hasn't got a ticket entitling her to do so?

More profoundly, why is the bar not open? Dry of throat I take my seat for the arrival on stage of Andrae Crouch & The Disciples.

Crouch and his group are currently the hottest sound in gospel music. Creators of half a dozen best selling albums and a smattering of hit singles, and not just in the church charts either — they're a familiar entry in the American soul charts too.

Their success has been because Crouch, who provides nearly all the repertoire, writes songs that are considerably less sanctimonious than the average hymn, many of the songs arranged in accord with modern secular black music, most notably the works of Stevie Wonder and Billy Preston (both of whom he counts among his buddies). There is even a middle-eight on the new DJM single "You Gave To Me" that could almost be The Ohio Players.

As the show progresses it becomes apparent that, most of all, Crouch's appeal lies in flexibility. Over the 14 numbers he offers a little something to please most creeds, classes and colours, the proverbial all-round entertainer, but always within the limits of his religion.

His group contains three excellent female vocalists — his sister Sandra (who also wields a mean tambourine), Bea Carr and Danniebelle Hall (who previously led her own gospel group). Between them they ring the changes from the fervent sort of delivery popularised by Aretha Franklin to the MOR gospel format, say, The Edwin Hawkins Singers.

The six musicians are similarly diverse, but without any noticeable inspiration.

Andrae himself is not a great singer, but he's still the centre of attraction for he is an expressive and believable interpreter of his beliefs — an essential talent under the circumstances — and he wrings beautiful and often moving cascades of notes from his grand piano. He also has a naturally persuasive and moderately witty line of preaching patter.

But the fact that it's demonstrably a Christian audience is perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole evening.

When some of the best of the previous generation of black gospel groups toured Europe in the '60's they mainly attracted rockers and soul fans augumented by enlightened or curious upmarket concert-goers. The same sort of audience that would patronise Ray Charles. The whooping & hollering & stomping & cheering on stage might have been religious fervour, but the equally hectic activity in the stalls was created by those who saw the shows as little different from a Little Richard or James Brown performance.

The response to Andrae Crouch & The Disciples was just as strong as for those '60's concerts (though not as undisciplined), only this time the reaction was inspired by the message more than the music. As with one voice, several thousand uplifted souls sang "Praise God" to the tune of "Amazing Grace" and throughout the whole show "Hallelujahs", "Yes Lords" and "Thank You Jesuses" echoed from all parts of the auditorium.

As a religious event this gospel invasion of the Odeon was a triumph; purely on a musical level it was superb in parts and rarely less than entertaining the rest of the time. I wasn't saved but I'd be more than willing to take a second course of instruction.

Cliff White

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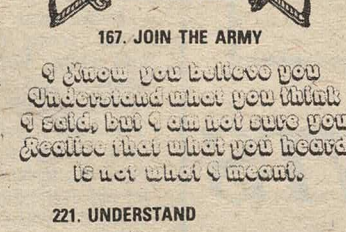

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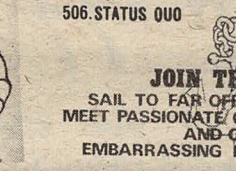
229. SERENE BOOZER

162. LENIN

159. BEETHOVEN

506. STATUS QUO

224. WINGS



222. JOIN THE NAVY

150. PINK FLOYD (2)

175. UNION JACK

135 STATUS QUO

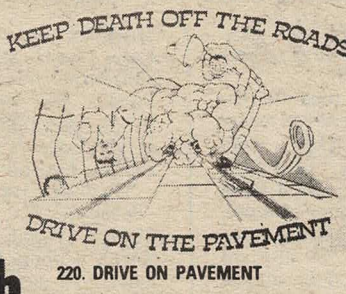
129. CONTENTS

132. FLY UNITED

215. SING IN MORNING

227. MILCH TRAY

200. NARAZETH



220. DRIVE ON PAVEMENT

WHY IS MAN ON THIS PLANET?
WHY IS SPACE INFINITE?
WHY ARE WE DOOMED
WHY ARE YOU READING MY BLOODY SLOGAN?

157. BLOODY SLOGAN

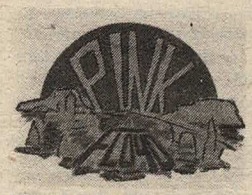
I THINK I'M ALLERGIC TO MORNING!

223. ALLERGIC

160. CHE

161. JAMES DEAN

653. STARSKY & HUTCH



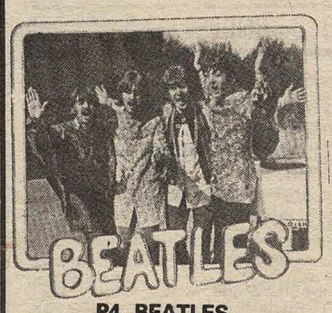
150 PINK FLOYD (2)

151. BOOZE

P1. YES

P2. BLACK SABBATH

P3. McCARTNEY



P4. BEATLES

P5. LYNYRD SKYNYRD

P6. ROD STEWART

P7. DYLAN

P8. DALTRY

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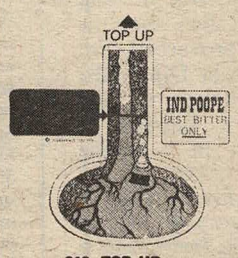
115 BLACK SABBATH

111 NEWCASTLE BROWN

163. ROXY

169. EAGLE

170. SUPER TRAMP



218. TOP UP

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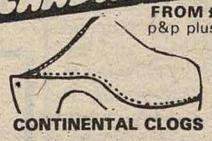

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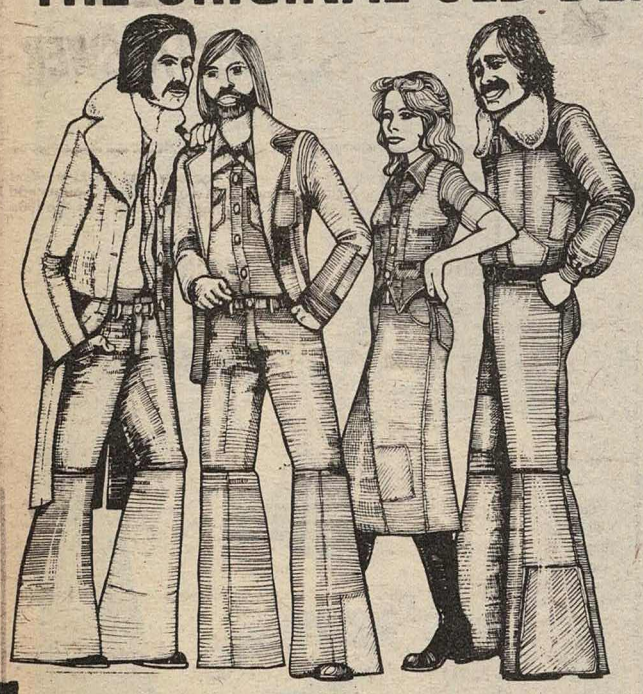

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As a reward for the patient research of our non-LP winner (see panel below) we figured on calling this the R. GREENWOODBAG. We wrote it in italics, in italic caps, we wrote it big, we wrote it small — but somehow it didn't look right. Instead, and in a blinding flash of inspiration, we decided to call it simply . . .

THE Bag

. . . and even had a fancy letter writer come in and daub out some fancy lettering. We hope you like it.

WHAT A LOT of emotion over one little concert. Chris Salewicz's review on Jackson Browne I mean. All the poor bugger did was get up and sing a few songs, so why was there so much energy denouncing what at worst was only a display of rather foolish naivety?

It's not going to *hurt* anyone.

Rundgren and Hillage do it all the time without exciting such outpourings of venom, so what is it about Browne in particular that gets under Salewicz's skin? He says the band is excellent — nothing to complain about there, so it must be the lyrics that cause the irritation.

I'm a Jackson Browne fan and was never into Leonard Cohen, whose work I consider self-indulgent and sentimental. I am into Dylan though (Bob and Thomas) and Eliot, and Donne, and Shakespeare. I consider Browne's lyrics very fine to say the least and Salewicz's comment about them being not quite finished off merely embarrassing. A rush of journalistic pedantry to the head, brought on by pre-concert tension perhaps — wipe the egg off your face Salewicz, you're looking rather silly.

Perhaps world-weary rock journalists do find the spectacle of optimism in this decade rather foolish and even hateful, but is caring about whether our planet survives into the next century really all that foolish? No. Neither is the suggestion that its fate just might have something to do with us, its inhabitants. What I suggest *is* foolish is allowing the desire to appear hip predominate in the face of such issues. Ecology isn't *really* yesterday's thing. Think about it.

If Jackson Browne is just another back-dated Californian hippie — so what? If, on the other hand, he is the means of focusing our attention on certain things, giving him a bit of time isn't going to do any harm either. You see, there is really no need to get so *excited* Salewicz. Or is there?

PAULINE MASON, Twickenham.

● Actually, your letter tends to rather prove the generalization that Good Ol' JB fanatics really are as humourless and suffering as we've long expected. I never said that Jackson Browne was "Another backdated Californian hippy". You're making the incorrect assumption that because I may treat the New Age Religious Renaissance side of Jackson with a certain flippancy that I certainly can't be in sympathy with him. Or what about my phrase about Jackson's "highly commendable anti-nuclear rap with which I doubt that any person possessing a brain could disagree." Of course, we will differ over the actual strength of the Browne insights on "The Pretender" — and it was only "The Pretender" I was discussing — but put that down to my higher sensibility! In fact, I get right next to a lot of where Jackson's head's at. — THE POLE.

YOUR REVIEW of 1966 albums was interesting etc. . . . but I don't agree that "Blonde On Blonde" is Dylan's "finest hour". I consider "Highway 61" deserves that title. The songs on "61" are consistently great. There is no weak point. Even "Desolation Row" deserves its 11-minute-plus length because of the superb accompaniment. On "Blonde On Blonde" there is one good LP and one less good LP. "Sad Eyed Lady" is boring. It is too long, and the songs on the reverse side aren't outstanding. They're good, but not classic Dylan work.

"Blonde On Blonde" would have made a great single album with two or three classy singles. But "Blonde" is hailed a masterpiece because there is so much of it there, with enough good songs to almost blind people to the fact that it *is* flawed. "61" is a better selection. I wonder whether Dylan still agrees with his statement that he'd never do anything better.

The trouble with music critics is they never review a Dylan record without becoming encumbered in trying to tell everyone what it all "means".

You selected several trendy but trashy LPs for the '66 review section, like the Small Faces, Yardbirds, but you forgot "Safe As Milk" by Captain Beefheart — will this genius be ignored forever by a music press that seems to pay an unhealthy amount of attention to every new craze that record companies can promote?

And what about "Freak Out?"

EDWARD HEATH M.P.

● Point taken, Edward. Many of you wrote in on similar lines. The Byrds "5D" was another omission but what with space and time problems we did our best. We'll try and Deja Vu the rest soon. — MB.

THE *NME* (along with the rest of the rock press) has a penchant for undermining its own credibility. Re "Platters" 25/12/76. Having read your paper closely, and having been blessed with an incredible memory, I recall (if your cryptic notes are to be believed) that Max Bell is a mere snippet of 18. Giving him the benefit of the doubt, coupled with my scepticism, let's say he's 19. Which means that he was approximately nine years old when Love's first LP was released.

Having Bell doing the retrospective on that LP is ludicrous. Of what value is a "retrospective" when the one doing the looking-back wasn't even there to begin with?

I won't even bother discussing Bell's flippant dismissal of the importance of High-School-in-the-US-in-the-Sixties some months back. Suffice to say, not only was he not old enough to have experienced mid-Sixties high school, more than likely he'd never even seen the other side of the ditch before working for the *NME*.

Please, no smart one-liners if you think this merits a reply. This isn't a tirade against Bell (who is more than likely encouraged to pretend that he knows what he's talking about regarding matters pre-1970). Rather, this is a question: What the fuck do you think your purpose as journalist is? What happened to veritism?

Your weekly offerings are as inaccurate as Logan & Woffinden's *Encyclopaedia*. You fashionably shit on other journals, but you're getting just as bad.

Shape up.

Remember: You don't have to sacrifice the humour (NME's hallmark) to regain credibility. They *can* co-exist.

UNSIGNED.

● Firstly you've got my age wrong, I was 12. Secondly, your criteria for appreciation is absurd. Great art transcends the barriers of time and place. I can express an opinion or outline an emotion without having been "there to begin with" — so can anyone else. I've no idea what your third paragraph is about and no-one here encourages me to pretend anything. Maybe you should shape up yourself. — MB.

IN A RECENT survey carried out by myself, taking in 47 different 1976 releases of *New Musical Express*, I found that this here letter page acquired a total of 32 different 'titles'.

By far the most recurring was 'Gasbag' which appeared 12 times (yes, only 12). There was a tie for second place with both G-bag and Velda Dacquiri's Handbag collecting two votes.

An amazing total of 29 tied for 4th position: Nosebag, Sky Bag, God Bag, Gusbag, Cat Bag, Bat Bag, Flashbag, Nagbag, Red Bag, Frank Bagh, Yer Bag, Amok Bag, Serious Bag, Assbag, Grossbag, Greasebag, Sex Bag, Hindenbag, Gasbaghdad, Goditshotbag, That Darn Bag, Last Gasp Bag, The Last Gasbag Page, Stopgap Bag, Son of Gasbag, Gasbag Psychiatric Care Page, Bygraves of Arabia, Abbot and Costello meet Ted Nugent and The Bag That Ate New York.

R. GREENWOOD, Ayr.

● Keeps 'em off the streets, chum. — MB.

THIS MAY SOUND like the kind of letter you find in *Melody Maker* but, as I don't know much about albums six years younger than me, I really enjoyed the reviews of some albums of '66 and am now looking for a few of the same. How about some more similar articles on other worthwhile years in the near future?

And tell Roy Carr his book *The Rolling Stones — An Illustrated Record* is great and to write, if he isn't already, one on the greatest rock 'n' roll band, The Oo.

PETE, Essex

● That makes you four years old. Welcome to the club.— MB.

OK JULIE Burchill you got some homework to do. Roxy Music *Looking Back?(NME 25/12/76)*. You must be blind.

Roger Bunn and David O'List played guitar with Roxy before Phil Manzaera. Dexter Lloyd played with them before Paul Thompson. No mention of bass players Rick Wills, Sal Maida, John Wetton.

No *Rock Follies*, "Diamond Head", "Quiet Sun", "801 Live" or how Eno has gone on to make such good albums.

You could have put in print the Ferry quote "No singles will be taken off albums so as to be fair to the public."

Chance encounter chance meeting I hope.

What about the following bootlegs?

"Better Than Food" (Live '72 + '74 + studio '73), "Air Treatment" (Studio '73), "Absinthe Makes The Heart Grow Fonder" (Champagne + Novocaine Live '73, studio '72, '73), "Foolproof" ('75 US Tour). Or "Bittersweet"?

"Viva"s ok by me and many others. Why rush the ending? Have Roxy left you behind? They are not dead yet, just sleeping.

THE BOGUS MAN

● Zzzzzzzz.—THE BOGUS ROXY MUSIC.

IS THIS THE end? I ask myself each morning as I pull on my patched jeans, brush my long hair, and see that my beard has nothing crawling in it. Is this the end I'll keep saying. It seems like only yesterday when people laughed at my dress. Now, they stop and stare. And it makes me wonder.

Was it so long ago, 1969, Hendrix, Acid, and a belief that we were all aiming at the same goal. Has it all gone? Is there anyone left who really believes? Was the wish for peace and love so unreasonable? Why is it coming to an end? Is the song really over for us? Christ, you're laughed at now if you take dope. And if we failed to achieve anything, what's the hope for the next generation, who believe in violence, anarchy and dreadful music to express themselves.

I hope not. I'm still going to listen to my Zeppelin, Who and Hendrix albums, I'm still going to remember CND marches, Woodstock, and maybe even coloured beads.

And I'll tell you why, cos there's nothing out there in the future horizon that looks as half appealing as the things I remember.

With all the underground hopes gone, I find myself more and more turning to the *NME*. I think it may be our last hope. I really do. When you go, what then?

I couldn't take the *MM*. No Way.

OZ, Scotland.

● Letters from old hippies are always more than welcome. — MB.

ONE FINAL point to ponder with all the present articles about musicians losing touch with this mythical concept of "The Street". What about considering your position as critics losing touch with the record buying public, i.e. those who only have a few albums, who don't get free albums and who would appreciate fair reviews and not a narrow-minded put down of the artist because he happens to earn more than the writer. If there is not an appreciable change in your editorial policy I will stop getting *NME* despite doing so for the past five years and get *Sounds* instead.

ALASTAIR G. J. W. BLAIR, Perth.

● You obviously haven't seen *Sounds* recently. — MB.

I'M SMASHED as I am writing this but that's irrelevant. The question is, why didn't that bunch of morons The Eagles call their recent elpee "Randy California" or "Spirit Of 76" or "Son Of Spirit" or even "Farther Along"? It's a bloody Godsend they weren't about when "Sardonicus" came out.

PETER ROTHWELL, Bacup.

● John Denver beat them all to it. — MB.

JUST LIKE to take time to congratulate Nick Logan and Bob Woffinden for their *Encyclopaedia Of Rock* (my missus got it for me for Crimble). By the way Nick, when are you going to send Max Bell out to sunny California to get a real deeper than deep feature on Spirit?

ALAN ASHWORTH, Liverpool.

● Deeper than deep? You cut me to the quick. — MB.

TOUGH LUCK chaps, we dead-hard die-freaks have had the complete tapes of the legendary Grateful Dead Christmas Sessions, or the Yule Spools, as we call them, for over two years.

The double album you reviewed is a severely truncated version of the original, missing out a number of classics. Most important of these is Phil Lesh's atonal "From The Mars Factory" suite in 25/12 time played by two separate orchestras, one conducted by Lesh and the other by his old friend Luciano Berio. This segues into "That's It For The Christmas Pudding" (Parts 1 and 2), and finally, after a couple of false starts, into a jazz-tinged rendering entitled "In The Wake Of The Food". As a bonus there are a couple of other unusual pieces: Robert Hunter leading the rest of the band in a round, and a special guest appearance by Neal Cassady in the cameo role of the ghost of Christmas Past.

JOHN FLATT, Twickenham.

● Yes, yes, but have you got the "Sleighin' "/"Unbroken Paper Chain" maxi-single set with the Rick Griffin psychedelic reindeer cover?

I HAVE JUST sent the first paragraph of Julie Burchill's Roxy Music article of December 25 to Pseud's Corner. Let this be a lesson to you.

PATRICK McINTYRE.

● This is no time to wallow in the mire. — JIM MORRISON.

I THINK I'd rather hang off the top of the Empire State Building than listen to the Sex Pistols for an hour.

MARTIN BIDMEAD.

● That can be arranged. — DINO DE LAURENTIS.

Cats are taking over. Please warn the People.

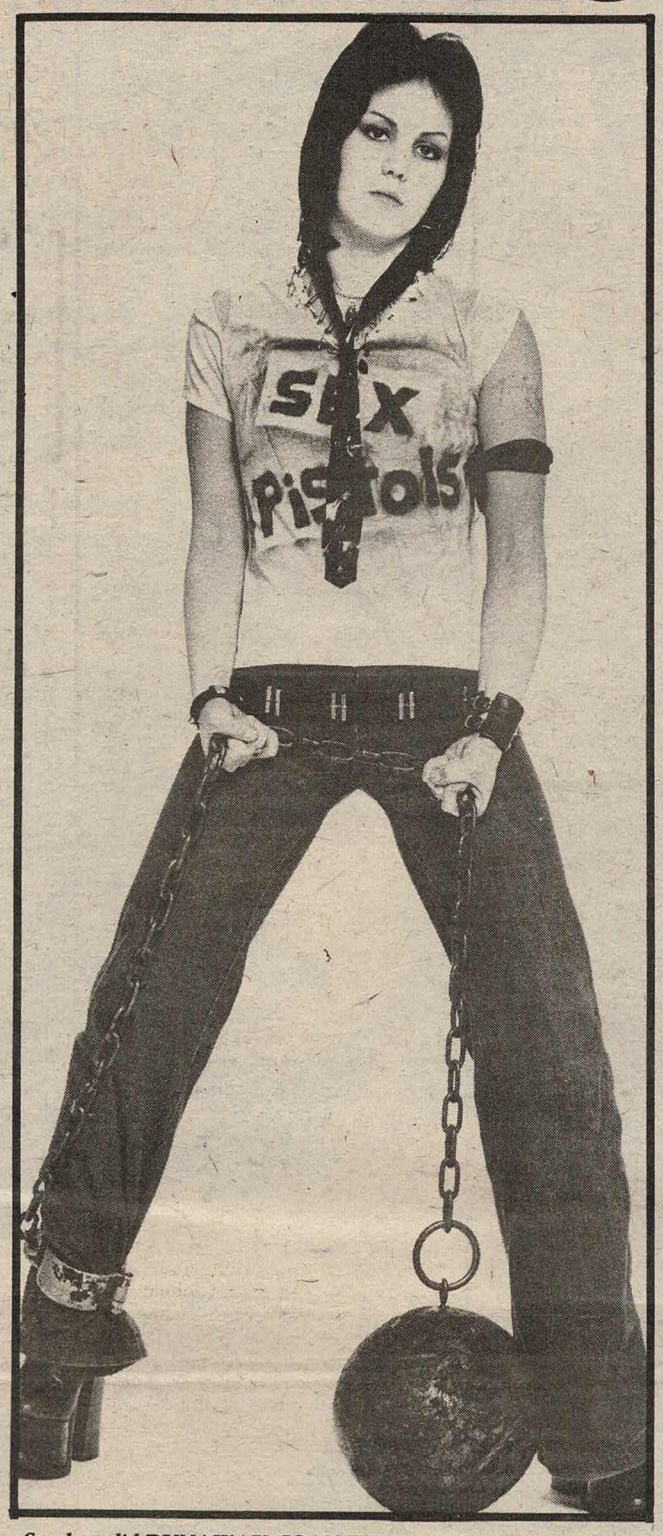
A. PUSSYCAT.

● Thanks for the tip-off. — MB.

Edited by MAX BELL (3)

"I forgive you Salewicz for you know not what you do."

TEAZERS



So where did RUNAWAY JOAN JETT score the shirt? Maybe she swopped it with Rotten after the match.

IT WAS the column they said could never take place. Any attempt to run it would be journalistic suicide. In Fleet Street hardened hacks prayed silently for their souls.

The *T-zers* came in low below the horizon, a dedicated, yet strangely calm, handful of scurrility. Slipping silently into the spaces between the lines they waited for a long, long time. Suddenly, instantaneously, as if all were possessed of the same soul they twisted and wailed and mauled each other in a vortex of sheer venom as the time came for . . .
T-zers At Entebbe!!!

Hurrying hobo-like across the tarmac came **Bob Dylan.** Though his whole body was wracked with the aches and pains that had resulted from his having walked across the Atlantic, he sprayed the terminal building with puns and insights before grabbing a megaphone. "Listen here, **General Amin,"** he shrieked nasally. "I am The Lead *T-zer* and I have come for your hide. Just listen now and listen good cos I won't give it to you again. At this very moment in the USA I have a new single out. It is the live "Hard Rain" version of "Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again." The interest, though, lies in the B side which is the previously unreleased "Rita Mae" which is apparantly from the same sessions as "Desire".

"Also some bushwacker has gone and bootlegged my art and stuck out one of those illegal double albums of the **Rolling Thunder Revue** including a **Bo Diddley** type version of 'It Ain't Me Babe' and an electric version of 'Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll.'."

Bob wiped his brow nervously as a warrior *T-zer* slumped wounded in front of him. "In addition to that, the producer of the movie version of **Hunter Thompson's** *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas* is after me — BD — to write the film's music.

"And, of course, the real reason I'm out here is because I'm hiding out as the whole world and CBS Records waits with baited breath for **Patti Valentine** to see what she's gonna do with little Bobby the Zee litigation-wise. After all, she's been allegedly libelled on two and a half million records worldwide." Seizing the moment a novice but valiant *T-zer* fell across a tropical puddle which Bob would otherwise have been obliged to walk through. It fell thus: . . .

Acting as red herrings for the forces of might and right, the **Sex Pistols** belted out of the jungle, spreading chaos and confusion wherever they stepped. This, indeed, was just retribution against the British rock music public. Had not the Pistols been scorned not only by British promoters but also by the punters themselves? Apparently the promoters of Friars, Aylesbury, recently received a 1,000 signature petition from their conservative punters requesting that bands of the Pistols ilk never darken their mixing board. "Bah," screamed the pistols (who always spoke like **Chris Welch),** "Fie upon it. We shall go to Europe where they think we're fab, starting with a quick three day burst into The Low Countries this week."

What the Pistols did find strange, though, as they headed for the ammunition dump was that *Zigzag* were printing a picture packed fanzine entitled — guess what? — "Anarchy In The UK" — which is available from Glitterbeat Ltd. of 40 Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford Street, London W1 for twenty pee . . .

In the distance, from the direction of the water-tower, could be heard the *THUMP . . . THUMP . . . THUMP . . .* of artillery fire as the *T-zers* continue their offensive . . .

Jackson Browne had apparently already finished recording a new album when his wife committed suicide last March. He immediately scrapped the tapes, thereby leading to nosey speculation about the subject matter of The Missing Jackson Browne album . . .

T. Lizzy's B. Robertson — who no longer likes a wee dram — apparently working out The Injured Hand over the New Year with a spot of jamming. He pronounces it "no' so bad" . . .

Penthouse magazine is no doubt pleased that **Jack Jones** has announced 1977 as "The Year Of The Beaver." . . .

And now it's maybe **Rupert Murdoch** to take over Noo Yawk's *Village Voice* mag together with sister paper *New York* (Strange spelling, that) . .

Fat chaps unite: Watford FC director **Elton John** and **Electric Light Orchestra** person and Wolves fanatic **Jeff Lynne** have been in the studios working on a Lynne composition, "Going Down To Rio". Elton is reported to be on keyboards, though *T-zers* has no knowledge of any vocal inflections he may have placed upon the waxing. Recorded in mid-December, the 45 is expected in the shops the middle of next month. . .

Peter Gabriel and **Bill Bruford** both present at **Genesis** post Rainbow gig party on Sunday.

When **Elvis** showed up in town **Tom Jones** thoughtfully dropped The Portly Presley routine from his Las Vegas act. Frightened of flying cheeseburgers, think the *T-zers* in the war-room . . .

T-zers, the column you can trust . . .

What is this madness *T-Zers* hears of **M. Jagger** scoring the role of Iago to prancing **R. Nureyev's** Othello in the Paramount production of **W. Shakespeare's** smash West End hit . . .

Detroit, Detroit, it's a helluva town; **Bob Seger** albums being sent out by the Mayor of the fair burg as representative of the cultural aspects of the city . . .

Director **Joe Massot** on *The Song Remains The Same* movie (which, as you no doubt remember, was released last year and features a '73 concert): "I kept shooting for a year and didn't show the band anything. They finally came to see the "Stairway To Heaven" segment and started to fight and yell when the film began. They thought it was my fault **Robert Plant** had such a big cock. It took them another year to recuperate . . ."

Who and **B.Boys** murmering about a joint European tour this summer if the Oo's noo elpee is finished in time. The elpee the Beach Boys are currently working on includes such **Brian** "Got any uppers?" **Wilson** toons as "Rolling Skating Child" and "Johnny Carson". "It bears no resemblance to '15 Big Ones'," the Boys' agent, **Chip Rachlin,** told *Rolling Stone* . . .
"Hey, got any uppers?"

Richard and Pat (Nixon of course) have been invited to **J. Carter's** inaugural ball . . .

"We looked like a couple of worms on the screen." — **Candy Clark** on herself and co-star **D. Bowie** in *The Man Who Fell To Earth* . . .

A former California vet has been found guilty of treating cancer victims with a magic wand and sand. He was ordered to leave the State . . .

Dee Harrington, Rod's ex, returns to her old career of modelling in the New Year. Ms. Harrington is also possessed of a new beau but desires that his name be kept hush hush . . .

Obvious who's Doing Best, isn't it? All **Paul McCartney** can afford to do at New Year is go home to some seaport in Lancashire whilst **Steve Harley** takes a poundstretcher to Acupulco . . .

Spotted jamming by "The Raver" at Islington's Hope and Anchor New Year's Klosing Down Koncert: **Phil Lynott, Rab Scabies,** and **Brian Robertson** plus former **Lizzy** guitarist **Gary Moore** (For more on Moore see news pages) . . .

The first gay ski club has just started in — where else? — LA. Its emblem shows a man on a pair of skis dashing out of a closet . . .

"There are such a multitude of reasons why people fall in love that if you try to sum it up with a fragment of mythology or history you're crazy; metaphysical conversions can go on for years and not settle anything." For saying that *T-zers* hereby present **Harry Nilsson** with A Fairly Orthodox **Jackson Browne** Existentialist Award . . .

And for all you blooze fans heah is some good noos indeed: out now on the Arhoolie label in specialist shops is a seven inch LP of **Sonny Boy Williamson** on the last "King Biscuit Boy" radio show . . .

Bill Grundy writing in *Punch* magazine: "In my fairly considerable TV experience, the stronger your beliefs and your expression of them, the more they like it." And Bill should know, . . .

T-zers chucked scurriously when they learnt that there was a terrible goof in last week's Looking Back On '76. Unfortunately, gremlins had been at the printer's ink again and mischievously slipped **Tony Parson's** name in where **Julie Burchill's** should have lived and vice versa . . .

Oh yes. If you wanna score a fab **Elton John** Captain Fantastic T-Shirt *which Elton John has actually worn himself* (with a signed certificate to prove it), then write offering a bid to Mr. Malcolm Cameron, 38 Pinewood Close, Bourne, Lincs or phone him on Bourne 3728. The auction is in favour of the St. John's Ambulance, Grantham . . .

It was time for lift-off at last. The *T-zers* were crying with exhaustion as they clambered onto the page and made off for the printers. Only they alone knew the true courage that had been called on in *T-zers At Entebbe* . . .

As the New Year rolls round once more, we enter the Ego Inflating and Deflating season.
In other words, fab readers, it's time to ring the changes in another . . .

NME READERS POLL

Stomp those you hate! Bestow votes galore on your favoured ones! Don't miss it! Next week . . .

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EDITOR: NICK LOGAN

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Production Editor: Jack Scott
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For a sensational band, 1977 is off to a magnificent start.
The U.K. tour is due to begin, and all is set for a fantastic year!

Daryl Hall & John Oates

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January
12 The Odeon, Birmingham.
13 Capitol Theatre, Cardiff.
14 Colston Hall, Bristol.
15 The Dome, Brighton.
16 New Theatre, Oxford.
18 City Hall, Sheffield.
19 ABC Theatre (Ardwick), Manchester.
20 Gaumont, Ipswich.
21 Winter Gardens, Bournemouth.
23 Odeon Theatre, SOLD OUT
24 Hammersmith,
25 Civic Hall, Wolverhampton.
26 City Hall, Newcastle.
27 Apollo Centre, Glasgow.
28 Playhouse, Edinburgh.
30 Trentham Gardens, Stoke.

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15 The Odeon Theatre, Hammersmith.

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